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THE IRISH JACOBINS.

Two conditions are in this age essential to the success of doctrines dangerous to society. They must appeal forcibly to the selfish interests of a powerful class, and they must cloak this appeal under some fair-sounding title. When indeed the first is fulfilled, there is not much difficulty about the second. Dêmos is neither very scrupulous nor very intelligent, and he has at command a college of casuists whose sophistries would astound Pascal's Jesuit. The method adopted by these men is simple. Some far-reaching principle is 'in the air.' The public mind has been stirred. In the heat of conflict even moderate advocates of the new teaching have used dangerous or ambiguous expressions. Their speech has been addressed to those of their own type of mind; men who, with the same culture and social roundings, and the same practical experience of affairs, would be o 'take their good meaning,' rather than the bare significance r words. Or they have appealed directly to the people themand, in their anxiety to put a clear issue to the constituencies, ve neglected to lay stress upon the limits within which their iple is to be applied. Then comes the turn of the demagogues. The best are enthusiasts, the worst adventurers; neither have very much regard for truth. They seize upon the most extreme utterances of the statesmen, and carefully suppressing the limitations and

qualifications under which the speakers have accepted the theory, forgetful that those very limitations are an essential part of the principle itself, they push the soundest doctrines to extravagant and immoral conclusions. Such at least was the course of the French Revolution, and such has hitherto been the course of the land agitation in Ireland. I propose to point out the curious resemblance of the two movements in some of their leading features.

And first, it should be noted that in both cases the redress of grievances was the signal for the promulgation of impracticable claims. The French nobles and clergy joined in the popular demand for the abolition of privileges, and the introduction of representative government. All real wants, the last historian of the Revolution tells us, were satisfied by these reforms. 'Justice, and liberal justice,' has been given to the Irish peasants; yet class-hatred appears to grow more bitter with each successive concession. The explanation of the seeming contradiction is in both cases the same. In a struggle for bare justice the populace learns that it has rights, and that it can extort them from its rulers. And if rights may be extorted, why not a little more? What, after all, are these rights? Wealth and power for the moment are within the grasp of ignorant peasants. Will bell, book, and candle hold them back? Their consciences are tender, and others have vested interests, but when Adam delved and Eve span, who was the gentleman?

'Quels que soient les grands noms, liberté, égalité, fraternité, dont la Révolution se décore,' says M. Taine, 'elle est par essence *une translation de la propriété*; en cela consiste son support intime, sa force permanente, son moteur premier et son sens historique.'[1] And this, too, beyond all doubt, is the true meaning and object of the Irish agitation. One of the best-informed of Irish politicians pointed out, a year since, that the first measure of a national Parliament would be the expropriation of the landlords, 'with or without compensation.'[2] 'The march' is not so much 'through rapine to dismemberment' as 'through dismemberment to rapine.' The chiefs can seldom afford to declare their real aims, for even demagogues shrink from the avowal that the liberty they strive for is the liberty of plunder. But while they confined themselves to politics, they met with little encouragement; their direct appeal to the cupidity of the farmers first rendered them a power. That this is the true meaning of the Home Rule cry was lately admitted by an acknowledged leader of the party, the president of the 'Convention' in the absence of Mr. Parnell. 'If they had Home Rule,' said Mr. Justin M'Carthy at a meeting in Longford, 'they would have had

[1] i. 386. I have used M. Taine's excellent history throughout, not because his views of the Revolution are peculiar, but because he has illustrated them from a mass of valuable documents.

[2] O'Conor Don's Report on the Bessborough Commission.

a much better Land Bill of their own long ago.' No doubt; and the bill would have embodied the principles recently laid down by Mr. Parnell before 'the moral Parliament of the Irish people,' and elsewhere. These principles are: (1) That the landlord's interest is 'the value of the land when the waters of the flood left it;' (2) that this interest has been already paid for by the tenants in the form of excessive rent; and (3) that the landlords should be compelled 'to disgorge at least one-half of their ill-gotten goods.'[3] Such is Mr. Parnell's programme, 'based upon justice and the immutable decrees of Providence.' Truly 'we are only beginning to understand the meaning of the Rights of Man,' as Mr. O'Connor declares!

These very 'rights' led the French peasants of the Revolution to precisely similar conclusions. In 1790 the Constituent Assembly abolished a number of valuable feudal services without compensation, on the dangerous plea that even the *bonâ fide* purchaser of an oppressive right is a wrongdoer, and must take the consequences. At the same time the tenants were empowered to buy off the remaining rents and services at a fixed rate.

Do you not know (they cry indignantly) that what was called a landlord was but an unpunished usurper? That abominable law of 1790 is the ruin of all copyholders (*propriétaires censitaires*). . . . It is all to the advantage of the landlords. . . . We can never enfranchise ourselves. And enfranchise ourselves from what we do not owe! Enfranchise ourselves from hateful rights![4]

From the very beginning the peasant made up his mind that he owed nothing and would pay nothing.

The dues preserved were not paid any more than those suppressed. Whole villages came to inform the landlord that they would not in future pay him any rent (*redevances*). The forces of the state nowhere protected his legal right. . . . He was plundered through the connivance, the indifference, and the weakness of all the authorities who should have defended him.[5]

Many gentlemen were ruined. They were deprived of half their income by the law, and of the residue in spite of the law. This is the beginning of 'la grande opération révolutionnaire,' the general bankruptcy, which directly or indirectly destroyed all contracts and abolished all debts in France. The Assembly 'has laid the axe to the root of the tree' by asserting the fatal principle 'that the State can annul without compensation rights which it has guaranteed.' Rude hands will not be lacking to drive it home: (i. 202.) The complaints of the unhappy landlords are terribly like those which come to us from Munster and Connaught.

How (they ask) are we to bear the oppression to which we are abandoned? There is no safety for us, for our properties, or our families. We are threatened

[3] Speech at the Convention; speeches at Cookstown, Fintona, Strabane, and Gortin.

[4] Original 'cahier' quoted, i 200.

[5] i. 201.

daily with fire or the gallows by scoundrels who are in our debt: small farmers who rob us of our income. We have not one quiet day; nor a night which we can feel sure will pass untroubled. Our persons are exposed to the most atrocious outrages. . . . We are robbed with impunity of our rents, and our property is openly attacked. . . . The very Government seems afraid to compromise itself by demanding for us the protection of the laws. To be pointed to as an aristocrat is enough to deprive us of safety. . . . Doubtless the laws are most wise, but they are nowhere respected.'[6]

It was not hatred that urged the peasants on. It was 'land hunger,' 'l'instinct d'acquisition,' which in France, as in Ireland, raged as fiercely against the kind and liberal landlord, as against the harsh and exacting. 'The landlord is always the *creditor*, past, present, or future; at all events the possible creditor, that is to say, the worst and most hateful of enemies.'[7] The Revolution is in fact a war, 'the war of those who have not against those who have,' as the middle classes quickly learned.[8] And the Government would not do their duty in this war. They thought that 'force was no remedy.'

In the eyes of our legislators (writes M. Taine) obedience should ever be spontaneous, never forced: to suppress despotism they suppress government. . . . They have not the sense of social danger which makes the true leader, and subordinates the emotions of nervous pity to the call of public duty. They do not know that it is better to take the lives of a hundred good citizens than suffer them to hang an unconvicted criminal. Repression in their hands is neither prompt, stern, nor constant. . . . They are prolific in reports, proclamations, and correspondence.

[By degrees] rulers and ruled lose all conception of the State; the first through humanity exaggerated to a duty, the latter through turbulence exaggerated to a right. . . . Everywhere the magistrates forgot that the preservation of society and civilisation is a good infinitely superior to the lives of a handful of criminals and fools; that the primary object of government, as of the police, is to maintain order by force; that a policeman is not a philanthropist; that he should use his sword if attacked at his post; and that it is a breach of duty when he flinches through fear of hurting his assailants.[9]

Let us now turn for a moment to the men who developed this monstrous system, and the means they employed, and compare them with the chiefs and the measures of the Land League.

The Jacobin Club sprang from the purely political 'Amis de la Constitution,' just as the Land League has grown out of the Home Rule movement. With some rare exceptions,

neither the hereditary aristocracy, nor the higher ranks of the magistracy; neither the upper middle class, nor the resident landowners, nor the chief manufacturers, traders, or officials—in a word, none of the men who are, or deserve to be, of social weight,[10] supply recruits to the party.

During the elections of 1791 the Club

talked of nothing but the abolition of the fish-ponds and rents, and the great orators confined themselves to declaring that no rents should be paid.[11]

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[6] Original documents quoted by M. Taine, pp. 208–9. [7] i. 394.
[8] Letter of Pétion, 10 Fév. 1792; quoted ii. 139. [9] i. 251, 261; ii. 241.
[10] ii. 34. [11] Letter from the *Archives Nationales*, quoted ii. 34.

In other words (says M. Taine) the Jacobins promised the greedy tenants the property and income of the landowners. . . . In the new Assembly not a noble or a prelate of the old *régime*, not a single great landowner, not a single head of a department, not one specialist distinguished in diplomacy, finance, administration, or war [was to be found].[12]

Out of the 745 deputies

four hundred, says a contemporary writer, were barristers, taken mainly from the lowest ranks of the profession. [There were] a score of conforming priests, and the same number of poets and authors of little repute; almost all *sans patrimoine*. . . . Most of them were under thirty, sixty were under twenty-six: nearly all were formed in the clubs and popular assemblies.

But it is in their organisation, and the means adopted to enforce their policy on the country, that the resemblance between the two parties is most remarkable.

Most men are too much occupied with their business and their pleasures to devote themselves to politics. Where places are elective, political life becomes itself a business to those who find their personal advantage in it. There are five or six such men in every village, twenty or thirty in every town, some hundreds in every city.

They alone give all their time and attention to public affairs, write to the papers and the Paris deputies, receive and pass (*colporteut*) the word of command on all great questions, hold conclaves, get up meetings, make motions, and draw up petitions; watch, rebuke, and denounce the local magistrates; form themselves into committees, start and patronise candidates, and canvass the suburbs and the country voters.[13]

This dominant majority is recruited from two classes; enthusiasts and adventurers. Village attorneys, political priests, local journalists, and local orators, 'who for the first time find an audience, applause, influence, and a career,[14] are the mainstay of the party.'

During the latter half of 1790 they are to be seen forming themselves into popular associations like the Paris Jacobins, under the name of 'Friends of the Constitution.' In every town and hamlet there springs up a club of patriots, who meet nightly or many nights a week, to co-operate for the safety of the commonwealth. A new organ, a self-developed and superfluous parasite, is forming in the social body by the side of the legitimate organs. Insensibly it will grow, draw to itself the substance of the others, use them for its ends, substitute itself for them, act by itself and for itself alone.[15]

Naturally the Club returns 'candidates who are pledged against rent;' men 'disposed to tolerate all the excesses of the people.'[16] Such deputies are the mere delegates of the mob. 'Formerly,' as Mr. Healy puts it, 'the people were waiting to listen to their members of Parliament,' but now 'the members of Parliament are obliged to listen to what the people have to say.' 'Etant leur chef, il faut bien qu'il les suive.' It is one of the first principles of '89, or rather of '93!

[12] ii. 95. [13] i. 270. [14] i. 272. [15] *Ibid.* [16] i. 384.

As the branches multiply, and the organisation is perfected, the Club is installed,

not only as a state within the state, but as a sovereign state within a vassal state.[17] [The Jacobins are] the constant and systematic apologists of insubordination and revolt. . . . All property is shaken; every wealthy man suspected. . . . In short, it is an open conspiracy against society in the name of society itself, and the sacred image of Liberty is used to seal the impunity of a knot of tyrants.[18]

The ramifications of the Club

are spread throughout the kingdom, and even to foreign countries. It has its treasure, its committees, and its code, which governs the Government and judges the law.[19] [It is] a confederation of twelve hundred oligarchies, manœuvring their following of *prolétaires* by orders sent from Paris. It is a state, complete, organised, active; with a central government, an armed force, an official paper, a regular correspondence, an avowed policy, and an established authority. It has its local representatives and agents,[20]

who alone *de facto* govern. Never was there

a machine better contrived to fabricate an artificial and violent opinion, and make it appear the spontaneous wish of the nation to give a noisy minority the rights of the silent majority and force the hand of the government.[21]

We have all the common sophistries and shameless falsehoods, so lavishly used by the party in Ireland. The dead are slandered to excuse their murderers, and assassination becomes a recognised form of 'patriotism.' Henceforth there are two moral codes in France. What would be crime against a patriotic neighbour is allowable against the reputed aristocrat.[22] 'It is they' (the Land League) 'who maintain law and order; and it is the Government and the landlords who are the real disturbers of the peace of the country.'[23] 'C'est la noblesse et le clergé,' says Perron, 'qui allument les incendies.' Of course; and Mr. Gray believed, 'deliberately' and 'honestly' and 'in his soul,' that the executive provoked a collision with the people, 'to give to the Government an opportunity of shedding blood.'[24]

The Leaguers, like the Jacobins, are ardently devoted to liberty, and the measure of that liberty is given by Mr. Sexton when he warns 'any man who may differ from him, . . . to be prudent, rather than stand too much upon his own individuality.'[25] They are almost the very words of the Jacobin menace to Mallet-Dupan: 'il vous est défendu d'aller contre *l'opinion dominante*.'[26] And such threats are not empty. The Jacobins too, had their executioners

[17] ii. 140. [18] ii. 141.

[19] *Mercure de France*, Sept. 3, 1791; quoted ii. 121.

[20] ii. 184. [21] ii. 57.

[22] i. 167, 312, 434.

[23] Speech of Mr. Justin McCarthy at Longford; speech of the Rev. Mr. Humphreys at Thurles.

[24] Mr. Gray has since altered his belief, and retracted his statement.

[25] Speech at the meeting to promote an Industrial Exhibition in Ireland.

[26] Article by Mallet-Dupan; quoted ii. 52.

and their police; men who erected gibbets 'for all who pay fines or quit-rents,' who 'threaten death to the landlords who demand their rents' and the tenants who pay them, men who 'work at night masked,' who break into houses, and rob, and murder, and burn.[27] Such were the famous 'tape-dur'; the Jacobin 'Rorys'; men who could act promptly on a hint, and understand the playful humour of such speeches as Mr. Parnell's description of the Arms Bill, 'as a bill to deprive every honest farmer from shooting the birds that are eating up his crops.'

And the murders are not provoked by any great or violent resistance.

Never did an aristocracy suffer deprivation with such patience, or employ less force to defend its prerogatives, or even its estates. . . . The nobles struggle to escape murder and robbery, nothing more. . . . It is not against the new order of things that they band themselves, but against brutal disorder. . . . If they were treated like the townsman or the peasant, their neighbours; if their persons and properties were respected, they would support the new *régime* without bitterness.[28]

They are as eager for liberty as the Jacobins themselves; but 'liberty without crimes, liberty which is maintained without ruptures, without inquisitors, incendiaries, and brigands, without enforced oaths, lawless coalitions, and lynch-law.'[29] How comes it, it may well be asked, that this tyranny, intolerable to the vast body of the middle classes, is endured? 'It is,' answers M. Taine, 'because a nation cannot defend itself against internal usurpation as against foreign conquest, save through its government' (ii. 64). It is because the classes attacked are the civilised classes; because they are

accustomed for generations to the procedures of an organised society, interested from father to son in the observance of the law, troubled by the thought of consequences, affected by manifold ideas, incapable of understanding that in the state of nature to which France has fallen there is but one idea worth a thought—the idea of the citizen who accepts the war declared against him, meets force with force, and with loaded rifle goes into the street to encounter the savage destroyers of human society.[30]

The middle classes cannot bring themselves to this. They appeal to Roland, 'the patriotic minister, the determined foe of anarchy.' And Roland calls on the oppressors to stay their hand, and exposes himself to the terrible reply—

Have you forgotten after the tempest, what you yourself said when the storm was at its height—that the nation must save itself? Well, this is what we have done. . . . Remember that the citizen minister has but to execute the will of the sovereign people.[31]

It was this helplessness of the upper classes, and a judicious exercise of lynch-law by the 'village tyrants,' which enabled the

27 i. 373, 381; ii. 322.
28 i. 388–9, 392.
29 *Mercure de France*, Sept. 3, 1791: quoted i. 393.
30 ii. 212.
31 ii. 364. Original letters to Roland in the *Archives Nationales*.

Jacobins to secure what proved their chief stronghold in the war waged against the liberties of France. They were suffered to seize the exclusive control of the local government of the country. It is in this quarter, too, that the danger is now greatest in Ireland. The Leaguers see, with their wonted acuteness, the importance of having 'their sentinel at every post,' and that a factious local government would be the best of all supports for the fighting line in Parliament. This, says one of the ablest of Mr. Parnell's lieutenants, 'is the true principle to work on.'[32] The Poor Law Boards have already given trouble in Ireland, and they may give more. Mr. Sexton tells us they are ready to 'make liberal grants out of the poor-rates for the maintenance of evicted families;' that half of these grants will fall upon the gentlemen, and that 'arrangements can be made by which the ratepayers will be protected from the full portion of their own moiety of the poor-rates.' Yet but a third of the guardians are elected; the other two-thirds are composed of county magistrates. Unfortunately, recent ministerial utterances are not of a nature to discourage these tactics. Mr. Gladstone has stated that there are senses 'perfectly acceptable, and even desirable,' in which 'what is popularly known as Home Rule may be understood,' and that he 'would hail with delight any measure of local government for Ireland' that would not break down or impair the supremacy of Parliament. The Lord Privy Seal, fresh from the revelations of the Irish Juries Committee, talks complacently of the cravings of 'honest and loyal men' for 'some form of what is called Home Rule.'[33] Finally, we have Lord Hartington's private secretary suggesting that the Premier does not believe the Land Act to be the one thing necessary for the salvation of Ireland. 'If Mr. Gladstone has doubts,'[34] Mr. Brett is reported to have said, 'if he thinks that the whole question of the government of Ireland requires thorough examination and reform, every one again will appeal to him to make use of the powers which he possesses.' With reformed municipalities and representative County Boards, the 'form of Home Rule' which appears to be hinted at, every Corporation, every Poor Law Board, every Grand Jury, and all the minor patronage of the country, would be in the absolute control of the Dublin manipulators. Can any grave man think without dismay of such a prospect? Have the 'honest and loyal men' shown such intrepidity as jurors,[35] or even as magistrates, that they should be entrusted with yet ampler powers over the properties of their fellow-subjects?

The Liberals are indeed pledged to these measures, and to a

[32] Speech of Mr. O'Connor at Cork.

[33] Speech at Radstock: *Times*, October 18.

[34] *Liverpool Mercury*, October 25.

[35] Irish Juries Committee, 3204–6.

measure yet more ominous—to the extension of the electoral franchise.[36]

The question now is, whether the great statesmen who head the Liberal party will have the courage to postpone the fulfilment of these pledges, and steadily to enforce the law? True, 'force is no remedy,' but there are moments in history, fateful moments, when force is the condition precedent of all remedies. In Ireland, such a moment is upon us. None but the merest *doctrinaires*—the veriest Sangrados of politics, can seriously propose to strengthen the hands of the Irish populace, because in other circumstances, and in quieter times, such a course would be in harmony with their constitutional theories. Consistency, in itself, is no doubt an excellent thing, and one which conduces much to the fame and profit of the practitioner. But when the realisation of the cherished theory is invariably followed by the death of the patient, mere men of the world and empirics like Gil Blas may be pardoned for suggesting that it were well to try some common-sense cure. The recent action of the Government shows that they possess the rarest form of political courage, the courage to acknowledge past mistakes. But if that action is to be effectual, it must be systematic and continuous. The heavy blows of the executive have struck down the League, but such organisations live long. Whether the great conspiracy is indeed dead, or stunned, time only must show. Meanwhile, all practical men are agreed that it will take years of strenuous rule to eradicate the evil germs of eighteen months' successful anarchy.

[36] The qualification under the Constitution of 1789-90 was low, and there were about 250 Jacobins returned. That qualification was abolished in 1792, and the new constituencies elected the purely Jacobin Convention.

J. Woulfe Flanagan.

THE SCOTCH LAND QUESTION—

ABERDEENSHIRE AGITATION.

Six years ago the traveller in Scotland who took an interest in political and economical questions affecting the landed interest, would have found it difficult to discover any part of the country where there was less apparent cause for external interference between the owner and the occupier of the land, than existed in Aberdeenshire. In most parts of the county ages had passed since the old tribal communism of the earlier and less civilised races of people had practically disappeared. The great landed proprietors, possessed in practice, as well as by law, rights of ownership as complete as could be found in any civilised country in modern days. Those rights were defined and guarded by an elaborate and scientific system of Land Laws, which imposed few limits to the right of ownership, save those which were supposed to be necessary to preserve estates unimpaired and undiminished, from generation to generation, by perpetual descent in the same family.

The occupiers and actual cultivators of the land were, for the most part, tenant-farmers holding under leases from the landowner. In the case of all tenancies for more than a few acres, these leases were usually for nineteen years—a term which had been settled by custom as affording to both parties what they agreed on, as a fair return for their respective interests in the land and its cultivation; and allowing them to reconsider the terms of their bargain, whenever, by lapse of time, or change of circumstances, the value of the land or of its produce might be altered.

Such reconsideration was regarded as a matter of course when the lease expired. It was equally a matter of course to raise or lower the rent as the parties interested thought proper; and for the tenant to quit the farm, if he could not agree with his landlord as to the terms on which his lease should be renewed.

The tenant-farmers were as a body among the best educated agriculturists in the kingdom. They prided themselves on being always among the first to consider, and decide on, the merits of any proposed improvements or alterations of law, or practice, affecting their

calling; and their decision was generally considered in other counties as one of great practical weight.

Many of the landowners occupied and cultivated for themselves portions of their own land. This practice had an excellent effect in preventing either landowners or land-cultivators from becoming a separate caste. It enabled the landowner to become practically acquainted with all details of the local system of agriculture, to test what was profitable or the reverse, and to have a real practical commercial sympathy with the tenant-farmer, who cultivated lands he did not own.

The results of the system were on the whole satisfactory. As far as could be judged by existing lights, the utmost was got out of the land. The soil in Aberdeenshire is of very varied quality, some by nature extremely fertile, some extremely barren, but all soils, even the best in the county, require much capital and labour to be expended on them to procure a productive return. Dykes must be built, drains must be cut, manure must be supplied, before a good crop can be got off the most fertile lands; and the farm buildings and machinery must be of the best, to ensure a speedy sale for the produce in good condition, when harvested and brought to market. Some of the lighter or more rocky soils, and the less fertile peat mosses, were turned to account by planting. But this, though often a profitable investment of the landowner's capital, required many years to realise. Others, of the poorer and more mountainous portions of estates, would furnish food to grouse and red deer, and yield a return by being let for shooting. Taken as a whole, and looking to the nature of the soil and climate, it was not easy to see how any more could be got out of Aberdeenshire, by skilful husbandry or careful management, than was obtained by the system which had grown up within the last three or four generations. In special localities it might seem at first as if a Belgian, Swiss, or Italian peasant might make more of a farm than the Aberdeenshire crofter; but considering that soil and climate alike forbade such culture as the vine, or mulberry, and bound the cultivator to turnips and the hardier root crops, to grass and the hardier grain crops, and to the judicious management of the less delicate breeds of cattle and sheep, the ultimate conclusion generally was that Aberdeenshire farmers, as a rule, made the most of such land and climate as Providence granted to them.

It could not be said that the system was a bad one for the landowners. Estates varied greatly in size, from a few farms to domains of princely dimensions. Custom had handed down obligations which bound the greater proprietors to a very profuse hospitality, and the consequent lavish household expenditure was at times too much for the laird's income, and obliged him to sell his ancestral acres. But except from some such cause as profuse living, or gambling, landed proprietors rarely became impoverished. The

cost of living increased, and the style of living became more luxurious, but the value of land and the rental of estates rose in even greater proportion, and as roads and railways opened up the country, many a prudent laird, whose estate was of moderate value in the days of the early Georges, became a wealthy landowner, by almost insensible increment of the value of his fields and pastures, his woods and moorside shootings.

When an estate did come into the market it generally sold for a price so high as to leave to the purchaser but a moderate return for the capital so invested. Good bargains might occasionally be made in land as in everything else, and sometimes a thriftless laird would sell a well-wooded estate, whose timber alone went far to pay the whole purchase money, when the purchaser cared more for a well-filled purse than for well-clothed and picturesque valleys and hill-sides; but as a general rule the competition for land to be sold was so keen, that the purchaser who got more than three and a half per cent. was exceptionally fortunate, and money invested in land, as a general rule, yielded less than money invested in the public stocks, and far less than safe and well assured commercial investments.

It could not be said that this increase of value to the land was generally obtained at the cost of the cultivator. As 'high farming' was developed, and the cost of cultivation increased, the tenant-farmer needed increased capital to be expended in making farming profitable. But, as he spent more money in manure and machinery, and in purchasing the stock best adapted to make money surely and rapidly, his profits steadily increased; and the tenant-farmer of this generation had become, relatively as well as absolutely, a richer man than his grandfather, the tenant of eighty years ago. He had not only generally a larger sum to bequeath to his heirs, but the difference between him and his laird in education, in mode of living, and in the power of commanding the luxuries, as well as the necessaries of life, was less than it had been between their grandfathers.

In the partnership for the cultivation of land, the landlord's rents were often raised by the skill, capital, and labour of an improving tenant. But the return the tenant got for himself was ample to yield a good interest on his capital; and a sufficient return for his skill and labour to make the tenant-farmer's occupation a profitable and popular one, and to cause a constant competition for the tenancy of a farm when it became vacant.

There were doubtless occasional cases where a hard or grasping landlord took advantage of the mistakes, omissions, or necessities of his tenant. But there were quite as many cases where the reverse occurred, and where a knowing tenant enriched himself, to the damage of his landlord's interests and property. In Aberdeen agriculture, as in every other case of bargaining and contract, the harder and shrewder of the two contracting parties had the advantage, and such

advantage was not always on the landlord's side. But it was generally a matter of fair bargaining, with the eyes open, and the loser had rarely any one to blame more than himself for his bad bargain; so that looking to the great majority of cases, for the past generation or two, the tenant-farmers in Aberdeenshire as a class had been as prosperous as their landlords.

It must not however be supposed, that agriculture in Aberdeenshire was quite such a paradisiacal occupation, that there were no grievances of class against class, or that the tenants never complained of hard measure from their landlords, such as required the interposition of the legislature.

There was much grumbling about the game laws. 'In the good old times,' the burden of the game laws was little felt.' Game was unsaleable except surreptitiously, and it was easier, and more profitable, to steal the minister's cow, or the neighbour's sheep, than the laird's stags or grouse. To the idle and adventurous, illicit whisky distilling, and smuggling, offered larger profits and greater excitement than poaching. In so sparse a population the game shot illicitly for food was scarcely missed, and if the laird could secure a few more crofters to settle on his waste moors, he cared little for a few head of game, more or less, where there was still more than he and all his guests could shoot.

But all this was changed as soon as the steamboat and railway began to bring down, at the commencement of each shooting season, hosts of sportsmen who cared for little but the number of heads of game they were to kill, and when alterations in law and circumstance made the game killed, whether lawfully or unlawfully, a merchantable export to southern markets.

The owners of game, whether landlords, or their sporting lessees, became keener in preserving; and in some cases a slight change in the fashion of sporting rendered the game a real grievance and source of loss to the tenant-farmer.

Many sportsmen now alive can remember the day when their elders would have laughed at the notion of a day's rabbit-shooting as a sport for any but schoolboys. Of late years, however, days of rabbit-shooting had become a recognised part of the sporting programme, and the tenant cursed the unnatural increase of ground game strictly preserved, to be shot by the laird's guests, after fattening on the tenants' crops.

The grievance, however, was always admitted as a legitimate ground for complaint, and for some abatement in the rent, where the loss was not provided for in the terms of the lease; but it was still a cause of more or less grumbling and ill-feeling in the case of all but very popular landlords, who managed to carry their tenants' sympathies with them in their amusements as well as in their more serious occupations.

The development of deer-forests afforded less legitimate ground for complaint. As the old deer-forests became accessible, and rose in commercial value, they were more strictly preserved. Sometimes it was a cottager, or crofter, inhabiting a hut in a lonely glen, or distant hill-side, who was removed to secure the quiet which the red deer needed, or to guard against poaching; at other times it was the thriving tenant-farmer who complained of the damage done to his crops by wandering deer. A few years ago the grievances of both classes were much ventilated in the local newspapers, and some of the best landlords were held up to public reprobation, on charges of harshness in evictions, or illiberality in compensation, for damage done by their deer. But such charges were, in more than one case, successfully met by statistical returns; showing that if crofters had been removed from the small tenancies they had long occupied in deer-forests, the total number of the class to which the crofters belonged, maintained on the deer-forest as gamekeepers, stalkers, and other servants of the lairds, was larger than ever; that they were better housed, better paid, and better fed, had better schools for their children, and were in every way better off, than when they led a half-starved existence, in poverty, and solitude, in their old 'shielings' on the mountain side.

The neighbouring farmers' grievance, as regarded the damage done to their crops by the deer, was met sometimes by abatement in rent on renewal of lease, sometimes by the landlord fencing in the deer. The character of some of the complaints may be judged of from an instance of which I lately heard. When I was in Aberdeenshire a few years ago, a certain farmer was loud in his complaints of the damage done to his crops by the laird's deer. Since then, the laird had carefully fenced in his deer forest, and I heard this year of the same farmer complaining, on the ground that the laird was 'shutting in,' for his own use and amusement, the *wild* deer, which used to visit the farmer's fields in hard winter time, and annually afforded him the carcases of two or three fine beasts which he used to shoot in his turnips.

Upon the whole, there was but little serious complaint regarding the preservation of deer-forests. It seemed generally agreed that if there was some occasional inconvenience to a tenant-farmer, here and there, arising from the neighbourhood of a deer-forest, it was more than repaid by contingent advantages; such as the market for much farm produce, and the wages for the occasional labour of farm servants, which the laird, and his visitors in the shooting season, afforded. It is very doubtful whether as a general rule the tenant-farmers would as a body wish for the disforesting of deer-forests.

Then six years ago, there was the law of Hypothec; a terror to the uninstructed English friend whether of landlord or tenant.

In days long gone by, when the land was the most valuable contribution of the copartnership between landlord and tenant for

the production of crops, and the tenant contributed little but labour to the results of farming; the laws enacted were excessively strict in protecting the landlord's interests, and gave him great advantages over every other creditor of the tenant in recovering his dues.

But the circumstances of all parties were changed, when better farming required the tenant to buy better stock and more expensive manures, and costly machinery; and in many ways to apply more capital to raise the produce which was to pay his rent. Hence arose a demand for a relaxation of the landlord's privileges as involved in the law of Hypothec; and the result has been a considerable modification in the law, which has removed most of the grievances which were complained of a few years ago.

There was then, and is still, much controversy between the advocates of landlord and of tenant, on the subject of unexhausted improvements, and compensation for damage done to a farm by bad farming. With the best intentions on both sides, it is not easy for the best of tenants to put into the land exactly what is needed to render it most productive during his tenancy, and to get out again, very exactly, all that he has so put in, and no more, in the course of his nineteen years' lease. There will ever remain, at the end of so long a term as nineteen years, some reasonable ground for difference of opinion as to what is due to the respective parties, the landlord and the tenant, if they are to part company at the end of the lease, or to vary the terms of the lease on renewal.

Hitherto, however, with some jarring and grumbling, the claims of both parties for unexhausted improvements, or for compensation for damages, have been adjusted by mutual agreement, without much reference to courts of law. But the necessity for some cheap and speedy mode for the equitable adjustment of such claims, has been, and is still, very generally acknowledged.

Such was the state of things some six years ago, as it appeared to a southern visitor to Aberdeenshire.* Not only was the utmost produce apparently got out of the land, but the relations between landlord and tenant were generally such, that comparatively few tenants were willing to renounce agriculture as a calling, or to give up their existing tenancies; and whenever a farm did become vacant, there were generally numerous applicants for its future tenancy. The landlords, on the other hand, had little to complain of which did not admit of obvious and reasonable remedy. Those who wished to sell their estates, could do so on terms which would ensure them an equal or larger income, by funding or investing the purchase money in other more profitable ways. Those who wished to purchase land, were content to pay a price which yielded them less than a commercial investment, in consideration of the pleasures and advantages which the possession of land afforded.

But the same observer, revisiting Aberdeenshire in the latter part

of 1881, found a very different state of affairs existing. Since July, large meetings of farmers have been held all over the county, at which language far from friendly to landowners, as a body, has been freely used and rarely condemned; and demands have been formulated, published, and widely circulated by the Press, requiring fundamental changes in the laws affecting landlord and tenant, avowedly as instalments of larger measures similar to those which, in Ireland, have transferred a large portion of the property and rights hitherto enjoyed by landlords, to their tenant-farmers.

The circumstances of the two countries were so essentially different, that the Aberdeenshire landlords generally at first were inclined to treat the agitation with indifference. 'In Ireland,' said the advocates of the landlord's side of the question, 'there were, undoubtedly, in some provinces and on many estates, customary rights of tenants, undefined and unwritten, but sanctioned by usage, and recognised by landlords of the old patriarchal stock; these rights had been ignored by newer landlords of a more commercial turn of mind, and the tenants often had a substantial grievance; they had no written documents to appeal to, and got no redress if they went into court. Landlord and tenant were alike improvident in providing against such contingencies, and a case existed for legislative interference. But nothing of the kind could be said of Aberdeenshire; unrecorded rights were few and unimportant, or admitted of easy proof by general consensus as to custom. Landlord and tenant were alike cautious, and in the habit of carefully recording mutual rights and obligations. The law courts were easily accessible, and popular in their working, and fulfilled the legal requirement of leaving no wrong without a remedy. The people of every class were law-abiding, and inclined to support or obey the law, even when it was not favourable to their own claims. Whatever might be done in Ireland, it was not to be supposed that any Government would propose, or that any legislature would give effect, in Scotland, to an agitation which had so little ground in the legal and customary rights of the tenant-farmers.' Such was very generally the light in which the agitation of the Aberdeenshire tenant-farmers was regarded by their landlords; but the agitation increased in area, and extended to other counties and other parts of the United Kingdom.

The tenants have talked seriously and systematically of withholding rents, and trustees and investors speak doubtfully of the security of land as the safest of investments.

What has been the cause of this rapid and great change? What is there in 1881 which did not exist six years ago, and accounts for such a serious alteration in the conditions on which landed property is possessed in a country of such ancient institutions and settled constitution as Scotland?

The question would be variously answered according to the class

to which the person addressed might belong. The tenant-farmer would say: 'Agriculture is depressed. A succession of unusually bad seasons has ruined or impoverished the farmers. The land laws are inequitable, and require alterations to fit them to the altered condition of agriculture. They should provide for an easier transfer of land from one owner to another. Primogeniture and entail must be abolished. The law should provide better security for repaying to a tenant, on leaving his farm, compensation for his unexhausted improvements. It should provide security of tenure, which means, it should protect him from eviction against his will at the end of his lease.'

To this the landlords' advocates would reply by questioning the fact of any real agricultural depression. The seasons for five years past had been unfavourable, but not to the extent which had ruined the tenant-farmers in so many parts of England. The production of cattle and sheep for slaughter is one of the staple industries of Aberdeenshire agriculture; and for the cattle-breeder the seasons so disastrous to the English wheat-grower had not been specially unfavourable. Prices of cattle, and other staple products of the country, had been high, and had not as yet been materially affected by American competition. The cost of production had been enhanced of late years, but this was partly due to the farmers' more expensive style of living, to want of thrift in employing labourers at enhanced wages, to improvident employment of costly labour-saving machinery, to speculative outlay of borrowed capital in various directions, to unwise competition for farms, (which ran up rents to extravagant figures,) and to an inflated expenditure on their households as well as on their farms. That agriculture was still a profitable occupation to the prudent and thrifty, and that a return to the economical habits of the last generation would make agriculture in Aberdeenshire as profitable to the farmer as it had been to his predecessors.

On this question, as to whether any real and permanent agricultural depression exists or not, the impartial observer would probably conclude that whilst, as usual, 'there is much to be said on both sides,' agriculture is not now, and is not likely in the future to be so profitable in Aberdeenshire as it was ten years ago.

As a matter of practical expectation, after making every allowance for possible reductions in the style of living of both farmers and their labourers, it is impossible to look for any voluntary or general return to the simple and thrifty habits of living of three generations ago. If the farmers and their labourers are to be content with the coarsest and simplest of food and clothing which will keep them in health and working condition—if the farmer and his family are to do all the skilled mechanical labour of the dairy, farm, and kitchen—if all are to forego the education and amusements to which they have of late years been accustomed—it is better, they will say, at once to

emigrate to the colonies, where, in return for similar privation of the pleasures and advantages of modern civilisation, they may secure in a few years perfect independence, as employers of labour, instead of labouring themselves; and, as owners of landed estates, possess as much political and social influence in a new country, as their old landlords the lairds enjoy in Scotland. It is almost impossible to go into a cottage in Aberdeenshire, or to converse with a cottager on the subject of wages, without seeing in the labourer's talk, and in the maps which are often on his walls, in the well-read magazines and books which are often on his shelves, or in the newspaper which he still oftener reads, that emigration is the practical answer which the stoutest and most useful members of his family are prepared to give to any reasoning which shall convince them that if they mean to remain in the old country they must return to the ruder and less expensive modes of living which contented their forefathers.

For these and other obvious reasons affecting the cost of production, it may be taken for granted that agriculture in Scotland is not likely, whilst the present condition of things, or anything like it, lasts, to become as profitable as it has been in the earlier years of the present generation; and, as an inevitable consequence, wherever rents have been forced up, in full proportion to the rise of prices for produce, there must now be some reduction of rent, as a large and essential part of the necessary reduction of the cost of producing.

The one question still open for practical discussion is this—Shall the reduction of rents, where necessary, be made, as heretofore in similar cases, by mutual bargain between landlord and tenant, as has always been practically the custom in all modern times and places in Scotland? or shall it be effected by legislative interference between landlord and tenant, by the erection of a judicial tribunal empowered to fix rents according to the judges' own notion of fairness, as has been just done in Ireland? In other words, shall it be done by free contract between landlord and tenant, or by a Land Bill 'on the lines,' as the fashionable phrase is, of the Irish Land Bill?

The landlords have already very generally pledged themselves to a preference of the former method. In reply to printed circulars issued by the delegates of the tenant farmers, a considerable proportion of the landlords, including some of the best and most liberal, have answered that they require no external assistance either to them or their tenants in fixing fair rents for the use of the land they own, and wish to let.

But the decision is not likely to rest with the landlords. They are in a minority as to voting power in the Legislature, and as to consequent influence with any Government which looks mainly to voting power as proved by numerical majorities. The more important question therefore is, Which view are the tenant-farmers as a body likely to take?

It is not improbable that many of the better educated and more successful of the tenant-farmers would have concurred in the view taken by their landlords, and would have preferred trusting to their old methods of contract, by bargain between landlord and tenant, without external official, or legislative interference. But a new element has been introduced into the controversy, which has no special connection with either landlords or tenants in Aberdeenshire.

This element is the question of a general recasting of all rights affecting property in land, such as is a favourite object with the more advanced Liberals of the present day.

How far the tenant farmers of Aberdeenshire really sympathise with these objects, or believe their realisation to be necessary to the profitable exercise of their own calling, or how far they adopt the programme of the liberal doctrinaires, with a view to secure useful allies in urging their own demands, may be a question. It is sufficient that, in one form or another, most of these objects of doctrinaire liberalism find a place in the published programmes put forward by the farmers' associations, which, under various names, have been established for securing unity, and force of action, in pressing the farmers' demands on the notice of Government; and the arguments in favour of such objects therefore require something more than a passing notice here.

First of all there are the laws of entail and primogeniture, which, it is urged, fetter the free transfer of land in a manner which discourages its being used to the utmost advantage; and it is required by even moderate advocates of farmers' rights, that all land should be made 'as easily transferable as a Railway Share,' and be subject to the same laws of inheritance.

On this question it may be remarked that the inconvenience of the existing laws of entail and primogeniture, and the restrictive high cost of legal transfer of land, are complained of at least as much by landowners as by farmers and tenants of land. The laws referred to had objects in times past which are less desirable, or necessary, now than they were formerly; and, whatever may be the reasons for maintaining them, those reasons hardly injuriously affect the enjoyment or use of the land by tenants, more than they do the enjoyment and use by present owners.

There are, probably, in proportion to the total numbers of both bodies, more landlords, and members of landlords' families, than there are tenants, or members of tenants' families, who really desire changes in these laws. The question therefore has really very little to do with the main matters at issue between landlord, and tenant, in Aberdeenshire; but it is a useful makeweight on the side of agitation for changes in the land laws generally. It is a practical question, and one which deserves to be discussed and settled; and, if settled in the way the farmers' advocates desire, it is not likely

generally to affect injuriously the interest of landlords—therefore by all means let it be discussed and settled, but let it be kept separate from a question so radically distinct from it, as the relations of landlord and tenant.

We may note, in passing, that the principal objections to changes in the laws referred to come from neither the landlord nor tenant class, but from the large and powerful body of lawyers, and legal functionaries of various kinds, who see in any changes in land laws the loss of something which they have been taught to regard as a necessary security for landed property.

Some reference is generally made in the demands of the farmers as formulated by their advocates, and much more in the speeches of farmers at their meetings, to what is known as the 'unearned increment in the value of land.' That is to say, that portion of the increase in value, for which no one person connected with the land has laboured, but which arises from other causes, external to the land itself. The earlier followers of Mr. John Stuart Mill usually proposed to discriminate and tax this 'unearned increment' for the general benefit of the nation. Later followers, who profess to have some knowledge of the intentions of the present leaders of the Liberal party, propose to transfer this increment to the cultivator or occupier of the soil; and some argue that this principle has been already recognised by the Legislature in the Irish Land Bill. It is only natural that this view of the duties of Government should find considerable favour with all farmers who can persuade themselves that they have a better right to this increment than their landlords can urge.

Whatever may be the theoretical merits of the arguments on this subject, it is certain that the 'unearned increment' in any particular portion of land is extremely difficult, if not impossible, to discriminate, or define.

Let us take, for instance, the great increment in the remoter portions of Aberdeenshire itself. There are many well-known instances of large landed estates which, within the memory of persons still living, have doubled in marketable value. But in no case that I know of would it be possible to discriminate how much of the increase is due to better means of communication, to roads, railroads, and steamboats, in the cost of which the landlords have often borne the greater share—how much to draining, fencing, planting, and other costly work, in which the tenant has had little or no share. In the task of procuring this increment, whatever may be the actual outlay of the tenant apart from what he undertook as a portion of his rent, is of infinitesimal proportions, as compared with what is due to the general progress of the country, to the peace and prosperity secured by costly armies and navies, to wise laws affecting trade and commerce, to scientific inventions cheapening production and carriage, and to many other influences with which the

tenant has little to do except in common with ratepayers, and all other component parts of the legislative machinery of the country.

If, therefore, this 'unearned increment' could be discriminated, and separated, from what is equitably due to the landlord as its sole producer, the tenant would in most cases find it difficult to establish his exclusive claim to benefit by it.

It is not easy to find any argument relating to the unearned increment in the value of land, which will not apply with equal, or even greater, force to the unearned increment in every other form of income. It is beyond a question that, as compared with the earnings of our grandfathers, there is an element of 'unearned increment,' as theoretically defined, in incomes of every kind; whatever can be said in favour of the State disposing of the unearned increment in the value of land applies with equal force to the unearned increment in the incomes of all artisans and professional men; and it would be, theoretically, quite as just for the State to take the 'unearned increment' in the incomes of lawyers, architects, engineers, cotton-spinners, and medical men, and to distribute it for the benefit of clients, employers, and patients, as it would be to take the unearned increment in the value of land, and distribute it for the benefit of the tenant-farmers.

Practical men therefore will be inclined to consider this question of dealing with 'unearned increment,' either as a theoretical truth impossible of practical application; or, it may be, as a useful means of inflaming the popular imagination, and driving home demands which might otherwise be regarded as of very doubtful equity.

There are other arguments of a similar character, which, though they may not appear in the farmers' programme, occupy a great space in the arguments of their advocates. Such, for instance, is the theory that there is something special in the nature of the land of a country, which makes it in a peculiar degree the property of the country at large, and requires that the country, through its Legislature, should administer it for the general good of the people. According to the religious views of the advocates of this theory, the land is 'not the work of man' but the 'gift of nature'—or 'of providence'—or 'of God.' It is therefore 'a part of the inheritance of the people at large, and ought to be administered for their general benefit, without reference to accidents of so-called ownership.'

I have heard this plea seriously urged by statesmen who are listened to with respect in the Legislature; but they failed to furnish any definition which would confine the argument to land, and would not admit of its extension, *à fortiori*, to property in pearls and precious stones, in metallic ores, or in the earnings of the lawyer, the physician, the engineer, and the inventor; since the human brain, enabling our great professional men and inventors to realise colossal fortunes, is as clearly the 'gift of nature' or 'of providence' or 'of God,'

as the unimproved acres of a Scotch moorland farm; and would be far more easy to discover and tax. The argument, in fact, is one for undisguised socialism and communism—for placing in the hands of the representatives of the people, elected by numerical majorities, the right to dispose of every species of realised property, as they may think best, for the happiness of the great mass of mankind. Whether the Scotch farmers, or any equally sagacious body of electors, are prepared to support such theories in practice may be a question; but there can be no doubt that the present agitation in Aberdeenshire brings the theory, as the phrase is, 'within the range of practical politics,' and the sooner and more clearly this truth is recognised, by landlords and tenants alike, the better for all parties.

Of a like character are many other arguments which find a place in the oratory of the so-called farmers' friends. We hear and read much of the duty of all landlords to live on their estates, of the wickedness of absenteeism, which we are constantly reminded is not confined to Ireland, and on the necessity that Parliament should legislate so as to compel all owners of land to reside where they can hold personal communication with its occupiers and cultivators.

There is of course an element of truth in all that can be said in favour of landlords being always resident on their properties. The old adage that it is 'the master's eye that makes the horse fat' is as true now as it ever was, and there never was a doubt that the more landlord and tenant can be brought together, the better for the interests of both. But when it comes to legislative interference to compel performance of the duties of enlightened self-interest, we come to a completely different class of considerations, and I have heard of no plan for practically correcting the evils of absenteeism by means of legislative interference, the arguments for which would be inapplicable to a plan for correcting the evils of absenteeism in the case of non-resident Directors and Shareholders of Banks and mercantile Houses, hundreds, or it may be thousands, of miles distant from the Directors' or Shareholders' place of residence.

Not very dissimilar in character are the arguments that the land must be more subdivided, in order that it may be better worked, and turned to better account. With regard to a very limited class of agriculture, or rather horticulture, this is undoubtedly true; but the common-sense of the Aberdeenshire farmers immediately revolted from the suggestions of some so-called farmers' friends, that they should take to growing strawberries, and similar produce, as a remedy for the general depression of agriculture. They well know that, broadly speaking, the production of the great staples of Scotch agriculture is to be cheapened, not by reducing, but by increasing, the general average size of tenancies.

Their competitors in distant countries like Australia and America, produce cheaply, not by the spade culture of the market gardener,

but by a well-organised machinery, whether human or inanimate, which enables one farmer to direct the operations of scores of ploughs and thrashing-machines, and to bring to market the produce of thousands of heads of sheep and cattle. Few Aberdeenshire farmers seem to have any doubt that, given the requisite capital, they could produce more cheaply by enlarging, rather than by reducing, their respective holdings.

So with the very attractive arguments that game-preserves and deer-forests should be abolished, that parks and grouse-moors should be broken up, and made to produce food. Whatever may have been the arguments available to a popular agitator in feudal times on such subjects, the shrewd Scotch farmer clearly sees that they are inapplicable now, when everything, including deer-forests, pheasant-preserves, and grouse-moors, has its money value, and has become an article of commercial traffic. He knows that if he himself possessed a piece of moor which gave him 100*l.* a year, without much trouble to himself, by letting it as a grouse-moor or deer-forest, he would be commercially unwise to break it up, in order to produce less valuable crops of oats or turnips. He recognises the fact that the successful Australian or China merchant who spends his thousands in a shooting box, is by no means a loss or inconvenience to him or his neighbours, and that he would not be the richer for getting rid of him; and, if grouse and deer pay better than oats and turnips, he would unhesitatingly prefer the more profitable crop.

The argument is, of course, altered in its bearings when the advocate for change suggests that the land should not only be subdivided, but made, more or less absolutely, the property of the tenant.

But here again the sagacity of the Scotch farmer tells him that, however the land may be subdivided and made the more absolute property of the tenant, unless the legislature interferes to perpetuate the subdivision of ownership, there will be a constant, and inevitable natural tendency to the re-formation of large estates by consolidating the smaller tenancies. No artificial laws can prevent the natural action of natural inequalities in the capacity, thrift, and industry of individual cultivators. The abler, the more economical, and industrious cultivator must inevitably, if let alone, gradually absorb the property of his duller, more thriftless, and idler neighbour; and in all probability, if willing to work as a cultivator the fortunate possessor of the more acquisitive qualities will find that it is not for his interest to buy the actual ownership of land, if he can find a capitalist willing to purchase, and to let him have its use, on terms as reasonable as the general average of present rents; that is to say, at a rent which yields to the landlord no more than his money in the funds, while it costs the tenant less than the use of the land enables him to gain by its cultivation.

To the same class of arguments belong those portions of the oratory of the farmers' friends, which urge that the tenant has a right to the whole return of whatever is produced by the application of his skill, labour, and capital to the land he cultivates.

The shrewd Scotch farmer knows that, whether the laird or landlord is or is not a useless excrescence in a national point of view, he is an extremely valuable auxiliary to the tenant-farmer, by securing him the use of land to cultivate at less cost than that at which the cultivator could otherwise procure it.

The farmer may think the landlord unwise to be content with two or three per cent. from land, when its cultivation by himself might give him eight or ten per cent.; but that is no reason why the cultivator should not himself, by the cultivation of hired land, secure the difference as the reward of his own labour and capital.

Taken as a whole, the arguments to which I have been referring are mere makeweights which, however convincing to a theoretical or sentimental reasoner, have little real weight with the thoughtful practical farmer.

They are utterly opposed to all he has been told in favour of free trade. His common sense tells him that if legislative interference is allowable, to counteract the effects of free contract between man and man, to enforce the subdivision of estates, and to give special rewards to the cultivation of land, there is no reason which can be adduced to prevent legislation for purposes of an opposite tendency. Such, for instance, as to perpetuate and extend the accumulation of land in single hands, to enforce proper cultivation by a serf-class, to regulate prices, and to restore all the obsolete abominations of the worst of former times.

But however little congenial may be such arguments to the common sense of the great body of Aberdeenshire farmers, it is a fact of portentous import that such arguments find a place in the oratory of most of the advocates of the farmers' cause, and that they tend to obscure the real truth that a series of exceptionally bad seasons both in agriculture and commerce has rendered agriculture less profitable than formerly, and has, so to speak, rendered insolvent what was once a profitable association between landlord and tenant. All parties to the bargains made some years ago must necessarily suffer now that profits are less; and unless both parties to the contracts then made, are willing to take their share in the loss, an undue share of that loss must inevitably be thrown on the weaker party, which, in these days of the tyranny of numerical majorities, must necessarily be the less numerous, that is to say, the landowners.

Let us note in passing that there are many reasons, exclusive of the arguments of enlightened self-interest, which render a solution of present difficulties more easy by mutual concession on the part of all concerned, than by fighting out the conflict of interests

to the bitter end. It is probable that hard and unreasonable landowners may be found in Aberdeenshire, as elsewhere; but there cannot be a doubt but that a great proportion of the landlords are not only open to reason, but are prepared to recognise the fair expectations of their tenants, even by some sacrifice of their own interests. It is a discredit to a landlord among his own class to drive an industrious and honest tenant into the insolvent court; and the language which agitators on behalf of the tenant-farmers use in their manifestoes, as well as the large abatements of recoverable rent which it is known have been made by many landlords, alike testify to the desire of the landlords, as a body, to meet their tenants half way in their difficulties. On the other hand, it is obviously the wish of the tenant-farmers not to appear as suing *in forma pauperis*. Half the force of the agitators' rhetoric is derived from the anxiety of those on whose behalf it is employed to persuade themselves and others that they demand a right, rather than ask for compassionate allowance.

In any case the effective force of the agitation for a revolutionary transfer of property from the landlord to his tenant, will greatly depend on what may be done to relieve tenants from liability to pay such arrears as they cannot meet without serious loss or absolute ruin.

If by any means the thrifty and honest tenant who has not been able to make his rent out of his land in years past could be relieved from his liabilities, there can be no doubt that the number of those in favour of fundamental changes affecting the ownership of land would be greatly diminished.

Let it not be supposed that I have exaggerated the significance of the land-law agitation in Aberdeenshire. If, as some of the landlords persuade themselves, the agitation is to come to nothing, it will be a rare instance of such a step in a revolution being stayed. Nor is it often that a combination of Scotchmen such as the present one of the Aberdeenshire farmers is devoid of practical result.

Of the thoroughly revolutionary character of the movement there can be no doubt; whatever variation there may be in the programmes put forward by the tenant-farmers' advocates, they are uniform in demanding a bill on the lines of the Irish Land Act; and they make no secret of its being their intention to require fixity of tenure in place of the landlord's present power of resuming possession of his land at the end of a lease, and an official machinery to settle rents in place of the present system of bargaining between owner and occupier.

These two essential objects of the Irish Land Act are revolutionary novelties even in Irish legislation, and were only defended by their advocates on the ground of their being in accordance with Irish custom in some provinces, and with a state of agriculture far

less advanced than it is in Scotland; and by the Government of the day asserting that without the aid of such a Bill as they introduced a civil war was possible, if not inevitable. But nothing can be urged in Aberdeenshire in favour of such a law on the ground of its being in accordance with existing custom. It may safely be said that it would be difficult to find in any part of the county any existing custom which recognises tribal or communal rights, such as probably existed in early Celtic or Scandinavian days; and it would be equally difficult to point to any desire expressed by tenant-farmers, previous to the present agitation, indicative of any wish to revert to any such system of tribal and communal property.

Such being the case, it may be asked what possible danger can exist of the present agitation coming to any practical result? The question would have been a pertinent one six years ago; but at present it admits of an obvious answer.

Among its other peculiarities, the Irish Land Act undertakes to effect a considerable transfer of property from the present Landowner to his tenants, and however it may be disguised, the desire to effect a similar transfer is the object of the most active wirepullers of the present Scotch agitation. The object may not be avowed, even to themselves, by some who have joined the agitation; but they can hardly be blind to the reality and importance of the proposed transfer, and it is perhaps expecting too much from human nature to suppose that even those who would not willingly appropriate a portion of their neighbour's goods, will actively oppose legislation which would put into their pockets what, for centuries past, has been supposed to belong to their landlords, but which their present leaders tell them was only held in trust, for the benefit of the nation, and is now transferable as the nation, through its Legislature, may decree.

It is then a question of pressing moment to the whole kingdom—will the present Aberdeenshire agitation succeed in its avowed objects? Something will depend on the attitude of Government; there can be little doubt that real plain speaking on the subject addressed to the Scotch Liberals by those who are responsible for the measures brought forward by Government in Parliament, would convince a large majority of the enthusiastic supporters of the present Government that the demands of the Scotch Land League are not in accordance either with justice, equity, or sound political economy, and were not likely at present to be accepted as the basis of practical legislation.

But what are the chances of any such language being held by those now responsible for the Government of the country? Their declarations and promises in the past two years bind them to pay more attention to the demands of the great majority, the thousands of tenant-farmers, than to the arguments of a few hundreds of landowners, jurists, moralists, and political economists.

There is little apparent hope of any plain speaking such as would help to stem the tide, unless the Liberal party at large can be brought to see that the demands they are now called on to endorse are diametrically opposed to those principles which are the foundations of existing social order and social economy, and to those objects which it has ever been the avowed object of the Liberal party to promote; and that all owners of property, house and personal, as well as landed property, are alike interested in resisting demands which threaten the foundations of our existing civilisation.

It is the essence of a Revolution to effect forcible transfers of property from one class to another. It is not less a Revolution when this is effected under the semblance of legislation. In every Revolution it is property in land which is the first object of attack; and it matters little whether the land be, as it is often erroneously supposed to be in England, a source of wealth, or whether it is, as is more frequently the case in this country, a mere sign of wealth, inferior in productive power to many other investments of capital.

The results aimed at are wholly opposed to liberalism, as liberalism is generally understood, being as utterly tyrannical in their proposed mode of attainment, as they are revolutionary in their objects. It remains to be seen whether party-spirit will still blind the great body of the old Liberals to the real objects of their more recent allies, and whether it is too late to expect that men of all parties who wish to preserve and improve England as it is, will unite to resist legislation which has the avowed object of revolutionising the country, and the only definite aim of which is the creation of a state of things which shall be utterly different from anything that exists.

Since the above pages were written, I have read an article in the *Westminster Review* for October which ought to remove all doubt as to what are the real objects of the advanced section of the Liberal party with regard to land. 'Landlordism' is the special object of the Reviewer's attack, as a mischievous parasitical growth of modern invention which must be eradicated. He assures us Mr. Bright, in advocating free trade in land, was as much misled, and as far behind the times as any Tory landlord, and is 'wandering round a circle;' Mr. Gladstone is, he tells us, only a shade more 'fair, cool, and appreciative' of the real wants of the nation. The Irish Land Act is a miserable abortion, 'half a century behind the requirements of the times. In the English land question great national objects have hitherto been forgotten, and 'only the claims of the landholders, the claims of the farmers, and the claims of the agricultural labourers are considered.' Non-agricultural labourers are however in the majority, and their claims to share in the land must, he says, be provided for by the State, which must 'resume direct control of the land.'

Seven propositions are then laid down to guide us in this task,

which is to lead to a millennium of State proprietorship of all land, to be managed by the State for the benefit of the nation at large, the land being 'let out in small farms at reasonable and practically fixed rents.' Free trade in coal mines, iron mines, ironworks, &c., is condemned, and therefore we are to have no free trade in land, and the owner is not to be allowed to sell his farm for a profit.

It is little to the purpose that this sort of thing is opposed not only to common sense, but to all the traditions of the Liberal party, and to all experience in India, America, and Australia, as well as in Europe.

The important fact is that the enormous bribe of a share in the redivision of landed property among the labouring classes, can be held out by sober advisers of the Government as an inducement to join forces with the agitators for alterations in the English Land Laws. Nothing more wild is to be found in the early programmes of the first French Revolution. Let us hope that a Reign of Terror is not needed to bring English and Scotch farmers back to the regions of common sense.

H. B. E. FRERE.

November 15, 1881.

RECENT PHASES OF JUDÆOPHOBIA.

In the October number of this Review, Professor Goldwin Smith renews his onslaughts upon Jews and Judaism with an acerbity and virulence which I may be permitted to term Hamanic. Each sentence is a barbed arrow; each barb is tipped with venom. I do not propose to traverse the ground already covered by my former replies to the Professor's attacks,[1] but shall mainly confine myself to the task of examining *sine irâ et studio* the new charges which he brings forward, and of exposing his distortions of Judaism and his perversions of Jewish history.

The main argument, stripped of its side issues, is contained in a narrow compass. Mr. Goldwin Smith discusses the anti-Jewish agitation prevalent in Germany, and justifies it on various grounds. He attributes the persecutions of the Hebrew, past and present, in the first instance to the tribal exclusiveness of the Jewish people. According to him the Jew makes a religious idol of his tribe. 'All the other races profess at least allegiance to humanity; they all look forward, however vaguely, to a day of universal brotherhood. The Jew alone regards his race as superior to humanity, and looks forward, not to its ultimate union with other races, but to its triumph over them all, and to its final ascendency under the leadership of a tribal Messiah.' I maintain that these statements are entirely opposed to fact. The great bond which unites Israel is not one of race, but the bond of a common religion. We regard all mankind as brethren. We consider ourselves citizens of the country in which we dwell, in the highest and fullest sense of the term, and esteem it our dearest privilege and duty to labour for its welfare. Is there aught incompatible with our devotion to humanity and with our patriotism, if, at the same time, we feel sympathy for those who profess the same religious faith and practise the same religious ordinances, whether they inhabit this country or other lands? If the bond which unites the Jew were, in truth, tribal, it would be a matter of perfect indifference to us what might be the religious belief or practice of our brethren in race. But the bare fact that we regard as apostates those of our fellow Jews who abandon their faith, is proof sufficient that religion is the main

[1] *Nineteenth Century*, April and July 1878.

bond. So Mr. Goldwin Smith proposes, as his panacea, that the Israelite should abandon his tribalism, and 'all that separates him socially from the people among whom he dwells.' This means that he should give up his separate church, his religious rites and prayers, his seventh day Sabbath, and that in Turkey he should conform to Islam, in Russia to Greek orthodoxy—in other words, that he should cease to be a Jew; and in spite of this, the Professor claims that he upholds religious toleration and liberty of conscience. 'I will tolerate you Jews,' he would say, 'when you cease to be Jews; I will tolerate your religion when you reject it.'

Yet he himself demonstrates the worthlessness of his suggested remedy. For one would have thought that the late Lord Beaconsfield, who adopted the dominant faith of this country, and married out of the pale of his tribe, would have been a Jew after Mr. Goldwin Smith's own heart. Yet the ire of the historian pursues the statesman whose memory all England honours, and whose loss all Europe deplores, as though the author of *Lothair* had been a 'hard-shell' Sarmatian. In Berlin, the head-quarters of anti-Semitism, are numbers of Jews, who, according to the new nomenclature, would be classed among the Mollusks—men who have discarded every trace of tribalism and intermarried freely with the general population. But against these, even more loudly than against the consistent, observant, 'hard-shell' Jew, the modern 'Hep! Hep!' is raised.

I emphatically contest the position that our objection to mixed marriages is the outcome of tribal exclusiveness. It is essentially a matter of religion. It is an indispensable condition of domestic peace and happiness, that two persons who have entered into a compact to pass their lives together should fairly agree in their views on religion, which, to those who possess any religion at all, is a paramount concern of life. Hence statistics show that in all religious denominations the parties who contract marriage usually belong to the same faith, and that, for example, alliances between Churchmen and Catholics are comparatively rare. Alliances between Christians and Hindoos, between Christians and Mahommedans, between Greek Christians and Protestants are still more rare, and probably in every case must practically (and especially for reasons connected with the religious education of the offspring) be attended with renunciation of faith by one of the parties to the marriage. Why, then, should the Jew specially be taunted and blamed for refusing intermarriage, seeing that it would practically necessitate the abandonment of a faith which he has ever felt dearer to him than life itself?

Next, our opponent taunts us with practising the rite of circumcision, as Apion in the days of Josephus did; for there is a strange coincidence of argument between the anti-Semites, old and new. He calls it a savage custom; though the pain of the operation is probably not equal to that produced by the barbarous custom of

piercing children's ears, and certainly not more dangerous than the highly salutary operation of vaccination. Nay, most medical men agree, that the practice of this rite is positively conducive to health. And what distortion of fact does it indicate to brand the accomplishment of this rite as a tribal mark! We initiate our sons into the covenant of Abraham not because we desire to indicate that we belong to the same tribe, but because we are thereby obeying what we believe to be a Divine behest. Does not Milton himself, first among sacred Christian poets, characterise this ordinance as 'that great covenant which we still transgress?'[2]

The allegation that we hope for a Messianic age not of universal brotherhood is altogether without foundation. All the predictions of our inspired seers point to precisely the opposite view. They prophesy, indeed, that Israel will be restored to his land, and that a wise and pious king of David's lineage will there rule over him. But this is not to be the crowning climax of that golden age. Not a tribal Messiah will govern the world, but the Lord will be King over all the earth! 'And he shall judge among the nations, and shall rebuke many people; and they shall beat their swords into ploughshares, and their spears into pruning-hooks: nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more.' 'Then will I turn to the people a pure language, that they may all call upon the name of the Lord, to serve him with one consent.'[3] This, it may perhaps be argued, was the spiritual teaching of prophets holding transcendental views, which, however, took no root among the mass of the people. Turn we then to the recognised liturgy of the Hebrews. At the period when the article on 'the Jewish Question' appeared we were celebrating the most solemn festivals of the year. And the burden of our chief prayer was: 'Inspire, O Lord our God, all thy creatures with the reverence of Thee, that they may unitedly perform thy will. Speed the time when the dominion of tyranny will be removed from the earth, when all iniquity shall be dumb, all wickedness vanish like smoke.' At the conclusion of each one of our daily services throughout the year we supplicate the Lord 'that He may cause us speedily to behold the time when all flesh shall invoke His name, when all the inhabitants of the world shall know and acknowledge Him, so that unto Him every knee shall bow, every tongue swear fealty.' Does this look as if we believe in 'a tribal God'? So, too, all the authorised expositors of our law agree in declaring that the supreme boon of the Messianic days will consist herein, that their blessings are not to be reserved unto us, but will be diffused throughout the earth, that those truths for which we have bled and suffered will be recognised by mankind, that racial antipathy will come to an end, that all religious hatred will cease, that all men will feel and con-

[2] Milton's *Ode upon the Circumcision.*

[3] Isaiah xi. 4; Zephaniah iii. 9.

sider themselves as brethren and will think and act as brethren, that one language will be spoken—the language of truth, mercy, and love.[4] What aspirations can be nobler than these? Can there be an acknowledgment ampler than this, of hope and expectation of universal brotherhood in the days to come?

Mr. Goldwin Smith proceeds further to trace the persecutions of the Jews not to any religious fanaticism on the part of the oppressors, but to the peculiar character, habits, and position of the Jewish people. He stigmatises them as a wandering and parasitic race, without a country, avoiding ordinary labour, spreading over the world to live on the labour of others by means of usury and other equally discreditable pursuits. And he does not stay to investigate whether he may not be guilty of the crying injustice of making a whole community responsible for the wrong-doings of its black sheep. He does not stop to inquire whether any of these failings may not be due to a long-continued system of persecution unparalleled in the annals of humanity. No; he asserts that they are characteristics inherent in the Hebrew branch of the Semitic stock. 'Otherwise the Jews would not have adopted as a typical hero the man who takes advantage of his brother's hunger to buy him out of his birthright with a mess of pottage, or they would not record with exultation how they had spoiled the Egyptians by borrowing their jewels on a feigned pretext.' This is all that the Professor has to say in respect to the place occupied by the Jewish nation and the Jewish Scripture in the development of mankind, and such *suppressio veri* may well justify the indignation with which a gifted writer[5] laments the abysmal ignorance prevailing concerning our people.

Has the Jew indeed done nothing for the world but to live on the labour of others? I address myself to the great body of my English countrymen and countrywomen whose hearts will beat responsively to the noble reply once given by our Queen to an African prince. The prince sent an embassy with costly presents, and asked her to tell him, in return, the secret of England's greatness and glory. She sent him not the number of her fleet, not the details of the inexhaustible wealth of her country; but, handing the envoy a copy of the Bible, she said: 'Tell the prince that this is the secret of England's greatness.' Need I state, that three-fourths of this volume consists of the Old Testament, which in the words of Professor Leathes—and, I may add, by common consent of Christian theologians—contains the germ and nucleus of the New? And it is the Hebrew who has written down, preserved, and treasured his Sacred Scriptures. In the words of an eloquent divine[6]: 'They have influenced, taught, pervaded mankind.

[4] See Maimonides, *Jad Hachasaka*, the concluding chapter of the work.

[5] George Eliot in *The Impressions of Theophrastus Such*.

[6] General Introduction to the Old Testament, by Canon Farrar in the *Pulpit Commentary*. The words spoken by the new Dean of Westminster in his inaugural

Their sacred book is the sacred book of humanity; their religious ideas are becoming more and more the religious ideas of the race.'

I am well aware that Mr. Goldwin Smith will not assent to this position. To him the records of the Hebrew Scriptures are not more hallowed than any other boulder of a primæval world. To us it is something far different. To us, Jews and Christians alike, it has been a guide, a solace, and a friend during long centuries of darkness; to our philosophers a never-failing well of profound thought; to our poets a rich mine of beauteous imagery; to our moralists a source of purity, love, mercy, and justice. When, then, our opponent attacks the Bible, the genius of which he fails to appreciate because it is a 'plain, unvarnished tale,' without that excrescent padding that disfigures the productions of modern historians, he attacks Jews and Christians alike. With a well-assumed horror, he reviles the Bible because he finds in it the command to exterminate the Canaanites. Surely it is sufficiently clear from the narrative that they were doomed on account of those abominable crimes which 'caused the land to spew them out.' He makes the Bible responsible for the cruel murder of half-witted women reputed to be witches. Yet it is an undoubted fact that its command was directed not against the half-witted, but against those criminals who practised witchcraft in its most mischievous forms, and often with fatal results by playing upon the superstitious fears of the ignorant, and arrogating to themselves a divine power. The British Government, even in our day, sentenced to death the Obeah men of the West Indies who pretended to supernatural power in order to foment rebellion.[7] But, amid all this criticism, we fail to see one word of generous acknowledgment of the sublime truth of monotheism which our Bible proclaims, the lofty morality which it preaches, the tenderness which it enjoins to the slave,[8] the emphasis with which it insists on the rights of the poor, the intensity with which it admonishes us to love God and to love our neighbours, the fervour with which it commends the duty of purity and forgiveness, honesty and truth, not forgetful even of the right of the brute to our compassion and help. Again and again he holds up his gargoyle, the massacre of the Canaanites, as

sermon may also be fitly quoted here: 'If it pleases some prejudiced critics of our day to speak of the Jews as a *caste*, it is none the less a fact that that *caste*, a nation without a square yard of territory, have survived their national and political dispersion eighteen centuries, and have still influenced the religious thought of mankind.'

[7] Edwards's *History of the British Colonies in the West Indies*, vol. ii. p. 106.

[8] Mr. Smith makes the assertion that in the early Middle Ages Jews were the great slaveholders. I do not know the slightest warrant for this statement. It may not be out of place to mention here that 'since, according to the Mosaic Law, it was an act punishable by death to steal a human being, slavery such as we understand it, such as existed until lately in some parts of America and such as still exists in certain Spanish possessions and in parts of Asia and Africa, never could have existed in Palestine.' (Joseph's *Religion, Natural and Revealed*, p. 142.)

the justifying cause of every mediæval act of bigotry and intolerance. Mr. Lecky[9] has more philosophically traced these acts to the unanimous belief of the early Church that all who were external to Christianity were doomed to eternal damnation. But the Bible is certainly in no sense responsible for religious intolerance. It presents to us the beautiful picture of Abraham interceding for the sinners of Sodom. It teaches again and again, 'And if a stranger sojourn with thee in your land, ye shall not vex him. The stranger that dwelleth with you shall be unto you as one born among you, and thou shalt love him as thyself.'[10]

To all these liberal features in our Bible the Professor is blind. He sees there nothing but the failings of the 'base Judæan.' How can it be otherwise, he asks, than that the Jew should follow mean and hateful trades, when he adopts 'as a typical hero the man who buys his brother out of his birthright with a mess of pottage'? It has been remarked that the Bible is more read, but that it is also more *misread*, than any other book, and this charge aptly illustrates the statement. There is no word in the Bible to justify the assertion that the dealings of Jacob with Esau are deemed praiseworthy, and that if the former is held up as the typical hero of the race—a position which may well be contested—it is on the score of an act of trickery and craft. The narrative in Genesis is as a grand epic, which moves majestically along in its even, steady flow of fact, stating the events, as they happen, with the faithfulness of the true historian. For the writer of the sacred narrative had not, like the modern history-maker, to fill so many pages with wordy retrospects, or moral reflections, or clever theories, or imaginative pictures of the may be or might be. He had to tell a tale and told it, leaving the reader to form his own estimate of character and fact. The Bible conceals nothing, extenuates no fault, writes for us no history of saints and angels unapproachable by man; but tells of human beings like ourselves, with faults like our own. Indeed, if we do not confine ourselves to one single episode in the life of the Patriarch, but dispassionately examine his whole career, we shall find that he atones for the wrong of earlier years by the sufferings of a life, until, having been educated and purified by severe discipline, he is transformed from Jacob (*Hebr.* a Supplanter) into Israel (*Hebr.* a Prince of God).

The statement that the Hebrews spoiled the Egyptians by borrowing their jewels on a feigned pretext, will also, upon examination, be found incorrect. The Professor pleads for a more critical reading of the Old Testament, and thinks this incomparably more urgent than a Biblical revision. Yet had he been able to refer either to the original Hebrew text or to a revised version of the Hebrew Scriptures, he would have escaped falling into so egregious an error. Biblical scholars are agreed that *Vayishalu* should not be rendered 'they *borrowed*,' but 'they *asked*.' The Israelites had served their task-

[9] *Rationalism in Europe.*

[10] Leviticus xix. 33, 34.

masters for a long series of years, and therefore, when they were about to quit the land of bondage, they were told that they had a right to demand some remuneration for long service, and a compensation for cruel wrongs. We are expressly informed that the Egyptians readily *gave* (not *lent*) what was asked for. It is then utterly absurd to speak of a 'feigned pretext.' There are no grounds whatever for assuming that the Egyptians were led to expect that the presents would be returned to them.[11]

I have dealt with the Professor's misreadings of Scripture, but I find that he has not been less unfortunate in his treatment of Jewish history. He maintains that it is inherent in the character of the Hebrew to shirk honourable labour, to prefer to live by the work of his head rather than by that of his hand. I will not now stay to discuss the question whether it be not at least as honourable to eat one's bread earned by the sweat of the brain as to eat that earned by the sweat of the brow, but will at once show that it is entirely at variance with fact to make Rabbinism responsible for the transformation of the Jewish agriculturist and handicraftsman into a money-lender and hawker. For while Aristotle declared that mechanics should not be admitted to the rights of citizenship in his ideal Republic, and, indeed, maintained that only slaves should practise handicraft, the text-book of Rabbinism speaks enthusiastically of the dignity of manual labour. 'Great is work; it honoureth him who is engaged in it.' 'Love work. Though a famine last seven years, it will not enter the house of a mechanic.' The Jewish sages declared it a duty incumbent upon every father to teach his son a mechanical trade; and, with something of Oriental hyperbole, they continue, 'And if he fail to teach his son, it is as though he encouraged him to robbery.' Such admonitions had the desired effect; for there is hardly one art or handicraft practised in those days, of which we do not find able representatives among our people. It would seem, also, as though these different trades associated themselves in guilds; for there existed in Jerusalem a Synagogue of the Coppersmiths, a Street of the Bakers, the Gate of the Carpenters, a quarter of the city exclusively inhabited by Potters. In the grand basilica Synagogue of Alexandria, separate portions of the building were assigned to the Silversmiths, Weavers, and other trades; and when a foreign operative came to that city, he seated himself next the members of his craft, and was supported by them until he had obtained employment. The Rabbins, the authorised expounders of the law, deemed it derogatory to receive any reward for the exercise of their spiritual, doctrinal, and judicial functions, and maintained themselves by the labour of their hands. And thus in

[11] For the philological justification of this exegesis see the *Speaker's Commentary* and Dr. Kalisch's *Historical and Critical Commentary on the Old Testament* on Exodus iii. 22 and xii. 35, 36.

the Talmud we meet in curious juxtaposition the Rabbi and his trade in such phrases as these: 'It was taught by Rabbi Jochanan, the shoemaker.' 'This tradition was handed down by Jose ben Chalafta, the tanner.' Every one admires the simple character of Cincinnatus, who, when offered the Dictatorship of Rome, was found driving the plough. Yet we meet with no less striking, though perhaps less famous, counterparts in the records of Rabbinism. When the treasurer of the Temple went to announce to Phineas that he had been chosen High Priest, he found him polishing stones. When Gamaliel, the president of the Sanhedrin, went to Rabbi Joshua to crave his pardon for some slight that had been offered him, he found him amid the grimy surroundings of his smithy.[12]

Hence Josephus in his treatise against Apion was able to say truly of his contemporaries, that they applied themselves exclusively to mechanical occupations, and to tilling the soil of their fruitful country. Nor is there any trace in Roman literature and in the decrees of the Emperors to show that the Jews in those days followed commerce or devoted themselves to money-lending. History declares it as a positive fact, and Professor Dollinger[13] insists on it with all emphasis, 'that the Jews did not embrace trade and commerce until they were actually compelled to do so, until they were excluded from following mechanical occupations by the establishment of guilds, and it was made absolutely impossible for them to practise agriculture, because they were not allowed to hold land.'

A very trustworthy evidence of the fact that the Jews are not by nature averse to mechanical labour is afforded by our knowledge of the pursuits in which many thousands of the Jews in Russia are engaged—a matter to which I shall advert anon. A few words must suffice with respect to those who inhabit the countries outside Europe. Sir A. H. Layard met with Jewish shepherds in Kurdistan, who pastured their flocks on the hills of Baschkala, as their fathers had done before them. In South Arabia the chief mechanical trades, such as those of armourers, masons, weavers, dyers, smiths, and metal workers, are entirely in their hands, since the Moslem inhabitants despise artisans, and look upon handicraft as a pursuit unworthy of the free Bedouins.[14] The same holds good of the Jews in Persia, who are silk spinners, glass polishers, and manufacturers of chemicals, and who, it may be added, also practise in large numbers as physicians.[15]

[12] For further illustrations on this subject the reader is referred to *Handwerkerleben zur Zeit Jesu*, by Dr. Delitzsch; *Arbeit und Handwerk im Talmud*, by Dr. S. Meyer; the articles 'Besitz und Arbeitsfähigkeit der Juden,' by Kohn; 'Handwerk unter den Juden,' by Rappoport and Wolf in Wertheimer's *Jahrbuch für Israeliten*, Vienna, 1856; and the articles 'Ackerbau' and 'Handwerk' in Hamburger's *Real-Encyclopädie für Bibel und Talmud.*

[13] In his lecture delivered before the Academy of Sciences in Munich on the 25th of July last.

[14] Maltzen's *Südarabien*, pp. 173 seqq.

[15] Polak's *Persien.*

The question will naturally be asked, How is it that, in those countries where all restrictions have been removed, the Jew does not devote himself with greater eagerness to mechanical occupations? One reason is to be found in the circumstance that children preferentially follow the calling of their parents. But the main cause is probably that, being obliged by the dictates of his religion to rest on the seventh day, the Jew is practically debarred from entering upon those occupations in which journeymen are employed. He is compelled to resort to trades in which piece-work is possible, and in which he can take his work home with him, so that on the Sunday he may make up for the lost Saturday. This accounts for the preponderating number of Jewish tailors, cap and shoe makers, such trades permitting piece-work and not being necessarily associative. On referring to the Reports of the Board of Guardians for the Relief of Jewish Poor, it will be seen how strenuously the managers of that institution labour to wean the working classes from hawking and costermongering; and, as a matter of fact, large numbers of youths are being continually apprenticed to every available form of handicraft.[16]

But the list of indictments against us is not yet exhausted. Our opponent taunts us with being a vagrant race, with leading a wandering life, a homeless existence. Was ever more heartless gibe flung at a defenceless race? What is our mediæval history other than a mournful record of our banishment and expatriation—measures which the Professor seeks to justify? And yet he reproaches us—driven to wander—with being wanderers. Should, then, all our ancestors have thrust the dagger into their breast, or plunged themselves into the foaming waves? Or should they have betrayed their holiest trust and hypocritically avowed their acquiescence in a faith to which their heart and intellect refused credence? The fact remains that the Jew, where he is degraded, owes his degradation to the acts of his oppressors. The usurer who became one by being excluded from every honourable occupation, might well retort upon his revilers:

'The villainy you teach me I will execute.'[17]

Can we be surprised that the Jew addicted himself to commercial pursuits when this was the only mode of maintaining wife and children; that he became over-fond of amassing wealth, when gold became the only means by which he could buy safety and toleration? Can it be a matter of wonder to us, that in many instances he did

[16] During the last six months the Jewish Board of Guardians has apprenticed boys to the following trades, exhibiting rather a wide range of industry: Bag makers, bedding manufacturers, bookbinders, cabinet makers, copperplate printers and engravers, diamond setters, furriers, fretworkers, gasfitters, plumbers, harness makers, ivory and hardware turners, jewellers, lithographic draughtsmen, printers in colours, scientific instrument makers, tinplate workers, upholsterers, wood engravers.

[17] *Merchant of Venice*, act iii. sc. 1.

become abject and cringing, when the iron hand of bigotry tried to crush all his attempts at mental and social elevation, when the soul-chilling venom of contempt, the 'oppression that maketh the wise man mad,' gnawed at his heart and cowed his nobler nature? And even then he was not altogether crushed. He strove manfully, and strove not in vain, to preserve those lofty aspirations that were inseparable from the memory of his former greatness. Even then he remained very different from what his oppressors laboured to render him and his detractors would fain make him appear. Even then he was distinguished by many virtues to which impartial writers have borne a not unwilling tribute. Professor Dollinger, in the lecture already cited, lays great stress upon the fact that the results of vital statistics are in the highest degree favourable to the Israelites. He adds, that in most countries the number of criminals among them is altogether disproportionate. Their ancient virtues, industry and thrift, temperance and continence, and their consequent well-ordered and affectionate family life, the reverence of children for their parents, and their tender help to the poor—all these loveable traits, which contributed so largely to save the people from utter destruction in the bitter days of the Middle Ages, have happily not yet departed from them. And while warning his contemporaries against the dangers of blind hatred, which is twice cursed, degrading him who fosters it, and embittering him against whom it is directed, he proclaims as his motto the words of Antigone:

> My nature leads to love where others love,
> Not hate where others hate.

But the nature of the writer with whom I am at present dealing is cast in a sterner mould. He can see naught in the Jews but what is blameworthy. He places them on a par with the Cahorsins [18] and the Gipsies. Gipsies they possibly would have become had it not been for the saving effect of their faith, their Bible, and their literature. But unfortunately Mr. Goldwin Smith, instead of preparing himself for writing on the Jewish question by a diligent perusal of the works of Zunz, Graetz, Kayserling, and others, as did the author of *Daniel Deronda*, drew his inspiration from some of the anti-Semitic pamphlets which have flooded Germany, fastened on some expression hastily jotted down by a traveller in his diary, or treated as sober fact the glowing fancies of an enthusiast. Had he made the needful preparatory studies, he would probably not have penned the ludicrous assertion that the character of Nathan der Weise is as fictitious as that of the Eastern Sages of Voltaire. Nathan der Weise fictitious! Who that has read aught of German literature does not know that in

[18] An illustration of the strange perversity which urges some writers to identify all money-lenders with Jews is to be found in Dr. Brewer's *Dictionary of Phrase and Fable*, who says, s. v. *Cahors*, 'In the thirteenth century there was a colony of Jewish money-lenders settled at Cahors.' This assertion is quite unfounded.

this character Lessing strove to depict his bosom friend, the Jew, Moses Mendelssohn, and that the original far transcended in beauty of character his dramatic portraiture?

He might also perhaps have paused ere he quoted approvingly the remark of M. Renan, that the Jew wished to enjoy the advantages of nationality without being a member of the nation or bearing his share of national burdens. One need scarcely expose the unhistorical character of this statement, as it is sufficiently well known that the Jews have never set up a league in defiance of national law, nor refused to pay taxes, nor refrained from entering military service when permitted to do so. But it may not be out of place to quote one or two passages written by M. Renan on the subject conceived in a very different spirit.

Le peuple juif n'a point d'égal, quand il s'agit de donner l'accent et le charme à un idéal de justice et de vertus domestiques. . . . Il n'est pas d'esprit élevé qui ne doive éprouver une haute sympathie pour une race dont le rôle en ce monde a été si extraordinaire, qu'on ne peut en aucune façon concevoir ce qu'eût été l'histoire de l'espèce humaine si un hasard eût arrêté les destinées de cette petite tribu.[19]

Similarly, it would not be difficult to quote authorities in opposition to Mr. Goldwin Smith's views, and in support of the view taken by Mr. Lucien Wolf, of the Crusades; that is to say, of the brutal acts which disgraced many of those who engaged in these expeditions, however high the motives may have been which inspired the leaders at the outset. Mr. L. O. Pike is not 'a Jew of the Talmud and the Stock Exchange;' yet he writes as follows concerning the Crusades:—

The forces which had received a plenary indulgence for all crimes, and which had been excited to more than ordinary ferocity by the language of preachers, commonly displayed the cruelty without the discipline of brigands. If they had devoted themselves to the service of God, they convinced the inhabitants of the towns on their line of march that they had ceased to respect the laws of man. They considered themselves privileged to gratify every wish and every lust as it arose. They recognised no rights of property, they felt no gratitude for hospitality, and they possessed no sense of honour. They violated the wives and daughters of their hosts when they were kindly treated, they devastated the lands of friends whom they had converted into enemies, they resorted to wanton robbery and destruction in revenge for calamities which they had brought upon themselves. They believed that they proved their superiority to Mahommedans by slaughtering the defenceless Jews; and this was the only exploit in which the first divisions of the Crusaders could boast of success.[20]

The Professor justifies the terrible outbreaks which took place throughout the country at the coronation of the first Richard on the ground that some wealthy Hebrews had been guilty of intruding into Westminster Abbey. To this it may be rejoined that two contemporary chroniclers, and a Jewish authority, Rabbi Ephraim of Bonn, assign the rising to another cause—to the insult passed upon the

[19] *L'Eglise chrétienne*. Paris, 1879, pp. 237 and 256.
[20] *History of Crime in England*, by Luke Owen Pike, vol. i. p. 104.

Jews by Baldwin, Archbishop of Canterbury, who directed that the deputation that had come to the palace to do homage to the king should not be admitted.[21] But, granted that some of the Jews incautiously ventured into the Abbey contrary to royal command, surely such an indiscretion cannot palliate the terrible barbarities that ensued.

The Chronicle of Jocelin de Brakelond is quoted to give an illustration of the prodigious usance by which the debt of a Hebrew money-lender might grow, and the unwary reader is left to infer that Jews alone sinned as exacting money-lenders. Yet on the second page of the Chronicle we meet with the statement, 'Unde contigit quod quilibet obedientiarius, . . . debito se obligaret *tam Judæis quam Christianis* pro voluntate sua.' Carlyle, too, who in his *Past and Present* so picturesquely reproduces the old monk's note-book, mentions repeatedly that Abbot Samson sought to be delivered from the ravening flight of Jew and *Christian creditors* that were about him, and quotes the words, 'You cannot stir abroad but Jews *and Christians* pounce upon you with unsettled bonds.'

The expulsion of the Jews in 1290 is justified by the Professor by the statement that the English people had never invited the Jews to England. I fail to perceive how this plea extenuates the guilt of the banishment, seeing that as 'the King's chattels' they had been specially assured of royal protection; and, as Mr. J. R. Green proves in his *History of the English People*, they had, at all events, in the earlier period of their settlement been beneficial to the nation at large. Nor does a word of sympathy escape the writer for the Jews of Spain, who endured the sore pang of banishment rather than abandon their faith. In a far different spirit does Prescott write of this extraordinary act of self-devotion by a whole people for conscience' sake.

> They were to go forth as exiles from the land of their birth; the land where all whom they ever loved had lived or died; the land, not so much of their adoption, as of inheritance: which had been the home of their ancestors for centuries, and with whose prosperity and glory they were of course as intimately associated as was any ancient Spaniard. They were to be cast out helpless and defenceless, with a brand of infamy set on them, among nations who had always held them in derision and hatred.[22]

The Professor is altogether at fault when he deals with contemporaneous history. With his characteristic love of paradox he lays down the startling proposition that the number of Jews in any country is nearly in an inverse ratio to national well-being. I may at once refer to the instance of the country just named, and inquire whether it is not notorious that Spain even to this day suffers from the loss of the intelligence, mechanical skill, and general resources of

[21] See Graetz's *Geschichte der Juden*, vol. vi. p. 259.

[22] Prescott's *Ferdinand and Isabella*, vol. ii. p. 124.

its Jewish subjects. Hence, those statesmen most solicitous for its welfare are now promoting the re-introduction of the Hebrew element into the Peninsula. It is quite true that our people abound in Hungary. But we have yet to learn that the Transleithan monarchy is in a state of wretchedness caused by its Jewish inhabitants. On the contrary, Franz von Löher[23] states that, without them, landed property would be entirely depreciated in value and industry paralysed. Ireland, unhappily, cannot be described as one of the soundest and healthiest of communities, yet it numbers very few Jews—fewer than Scotland. Holland is passed over in discreet silence; yet in this prosperous and well-ordered country the Jews bear as large a proportion to the general population as in Germany. These instances will surely suffice to show that the proposition laid down by Mr. Goldwin Smith is a glaring illustration of the logical fallacy, *non causa pro causâ*.

I have yet to advert to the Judæophobia existing among certain sections of the population of Germany. Professor G. Smith traces this antipathy to the re-awakening of national life. Professor Mommsen, who assuredly speaks with greater authority on this theme, brands it as 'a monster bred of national feeling run wild' ('eine Missgeburt des irregeleiteten nationalen Gefühls'). The sentiment is probably due to a variety of causes. When cherished by the agnostic or atheist, it may probably be attributed to the fact that Judaism is the archetype of the religious principle which he abhors. Thus the Jew of Germany has, in our day, to bear the brunt not only of the *odium theologicum*, but also of the *odium anti-theologicum*. But there is also the economic cause. The bureaucrat of Germany whose salary is a mere pittance; the *Junker* who regards commerce and industry with disdain, and who eats up his patrimony in the morning of life; the small trader who, through lack of energy and industry, misses his chance—all these are filled with envy at the Jew, who by his self-denying thrift when young, his inexhaustible energy, his capacity for work, and his commercial skill, achieves success, and is enabled in the evening of life to live on a scale of luxury which to them is unattainable. Now, I will readily admit that the Jews of Germany (and possibly of other countries) are not free from a certain love of ostentation and fondness for superfluous finery. Yet purse-pride and money-arrogance are characteristics of the *parvenu* of every creed, whether he be a Sir Gorgius Midas or a gentleman of Semitic extraction. It takes time for the gold fresh from the fiery furnace of success to quiet down to the sober beauty of *vieil or*. It would, however, be a monstrous injustice to assert that it is only in the race for wealth that the Jew seeks to compete with his Christian neighbour. The most rabid Judæophobe will readily admit that there is hardly one small town in Germany without its Jewish physician, and

[23] *Die Magyaren und andre Ungarn*, p. 201.

that there is no university which has not more than its due proportion of professorial chairs occupied by Hebrews. Nor can he deny the services rendered by that high-minded politician Lasker, the value of the contributions of Traube to medical science, the importance of the studies of Benfey, one of Germany's best Sanskrit scholars, and the profound learning of such men as Bernays, Steinthal, and Lazarus. The solution of the Jewish question in Germany may then with safety be left to be worked out by the intelligence and good sense of the men of light and leading among the great Teutonic nation. The Christian, finding that the Jew has gained his position by his superior diligence, skill, and energy, will, instead of sneering at work and trade, seek to labour with equal diligence, equal skill, and equal energy, and while competing with him in every field, commercial, professional; and political, will yet live with him (as is happily the case in England, France, Austria, and Holland) on terms of amity and good fellow-citizenship. And the time is probably not far distant when Germany will regard the Jew-baiting as a hideous nightmare, which, during a period of political dentition, disturbed her for a brief while; when she will subscribe to the scathing verdict passed upon it by her future Emperor, that it is a blot and stain upon the nineteenth century.

But it is impossible to speak with equal hopefulness concerning the anti-Jewish agitation which during the past seven months has been raging in Russia. Adverting to the persecutions which the hapless Jews endured in England and Spain during the Middle Ages, Mr. Goldwin Smith says complacently, 'All these horrors now belong completely to the past.' Would that it were so! Some few scanty notices have occasionally appeared in the public press respecting certain outrages perpetrated upon the Jews of Southern Russia. But I am certain that the general public has but the dimmest conception, if any, of the magnitude and intensity of the barbarities recently inflicted by an infuriated mob upon an unoffending population. I would fain not dwell at length upon, and yet cannot pass over in silence, the heart-rending atrocities enacted, between April and July last, in Kieff, Elizabethgrad, Ekaterinoslaw, Alexanderowsk, and numerous other towns and villages, when defenceless men were killed or dangerously wounded, tender women outraged by vile ruffians, infants flung from the casements into the streets below. In Kieff twenty-two married women and three maidens were dishonoured by savage troops; ten women died from the effects of fright and outrage; four men were killed. At Smiela twelve men were killed, and twenty-two wounded. In Elizabethgrad whole streets of houses in the Jewish quarter were literally razed to the ground, all the Jewish residences were sacked, all the shops plundered; and these scenes were repeated throughout a great part of the towns of Southern Russia where Jews reside. But a few weeks since the riots were renewed in Balbirishok,

in the government of Suwalk. During these one man was killed and twenty seriously wounded; the synagogue and school were demolished; shops destroyed and pillaged.[24] In fact, the various riots were accompanied by murders, foul, strange, and unnatural, by an utter disregard for sex and age, by such abominable acts of lust and lawlessness that I am justified in regarding them as a counterpart of the Bulgarian atrocities. Nor can these barbarous persecutions be considered as only local outbreaks. The Hebrews resident in Western Russia have also suffered from the wholesale burning of their houses and property, the work of incendiaries. In Minsk nearly 8,000 inhabitants have lost their all. In Koretz thirty people perished in the flames, and 800 families have been rendered homeless. The extent of misery caused by these disasters cannot easily be gauged. Newspapers and private correspondents tell us of the misery endured by many thousands of families during the summer months in consequence of the want of food, clothing, and shelter. What, then, will be their sufferings during the rigours of a Russian winter? Authentic information has been received from an eye-witness, now in London, that at a short distance from the Russian frontier, in Austrian Brody, 10,000 refugees are now, as I write, huddled in cellars and in the snow-covered streets, imploring to be sent to more hospitable lands. The Jews of Great Britain and other countries have, as a matter of course, bestirred themselves to relieve the immediate necessities of the victims; but all efforts are insignificant in the face of such gigantic evils, though in this work they have been and are still being humanely aided by their Christian brethren. This, however, is but a mere temporary palliative. The condition of the Jews of Russia is still grave in the extreme, as they are in continual apprehension of a recurrence of these outrages. We will not, we cannot, but believe that the Russian Government regards these riots with disapproval. Indeed, in many instances the ringleaders have been punished, and Commissions have been appointed to inquire into the origin of the outbreaks, which those best acquainted with the subject believe to be due to the restrictive laws and legislative disabilities that make the Jews as Pariahs and targets for every manner of insult and injury.

As might have been anticipated, a portion of the Russian press has defended these persecutions on the ground that the Jews ply trades injurious to the rest of the population. The value of this defence might easily be tested by a reference to statistics. It is well known that in many of the provinces of Central Russia Jews are not allowed to settle. Yet it will be found that, for example, among the Mujiks in the government of Saratow, where there are only sixty-four

[24] The above facts have been collected from the reports in the daily and Jewish newspapers, and are corroborated by private letters received from trustworthy correspondents.

Jews among a population of 1,725,478, there is no less wretchedness, no less dram-drinking, than in the provinces of Grodno and Mohilew, where the Jews form respectively thirteen and fifteen per cent. of the entire population.[25] It is quite contrary to fact to state that the Jews of Russia are exclusively pedlars, hawkers, and money-lenders. Among five hundred refugees from Brody who recently passed through Liverpool on their way to the United States, there was not a single money-lender. The majority of them were black-smiths, bricklayers, masons, joiners, saddlers, tinkers, locksmiths, plumbers, painters, shoemakers, tailors, and agricultural labourers; about twenty per cent. were petty traders, and ten per cent. broken-down shopkeepers and merchants who had lost their all.[26] Near Gulaipol there is a Jewish agricultural colony comprising about five hundred families; and though these poor tillers of the soil could surely not be charged with exploitation, yet they were not allowed to escape unscathed.[27] At Kischinew (the principal town of Bessarabia) there is a flourishing trade school, where Hebrew lads are trained to be carpenters, blacksmiths, machinists, and cabinet-makers. Russia has its Brassey in the Israelite Poliakoff, the well-known railway contractor; its Titus Salt in the Jew Brodsky, the largest cultivator of the beetroot and the largest sugar refiner. Such men add to the wealth of the country, and stimulate industrial energy.

I do not mean to assert that the Jews of Russia are immaculate, that instances do not occur in which they seek to evade the restrictive laws which hamper them on all sides. In 1846, when stringent ukases had been issued against them, Sir Moses Montefiore went to St. Petersburg and besought the Emperor Nicholas to extend to them the Imperial protection. 'They shall have it, if they resemble you,' was the Czar's characteristic reply. Can it be expected that a people exposed to every kind of degradation for centuries can grow in a day or even in a generation into a community of Montefiores?

The wretched condition of the Jewish population of Russia, numbering above three million souls, and the inability of their brethren here and throughout Europe to help them efficiently, is a striking commentary on the powerful political influence with which the Jews of Europe are credited in certain quarters. We can only appeal to the sense of justice and humanity which we hope animates the Russian Government, and without which it can never aspire to maintain a position in the concert of civilised States. We can only implore the Czar to abrogate every restrictive measure by which his loyal Jewish subjects are hampered, to repeal every oppressive law which interferes with the freedom of domicile and hinders them from

[25] My authority for these figures is Petermann's *Mittheilungen*, 1877.

[26] *Jewish Chronicle*, November 18, 1881.

[27] An interesting account of this colony is given in the *Jewish World* of September 16 and 23, 1881.

earning an honest subsistence. We can but call upon our own countrymen to influence public opinion in Russia. The Russian people is powerfully swayed by the utterances of free England. Only a few weeks since, the *Nuove Vremya* reproduced Mr. Goldwin Smith's view of the Jewish question, and pointed out exultingly that England shared its anti-Jewish proclivities. I am certain that every right-minded Englishman will indignantly repudiate such an assertion. How was the great heart of Britain stirred to its depth, when our present Prime Minister recounted the sufferings of the Neapolitan prisoners and the woes of the Bulgarian victims! Surely her sorrow and sympathy will be none the less keen because the ruin and dishonour, the misery and the terror, have now fallen upon the Jew! Among the noblest qualities of England is her intense love of fair play, the generosity with which she has ever championed the cause of the persecuted and oppressed of every race and creed. And this may be averred without exaggeration, that no community has ever stood in greater need of sympathy and justice than the poor, downtrodden, panic-stricken, helpless Jews of Russia.

HERMANN ADLER.

BOILEAU AND POPE.

George the Second is reported to have said, in his German-English, that he hated 'boetry and bainting.' Remembering the King's imperfect education and the limitation of his intellect, and that he probably did not know what poetry meant, in the highest acceptation of the word, it is possible that, in this emphatic assertion of his dislike, he merely intended to convey, *quoad* poetry, his hatred of the verse too prevalent before and during his time, that pretended to be poetry, and was unworthy of the name. If that were the case, the King had no monopoly of his aversion; for it was said by a high classical authority, more than seventeen hundred years previously, that mediocre verse was alike detestable to gods and men. The judgment holds good in our day, as it has done in every other. The late Thomas Hood declared that what people called poetry was not necessarily poetry, and that it was divisible into three distinct varieties—'poetry,' 'verse,' and '*worse*.' An excellent classification! True poetry is rare, and is always worthy of the highest admiration. Verse, if it contains thoughts musically, clearly, and eloquently expressed, is worthy of respect, and always gives pleasure to cultivated minds; but mere words and rhymes without meaning, or with a vague meaning confused and perplexed amid labyrinths of verbiage, and of incongruous and unnatural imagery and metaphor, is provocative of weariness and only worthy of contempt. Hood's facetious generalisation was worthy of a wit and a poet, and of one entitled to speak with authority in both capacities.

Many attempts, from the days of Aristotle and Plato, have been made, though with little success, to define poetry as distinguished from the rhythm of the ancients, and from the rhythm and rhyme of the moderns. Rhythm and rhyme are adornments of, and by no means the essentials of, poetry—a fact of which the great majority of readers are unaware, and which many people who are not ignorant forget or despise. There are prose passages, in the English translation of the Bible, of such transcendent beauty that rhythm could not enhance their splendour and sublimity, and rhyme would be an impertinence. The highest poetry is always the simplest in words, and the grandest in ideas. It demands no meretricious aids to set off its nude majesty.

Mr. Leigh Hunt's definition of true poetry of the highest order—slight as his authority may be considered by some, for he possessed more geniality than acuteness as a critic—is perhaps the most successful, as it is the most precise and comprehensive, that has yet been given to the world. 'Poetry,' he says, 'is the utterance of a passion for truth, beauty, and power, embodying and illustrating its conceptions by imagination and fancy, and modulating its language on the principle of variety in uniformity. Its means are whatever the universe contains, and its ends pleasure and exaltation.' It is only necessary to add to a definition so admirable, as I have done elsewhere, that in all great poets imagination, fancy, and judgment are found in harmonious combination. He who possesses these gifts by nature and cultivates them by art; who has a passion for truth, and preaches it or sings it with a brave, pure heart, in language which not only the fastidious and highly educated can admire and enjoy, but which the humblest and most illiterate can feel, and take to their hearts to cheer them in the struggles and sorrows of the world; who ransacks earth, sea, and sky for images of beauty and sublimity, and who to all his other gifts adds the possession of a delicate ear for the melody and the harmony of language; who sets the highest truth, the purest philosophy, and the kindliest human sympathy to the music of rhythm and rhyme, *he* is the greatest poet. Such a man, whether he write plays like Shakespeare, allegories like Spenser, epic poems like Milton, sonnets like Wordsworth, or songs like Robert Burns, is the pride and benefactor of nations, and, next to their faith and liberty, the greatest pride of a people. Such poets are rare; and thirty centuries have scarcely produced more than ten who reach this ideal, and whose claims to sit on the very topmost summits of Parnassus can be ungrudgingly conceded. The poets of secondary rank, who have adorned literature and rendered the world their debtors by their writings, may be counted by hundreds. The mere rhymers and the versifiers who have not a scintilla of the divine light of poetry in their souls are about as plentiful as shopkeepers, and far less useful. If countable at all, they might, without exaggeration, be counted by the hundred thousand—if only Great Britain, America, France, and Germany were laid under contribution to supply their names, and tabulate the dreary record of their offences against literature.

In the youth and adolescence of civilisation in Europe during the dense, deep literary darkness of what are called the Middle Ages, much ancient poetry was preserved in the oral traditions and memory of the people. The 'bards'—the second order of the hierarchy of the Druids during the prehistoric period—left traces of true poetry behind them which are not yet wholly effaced; though, as they were not committed to writing, most of them have perished. A few of the Welsh Triads and some fragments attributed to Ossian—with as much right,

perhaps, as the 'Iliad' has been attributed to Homer—have remained to prove the wisdom and genius of our remote ancestors. To these succeeded the lays of the Minstrels, the Troubadours, the Trovatores, and the Minnesingers, who adopted from the Celtic bards the new grace of rhyme which these had added to the older grace of rhythm, which had descended from the ancients. Without rhythm there can be poetry of thought, but there can be little poetry of expression. Rhyme was an added glory, which satisfied the ear and refreshed the memory.

The invention of printing, though it did not immediately make an end of the rude popular singers who composed and sang the ballads and lyrical poems of the Middle Ages, made known to a wider circle than existed in the days when all books were in manuscript and all but inaccessible to the many, the unforgotten literature of Greece and Rome, remembered only of the clergy, unknown to kings and nobles. And then a taste for the classic writers and poets of antiquity began to supersede the wild and beautiful romanticism of the transition period, until it finally overran and corrupted nearly the whole of the poetical literature of the seventeenth and the greater part of the eighteenth century. Overlaid by the dreary weight of classicism, the natural poetry of the European peoples fell into neglect and disfavour; and every writer who thought himself a poet felt it incumbent upon him to invoke the 'Muses,' to appeal to the aid of the 'Tuneful Nine,' to celebrate the conquests of 'Cupid,' the joys and sorrows of 'Hymen,' the power of 'Jupiter' and 'Apollo,' the loveliness of 'Venus,' the youthful beauty of 'Adonis,' the coldness and prudery of 'Diana,' and to put in motion all the effete mythology of a dead and buried religion. Shakespeare, though influenced in some degree by the spirit of the coming era of classicism, was not overwhelmed by it, and, trusting to the robust health of the genius with which all-bountiful Nature had so plentifully endowed him, was enabled to write out of the promptings of his great human heart, his sound judgment, and his overflowing and vigorous imagination, without reliance on or imitation of the dead forms, though living spirit, of the ancients. His sturdy limbs needed no support from the crutches of a bygone school; and he 'walked in beauty and in joy' on the mountain-tops of literature.

As the classic perversion increased in intensity, Shakespeare's self, and all the natural school, fell into temporary neglect; and more than seventy years after his death an English country squire whose diary has just seen the light, and who was acquainted with all the literature of his time, only mentions his name once, and that in a manner which proved that the great poet's works were but partially known to him. Tom D'Urfey, Abraham Cowley, Arabella Phillips, and scores of third-rate writers, took possession of the popular ear and taste; followed by those greater but not overpowering lights of literature—Boileau in France, and Dryden and Pope in England. Of the pre-classic era of

English poetry it is not necessary to speak; though Chaucer, and the unknown author of the 'Nut-brown Maid,' and he who wrote the poem of 'Piers Ploughman' merit more than passing notice, and deserve to be called classics far more than the writers of the sham classicism which was rendered fashionable during the reigns of Charles the Second, James the Second, and Queen Anne in England, and in those of Louis the Fourteenth and Fifteenth in France. Up to this period England had produced three poets of the first order—Chaucer, Shakespeare, and Milton (for Spenser was only great in the second degree)—and all were temporarily eclipsed by the poetasters of the new school. France had not produced one great poet, so that there was no eclipse of genius in that country; nothing but the growth and extension of the unheroic and unromantic school which sought its inspiration where Horace and Juvenal found theirs, and looked no higher than satire—more or less pleasant, and more or less bitter—of the manners and vices of society, as their best passports to the favour of a public that imagined it loved poetry when its ear was tickled by rhyme, and that loved the zest and flavour of the ill-nature which it mistook for wit.

Unquestionably the greatest of these writers was Dryden—a true poet, though he wandered on the shady slopes, and seldom or never succeeded in climbing to the serener and sunnier heights, of his great vocation. The 'Hudibras' of Butler was excellent doggerel, full of vulgar wit and coarse humour; but Dryden's 'Absalom and Achitophel,' though it scarcely pretended to be more than sound common, or perhaps uncommon, sense, sparkling wit, and correct judgment of men and things, expressed in unexceptionable versification, struck a nobler chord than lay within the grasp of Butler's arms, and bequeathed to the English language and to the conversation and oratory of educated men, for half a dozen generations, a larger fund of quotable aphorisms and shrewd observation of life than any poet before his time, Shakespeare alone excepted, had given to the literature of his country.

Dryden was born in 1631, and Boileau in 1636, and were thus contemporaries. They both attained the meridian of their power and influence in the seventh and eighth decades of the seventeenth century, in the reigns of Charles the Second of England and Louis the Fourteenth of France. Nicholas Boileau Despréaux, better known as 'Boileau,' was but nineteen years of age when the Grand Monarque, a child in his fifth year, succeeded to the throne of his less distinguished predecessor—a throne that in after years he was destined to render illustrious both in the wars and the councils of Europe. Boileau borrowed nothing from his English prototype, for he knew nothing of the English language. In like manner Dryden borrowed nothing from Boileau; for, though he understood and translated French, there is not a trace in his writings of the influence of Boileau, though there are to be found but too many traces of the influence of Corneille and Racine in the rhymed tragedies, scorned of Shakespeare and the Elizabethan writers, which

Dryden endeavoured, happily without success, to naturalise in England. Dryden and Boileau were both satirists, both imitators of Horace and Juvenal, and applied to their own age the keen observation, the pregnant wit, and the sententious phraseology which their classical predecessors had applied to the manners, pleasures, amusements, and vices of the Roman people. Their works were in the enjoyment of the first flush of their popularity when, after the lapse of a generation, a rival to both appeared on the scene in the person of Alexander Pope, who imitated them more or less, and succeeded in making himself superior to them both, if not in choice of subject, in the force and beauty of his style and the compact compression of his phraseology.

Poets who 'make' poetry, like potters who make pottery, must work with the materials at their command—the one with plastic language, and the other with equally plastic clay. The French language possesses but little plasticity. It is more elegant, precise, and clear than the English; but it is not so copious, so flexible, and so luxuriant. It lends itself more readily to argument, to exposition, and to epigram, than to the higher flights of fancy and imagination, and, like the angular and mathematical fragments of coloured glass in the old-fashioned kaleidoscope, forms itself into beautiful combinations by the twists and turns of the manipulator, but does not sprout out into living leaves and flowers like English and German. In addition to the comparative poverty of its vocabulary, it has been fettered in its growth and expansion by the rigid rules of pedantic grammarians; and in poetry more especially it has been manacled and imprisoned within the narrow boundaries of a scholastic system—hardened into a fashion—of rhymes that must alternate in masculine and feminine terminations of nouns, adjectives, and participles. The well-known quatrain of Boileau affords as fair a specimen of these unbending rules as can be cited:

N'en déplaise à ces fous nommés sages de Grèce,
En ce monde il n'est point de parfaite sagesse:
Tous les hommes sont fous, et, malgré tous leurs soins,
Ne diffèrent entre eux que du plus ou du moins.

Here the first two lines terminate with feminine, and the two last with masculine, rhymes. This rigorous rule, from which no French poet has yet dared to emancipate himself, acts as an unnecessary curb on the spontaneity of the versifier, and renders coldly mechanical that which should be warmly natural. No such unnecessary obstruction interferes with the easy flow of language and ideas in English poetry—a freedom from restraint which gives, not only the true poets, but the common versifiers, a great advantage in composition. In Boileau's hands, as in those of Corneille and Racine, all the stiff defects inherent in the recognised style of versification in his time were perpetuated, strengthened, and, as it were, stereotyped, to last for a couple of centuries, until Auguste Barbier, Alfred

de Musset, and Victor Hugo—the last the greatest poet of his nation —appeared on the horizon, shining with a lustre that rendered pale and ineffectual the smaller lights of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries.

It was doubtless to this dancing in fetters peculiar to French versification that Milton took such vigorous objection, and lauded the English heroic blank verse as so vastly superior. 'Rhyme,' he said in the preface to his first edition of *Paradise Lost*,

> is no necessary adjunct or true ornament of poem or good verse, in longer works especially; but the invention of a barbarous age to set off wretched matter and lame metre. . . . The neglect of rhyme is so little to be taken for a defect, though it may seem so to vulgar readers, is rather to be esteemed an example set the first in English, of ancient liberty recovered to rescue heroic poems from the troublesome and modern bondage of rhyming.

The French have never adopted blank verse, which is only known to them through the medium of the Greek and Latin poets, who are familiar to them by classical study, and of the English poets, of whom they know little. No French poet has yet had courage, audacity, or it may be said original genius enough, to break through the hard bondage of these mechanical rhymes; and French literature yet awaits the daring innovator that shall enlarge the boundaries of poetic pleasure, and give full scope to the spirit of the language, though Victor Hugo has made some forward steps in the much-needed direction.

Nicholas Boileau was born in 1636, in the reign of Louis the Thirteenth, thirty years after Corneille, and in the year when the fame of that great dramatist was at its culmination, and three years before Racine, who shared with Corneille, before the advent of Voltaire, the honours of the dramatic and poetic throne of French literature. He was born in Paris, the fifteenth and last child of Gilles Boileau, a functionary of the Parliament of Paris. Two of his elder brothers, Gilles and Jacques, attained legal and literary distinction. Nicholas was unfortunate in his infancy. He lost his mother before he was four months old, and an attack was made upon him in his cradle by an infuriated turkey cock. The cradle had been placed out of doors and left unguarded by a careless nurse. The bird fearfully mutilated either the face of the child or some more secret part of the body, for accounts differ as to the exact damage which was done. Later in his youth he underwent an operation for the stone, from the debilitating effects of which he never wholly recovered. In manhood and later life he was never fond of the society of women, was never in love, and never married—circumstances accounted for by his biographers, with a possibly malicious exaggeration of the mischief perpetrated by the turkey in his infancy and by the surgeon in his boyhood. This exaggeration recommended itself to the fancy of those who were displeased with, or inclined to cavil at, the not

very bitter satires which he launched against the fair sex. Destined at first for the bar, and afterwards for the pulpit, he did not find in himself sufficient love for either vocation to devote his life to it. He finally resolved to resign himself wholly to literature. The profession at that time in France depended less upon the favour of readers and bookbuyers for its substantial rewards than upon the favour of the King and the Court, or the King and his mistresses. This kind of favour Boileau very assiduously cultivated by flattery and adulation. This was a matter of course in his time, though in ours it would, if practised, be considered fulsome and degrading, both to the flatterer who sold his panegyrics and the flattered who purchased them. Boileau's father, reflecting on the tokens of ability displayed by his three sons, predicted that, whatever else Nicholas might be, he would never be ill-natured. Nicholas falsified this prediction in his thirtieth year by the publication of seven 'Satires,' modelled upon those of Juvenal, in which the truculence, though somewhat mild in form, was more conspicuous than the wit or the wisdom. But the frivolous age in which he lived was not very difficult to please. Wisdom of a high order was beyond its grasp, and might have sought in vain for its favour; and wit was not considered worthy of the name unless it was more or less malignant, and hotly flavoured with cynicism. From time to time he wrote and published five other 'Satires'—making twelve in all—upon one of which, the tenth, he bestowed unusual care and polish, and which he considered his finest production. It was on the very old subject—the vices, follies, extravagances, whims, and caprices of women; but the warmest of Boileau's admirers could scarcely say that it was equal to the subject, or that it did not overflow with commonplace. He published this 'Satire,' on which he particularly prided himself, alone, without companions, in order apparently that, like a brilliant of the first water, it might shine with conspicuous splendour; and with a preface to 'the reader' in which he set forth his indifference to criticism.

> Several of my friends to whom I read my 'Satire' before publication have spoken of it in the world with high praises (*de grands éloges*), and have expressed the opinion that it is the best of my 'Satires.' In this they have not given me pleasure. I know the public. I know that naturally it revolts against the extravagant praises bestowed upon works before publication, and that a majority of readers only read what has been extolled so highly in order that they may find reason to abase and condemn it. . . . Politeness, nevertheless, as it appears to me, commands me to make some excuses to the fair sex for the liberty I have taken in depicting their vices; but as my satire is general, I do not think the ladies will be offended, as it is upon their curiosity and approbation that I found my best hopes for the success of my work. One thing I am certain they will praise me for, that I have not allowed to escape from my pen a single word that might be offensive to their modesty.

This was doubtless a merit in an age so licentious and plain-spoken as that of the Grand Monarque; but, if the satirist was fairly entitled to claim it, there were many of his readers, fair or unfair, who would

perhaps have been better pleased to condone offences of this nature than to content themselves with the mediocrity of his dulness. All his 'Satires' were written in elegant French; but nevertheless they were but prose essays versified, and his very elegance had the fatal demerit of being intensely monotonous. French versification at its best is tedious, and Boileau with all his art never succeeded in making it otherwise; and it was in his hands, as well as in those of his immediate predecessors and successors, what Lord Byron called it upwards of a century and a half afterwards. In *Childe Harold* he attacks Boileau for depreciating Tasso and calling his verse *clinquant*.

> And Boileau, whose rash envy could allow
> No strain which shamed his country's creaking lyre,
> That whetstone of the teeth—monotony in wire.

The 'Tenth Satire,' of which Boileau was so proud, condemned the women of Paris for their love of the opera; and the opera itself for being immodest and *lubrique*, and for teaching the fair sex that for sake of love, or lust as he meant to call it, inasmuch as he thought the words synonymous—

> On doit immoler tout jusqu'à la vertu même.

The 'opera' was his 'favourite aversion'; and the lovers of operas, annoyed at his opposition, accused him of denouncing it in terms that were offensive to modesty. A sillier accusation was never levelled against any one. Boileau found a defender in Arnauld, another poet, to whom he wrote a long letter of grateful acknowledgment, which is appended to most editions of his works, and in which he justifies himself, very needlessly as it appears in our day, for the use of the word *lubrique*, which he denies to be immodest. It is related of Boileau, *à propos* of this episode, that, on presenting himself at confession to the priest of a country church where he was unknown, he was asked what was his profession or occupation. 'I make verses,' said Boileau. 'Miserable profession!' said the priest; 'and what sort of verses?' 'Satires,' said Boileau. 'Worse and worse,' replied the priest; 'but whom do you satirise?' 'Writers who write worse verses than I do,' answered Boileau. 'And who can they be?' inquired the priest. 'Men who write operas.' 'My son,' was the reply, 'I do not blame you. I have nothing further to say. Depart in peace!'

Boileau's 'Satires' were succeeded by his 'Epistles,' by 'L'Art Poétique,' and by the mock heroic poem of the 'Lutrin, or Reading Desk,' the latter of which seems to have suggested to Pope the not very brilliant idea of the 'Rape of the Lock,' so much admired in his time. Boileau's 'Epistles' are in the same style as his 'Satires,' and might be called by the same name without perversion of their intent or meaning. The 'Epistles' are characterised by a very slavish adulation of Louis the Fourteenth, who is continually apostrophised as '*grand roi*' in one short poem. 'L'Art Poétique' is modelled on Horace, and contains a great deal of common sense, as

applied to the art of versification, distinguished from poetry, which is not an art, but an inspiration, and perhaps, all its effects considered, the divinest gift with which the highest human intellect is endowed. This great gift may be cultivated where it exists, but cannot be created, except by the great Creator, from whom all poetry worthy of that high name is a direct emanation. It must be said of Boileau, with all respect for his skilful manipulation of the French language, so sorely maltreated by his predecessors in the poetic art, that although there was little that was new in his directions to young poets, there was very much that was good. Take, for example, his lines in the first part of 'L'Art Poétique'—

Quelque sujet qu'on traite, ou plaisant ou sublime,
Que toujours le bon sens s'accorde avec la rime :
L'un l'autre vainement ils semblent se haïr,
La rime est une esclave et ne doit qu'obéir.
Lorsqu'à la bien chercher d'abord on s'évertue,
L'esprit à la trouver aisément s'habitue.

These lines may be almost literally rendered:—

Whether the theme be lively or sublime,
Sound common sense must justify the rhyme ;
Or should they tend to jar and disaccord,
Rhyme is the slave, and Reason is the lord ;
Or if at times 'tis hard to make them fit,
Blame not the Reason, but the want of wit.

If rhymers would take this precept as their guide, there would certainly be less versification in the world, while perhaps there would be more poetry. Yet while this excellent judgment is pronounced in rhyme, its wisdom cannot convert it into poetry, or make it more worthy of acceptance than if it had been written in prose. But Boileau in his desire to be terse and epigrammatic, in which he nearly always succeeds, forgets sometimes the logic and the reason which he so highly venerates; as, for instance, when he says

Un sonnet sans défauts vaut seul un long poème—

that is, 'A faultless sonnet is alone worth a long poem'—he makes an assertion that would be idle if the 'long poem' were faultless, and that would be equally incorrect if the faultless sonnet were represented to be worth just as much as, and no more than, the faulty poem. Sense in this case was sacrificed to sententiousness.

Another instance of Boileau's sacrifice of sense to sententiousness occurs in his 'Eighth Satire'—

De tous les animaux qui s'élèvent dans l'air,
Qui marchent sur la terre ou nagent dans la mer,
De Paris au Pérou, du Japon jusqu'à Rome,
Le plus sot animal, à mon avis, c'est l'homme.

'Of all the creatures that fly in the air, march on the earth, or swim

in the sea—from Paris to Peru, from Japan to Rome—the stupidest animal, in my opinion, is a man.' There is nothing poetical in the statement of this opinion, there is nothing terse or elegant in the expression, and there is a woeful want of exactitude as well as of logic in the geographical limits which the versifier lays down for the habitation of the 'foolish animal,' a man. If between Paris and Peru on the one hand, and Rome and Japan on the other, men are so invariably stupid as he represents, we may ask if in the country between Paris and Rome—a tolerably wide stretch which he has omitted to include within the boundaries of his meaning—there may not exist a race of men who are not to be considered stupid, or at all events are not so designated by him?

Dr. Samuel Johnson seems to have had these verses in his mind when he wrote at the commencement of his satirical poem 'London,' founded upon Juvenal, the silly and pleonastic lines,

> Let *observation* with extensive *view*,
> *Survey* mankind from China to Peru.

If the *observation* only *viewed* and *surveyed* this limited though very large surface of the globe, observation would have taken no account of Japan or Australia, and would thus have been more incomplete in its 'view' and 'survey' than the versifier thought he intended.

In Boileau there is no tenderness, no pathos, no sublimity, no imagination, and but little fancy; but there is a great deal of harmless gaiety, shrewd worldly wisdom, excellent judgment, and a mild phosphorescent wit that shines, but that has not vitality enough to burn. If

> Satire should, like a polished razor keen,
> Wound with a touch that's scarcely felt or seen,

all that can be truly said of the razor wielded by Boileau is that it was polished, but not keen, and that it could scarcely cut or even scrape the skin on which he designed to operate. His compositions were all of the head, and had not the slightest trace of any prompting from the heart. He seems to have modelled his genius, or his talent, whichever it may have been, on that of the Duke de la Rochefoucauld, who never pretended to be a poet, and to have added to the graces of the style of that elegant writer—a grace which they scarcely needed —that of rhyme. When Boileau published his 'First Satire' he was in his thirtieth year, and La Rochefoucauld was his senior by twenty-two years; so that the younger writer had time and opportunity to imbibe the spirit of his master. When Boileau says—

> Un sot trouve toujours un plus sot qui l'admire—

we see the meaning and the cynicism, but scarcely see how the apophthegm can be dignified with the name of poetry, any more than

if it had been written without rhythm or rhyme; 'every fool finds a greater fool to admire him.' And, all things considered, La Rochefoucauld in his prose is a greater wit and a more skilful delineator of the foibles of humanity than Boileau in his verse. When La Rochefoucauld says, '*Les passions sont les seuls orateurs qui persuadent toujours*' ('Our passions are the only orators who are always able to persuade us'), he could have made nothing better of it, but possibly something worse, if he had adorned it with the rhythm and rhyme of Boileau; and when in his 'Nineteenth Moral Reflection' he affirms that '*nous avons tous assez de force pour supporter les maux d'autrui*' ('we have all of us sufficient strength to bear the misfortunes of others'), it would defy all the versification of all the rhymers in the world to convey the meaning in terser or more admirable phraseology. When again, in 'Reflection 336,' he says, '*On croit quelquefois que nous haïssons la flatterie, mais on ne hait que la manière de flatter*' ('We sometimes believe that we hate flatterers, but all the while we only hate the way in which they flatter us'); or in the 372nd, '*C'est une espèce de bonheur que de connaître à quel point on doit être malheureux*' ('It is a sort of happiness to know at what point we ought to cease to be happy'); in the 411th, '*Ce qui nous rend la vanité des autres insupportable, c'est qu'elle blesse la nôtre*' ('That which renders the vanity of others insufferable to us, is that it wounds our own'); in the 445th, '*Peu de gens savent être vieux*' ('Few people know how to be old'); and in many other epigrammatic aphorisms that might be selected, almost at random, from La Rochefoucauld's brilliant pages, we might search in vain through the more ambitious and prolix sheets of Boileau's 'Satires' to find their equals either in wit, in force, or in elegance.

Boileau sometimes left off grinding his hurdy-gurdy, to essay a richer and more melodious music. He has left the world a few specimens of what he could do when he attempted to travel in the new path; but alas! he could no more play on the lyre than an itinerant Savoyard, perambulating and persecuting the streets of London with his box of discords, could discourse sweet music on Apollo's harp. Witness his 'ode' on the rumour that Oliver Cromwell intended to declare war against France; his other 'ode,' almost equally flagitious, on the taking of Namur; his dreary 'Chansons à boire,' or drinking songs; his egregious but well-meant epitaph on his father; and, worse than all, the inscription on a marble bust by the king's sculptor, one Girardon, whom he calls 'the Phidias of his age,' and thanks to whom, his lineaments in marble 'are sure,' in his opinion, 'to live as long as the *Universe*.'

In all his lyrical attempts, as well as in his more ambitious performances, Boileau seemed to think, as many more rhymers after his time have thought, that if he had nothing to say, he had only to say it in verse to make something of it.

'The muse of Boileau,' remarked Sainte-Beuve, one of the acutest French writers of the nineteenth century, 'never had any truthfulness in it, unless courage and audacity are its only signs. His sole object was no more than to tell the *littérateurs*, the worst in vogue of his time, and the Academicians, who were most in credit, that they were inferior authors, or at best authors of very mixed capacity; that they wrote at hazard, that in ten or in twenty or a hundred of the verses which they published, there were but two or three that were good for anything—that their style was bad, dull, and commonplace.' M. de Sainte-Beuve thinks that Boileau, in setting himself this task, which was certain to raise many enemies, succeeded nevertheless in reforming and elevating French poetry. Notwithstanding this favourable judgment on the effect of Boileau's not very formidable criticism of the dunces and small wits of his period, it may be doubted whether, in the homely parlance of the old proverb, it was possible for him, any more than for anybody else, to 'make a silk purse of a sow's ear,' and whether it was not left to the French poets of the nineteenth century, rather than to those of the seventeenth to whom Boileau spake, to make even a beginning in the great task of elevating French verse into poetry.

Boileau wrote his twelfth and last 'Satire' in his sixty-ninth year. He entitled it 'L'Equivoque,' and it was not published till after his death. It added nothing to his reputation, but very seriously diminished it; and even his greatest admirer, M. de Sainte-Beuve, can find nothing else to say of it than that it was a *triste* (or sorry) performance. He died at the age of seventy-four, after a blameless but not a brilliant life, having nearly, if not quite, survived his reputation. It has been said of him by an English critic,[1] that he is one of the scanty number of poets who have left behind them 'no line, which dying, they would wish to blot.' This was a compliment originally paid to Shakespeare, to which Ben Jonson is said to have objected, 'Would he had blotted a thousand!' As regards morality and correctness of thought as well as of diction, the eulogium was deserved by Boileau; but if we consider dulness, weariness, monotony, platitude—or as the French call it *banalité*—as faults provocative of the sponge or the pruning knife, Ben Jonson's rejoinder to the hyperbolic praise of Shakespeare might have been applied to Boileau—with the difference that, instead of one thousand lines, it might have been said five thousand. His own countrymen, as well as foreign nations, have summed up his literary character. He was an admirable versifier, but no poet; a man of considerable talent, who had scarcely a particle of genius; and a striking example of the truth, too little taken to heart by the semi-educated in all times and countries, that a writer of mere verse is

[1] *Penny Cyclopædia.*

no more to be considered a poet than a bricklayer is to be considered an architect.

The popularity of Boileau during the latter half of the seventeenth century acted and reacted more or less upon English literature during the same period: and if it did not affect Dryden—a star which shone by its own light—it affected two celebrated English authors in the succeeding century. The first was Daniel Defoe, whom it would be gross flattery to call a poet; and the second was Alexander Pope, whom it would not be flattery, but strict justice, to call a poet of great merit, and high in the second rank of the immortals. Of Daniel Defoe's 'Satires,' of which the 'Jure Divino' is founded almost exclusively on the model of Boileau—whom he sometimes equals but never surpasses—it is not my present purpose to speak. Much, however, might be said upon that great prose writer's attempts at poetry, of which he was as incapable as his French prototype. But Pope stands on a higher platform; and if he imitated Boileau, of which there can be no doubt, he very greatly surpassed him, and stole nothing from him, consciously or unconsciously, that he did not greatly improve. Imitation, if it greatly transcend the thing imitated, is not only permissible but commendable:—

If I've a taper that I light
   Where other tapers shine,
And if mine glow more purely bright
   Shall critics over-fine
Dub me a thief or plagiarist,
   And say the light's not mine?

Pope was young and unknown when Boileau was elderly and distinguished, and if the younger imitated the elder, it was natural perhaps that he should do so, if he did not find in himself so large a portion of the divine afflatus as to be independent of the afflatus of a contemporary pair of bellows; or if he could not light his own lamp, except by the aid of a contemporary taper. And Pope did so. He fed himself in his youth upon the crumbs that fell from Boileau's table, and became a much more considerable man than the master at whose feet he had sat, just as St. Paul infinitely transcended Gamaliel.

Alexander Pope was born in London in the revolutionary year 1688. In that year, or shortly before or after, his father, a Jacobite and a Roman Catholic, despairing of the fortunes of his country under the Protestant, and as he thought the illegitimate, *régime* of William and Mary, retired from the business of a linendraper in the Strand, in which he had amassed a fortune of 10,000*l.* This was a much larger sum in that day than in ours, when rich men are accustomed to speak of hundreds of thousands as fortunes by no means extraordinary. The elder Pope was not ashamed of his business; but his son, when in after years his genius introduced him into the society of the

wealthy and the noble, boasted of his gentle blood, and endeavoured to obliterate as far as he could the remembrance of the shop. In his epistle to Dr. Arbuthnot he says—

Of gentle blood, part shed in honour's cause
(While yet in Britain honour had applause),
Each parent sprang. . . .
. . . . . .

Of his father more particularly—

Stranger to civil and religious rage
The good man walk'd innoxious through the age.
No courts he saw, no suits would ever try,
Nor dared an oath, nor hazarded a lie.
Unlearned, he knew no schoolmen's subtle art,
No language but the language of the heart;
By nature honest, by experience wise,
Healthy by temperance and exercise.

The son did not inherit a good constitution of body from his healthy sire, who died at the age of seventy-five, nor from his healthy mother, who lived to be ninety-three. This fact may be accounted for by the explanation that both his parents were nearly fifty years of age when he was born. Like Béranger in a later time, who came into the world 'laid, chétif et souffrant,' the future poet of the reign of Queen Anne was diminutive in stature, deformed, and exceedingly delicate. But these bodily defects were accompanied by the gift of precocious intellect, if precocity can truly be considered either a gift or an advantage, and he nurtured his mind, almost as soon as he had mastered the alphabet, on ancient and modern literature, and by the perusal of every book that came in his way, with a paramount predilection for poetry. He afterwards told the world that 'he lisped in numbers, for the numbers came;' and at the age of twelve, with strong echoes of Virgil and Boileau running through his imagination and memory, he produced the 'Ode to Solitude' beginning—

Happy the man whose wish and care
A few paternal acres bound

—verses that presaged if not by their originality of thought, by their deft and perfect mastery of rhythm and rhyme, that a young man of great talent, if not of great genius, had been born into the world. In that little age—when to be literary was to excite a certain amount of attention, which in this age, when almost every body is literary, is not easily attainable unless one is very rich, very daring, or very erotic—the fame of the young man spread so rapidly, that Wycherly, the veteran dramatist of seventy years of age, asked Pope, the youth of sixteen, to peruse and correct his verses! Pope was clever and presumptuous; Wycherly was clever also; by no means presumptuous. The criticism, possibly just, of the boy whom he had asked to sit in judgment upon him was distasteful. 'And thereof came in the

end'—what might have been expected—disgust, if not indignation, on the part of the elder man, who had expected flattery, or at all events approbation; and who received neither from his juvenile censor.

While still in his sixteenth year Pope published his four pastoral poems on the Seasons, avowedly in imitation of Theocritus and Virgil. To this he prefixed an essay on pastoral poetry; proving him to be a master of good prose as well as of verse; which most poets are. This was followed after a short interval by 'Windsor Forest,' inscribed to George Lord Lansdowne; with an invocation in old classical style to the Muses:—

> Granville commands! Your aid, O Muses, bring;
> What man for Granville can refuse to sing?

A more ambitious and more celebrated poem, the 'Rape of the Lock,' was published when he had reached his twenty-fourth year. He called it an heroi-comic poem in five cantos; and its airy and elegant frivolity at once took the taste of the town. The 'sylphs,' introduced for the first time to the English public, were borrowed from the Rosicrucian romance of the Comte de Gabalis, by the Abbé de Villars, and published in Paris a few years previously. The Rosicrucians are mentioned in the *Spectator*, No. 379; by Eustace Budgell; and a full account of them appeared in 1841 in the second volume of the 'Memoirs of Extraordinary Popular Delusions.' The same romance provided the Baron de la Motte Fouqué with the materials for his fascinating little story of 'Undine,' and the author of the 'Maid of Mora,' or the 'Salamandrine,' with the hint of the poem, which relates the loves and sorrows of 'Amethysta,' the spirit of the fire, to obtain a human soul through the love of a mortal man. The 'Rape of the Lock' was what would be called by the ladies of the present time 'awfully pretty;' but it did not greatly recommend itself to the gentlemen and scholars of the reign of Queen Anne, though it added considerably to the growing reputation of the writer. The 'Messiah,' a sacred Eclogue, was published in No. 378 of the *Spectator* of May 14, 1712; with a commendatory introduction of four lines by Tickell. 'I will make no apology for entertaining the reader with the following poem, which is written by a *great genius*, a friend of mine, who is not ashamed to employ his wit in the praise of his Maker.'

But his greatest venture for the favour of the public was his famous 'Essay on Criticism,' written in 1709, in the poet's twenty-first year, and published in 1711. Addison made honourable and almost enthusiastic mention of it in No. 253 of the *Spectator*, under date of the 20th of December, 1711. Without any pretensions to originality of design or novelty of idea—for his models were Horace and Boileau, and his subject the same as theirs—the young poet proved himself to be old in worldly wisdom, skilled in the art (or the science) of

judging rightly, and a powerful master not only of all the resources of rhyme, but of those still more abundant of the English language. Addison's critique, though highly favourable, was as highly discriminating:—

Wit and fine writing, as Monsieur Boileau has so well enlarged upon in the preface to his works, do not consist so much in advancing things that are new as in giving things that are known an agreeable turn. It is impossible for us who live in the latter ages of the world to make observations on criticism, morality, or any art and science which have not been touched upon by others. We have little else left us but to represent the common sense of mankind in more strong, more beautiful, or more uncommon lights. If a reader examines Horace's 'Art of Poetry' he will find but few precepts in it which he may not meet with in Aristotle, and which were not commonly known by all the poets of the Augustan age. His way of expressing and applying them, not his invention of them, is what we are chiefly to admire.

The imitations of Boileau that occur in the 'Essay on Criticism' are frequent and palpable. Compare Pope's

Happily to steer
From grave to gay, from lively to severe,

with Boileau's

d'une voix légère
Passer du grave au doux, du plaisant au sévère.

And also the admired and often quoted line of the English poet—

No place so sacred from such fops is barred,
Nor is Paul's church more safe than Paul's churchyard;
Nay, fly to altars: there they'll talk you dead,
For fools rush in where angels fear to tread—

with Boileau's less neat expression, which was nevertheless the precursor of Pope's idea. Boileau, persecuted by a stupid rhymer named Du Perrier, who persisted in reciting his verses to him, took refuge in a neighbouring church. But in vain. The 'poet' was not to be baulked of his listener, and recited his ode at the foot of the altar:—

Gardez-vous d'imiter ce rimeur furieux
. . . . . .
Qui poursuit de ses vers les passans dans la rue.
Il n'est temple si saint des anges respecté
Qui soit contre sa muse un lieu de sûreté.

Pope's rendering was the terser and more compact; but Boileau's was nevertheless the original. In his 'Second Satire' Boileau notes the cuckoo-like repetition of rhymes, in which from the first consonance the second may invariably be predicted; a passage which Pope has imitated, where he ridicules the constantly recurring 'trees' and 'breeze,' 'love' and 'dove,' and such like, only too familiar in the poetry of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, and which are by no means entirely banished from that of the nineteenth.

Pope's 'Essay on Man,' written at the age of forty-five, a more ambitious performance than his 'Essay on Criticism,' written at the age of twenty-one, scarcely equals the earlier performance. Metaphysics are at best a dry subject, and do not become less dry, though they certainly become more tedious, when discussed in rhyme; and give as little pleasure to the reader as an advocate's address in favour of the plaintiff or of the defendant in a court of justice would give to the judge, the jury, or the audience, if perpetrated in faultless verse. Poetry ought to be logical; but to be all logic, without either fancy or imagination to adorn it, may doubtless be verse, but, in the words of Thomas Hood, it is *worse* also. Congreve said of Dryden's poetry, that you 'might take his verses, and divest them of their rhymes, disjoint them of their numbers, transpose their expressions, make what arrangement and disposition you please of his words, yet shall there eternally be poetry, and something which will be found incapable of being reduced to absolute prose.' No impartial critic ever justly bestowed the same praise on the 'Essay on Man.' Its substance is excellent prose; its spirit is sound common sense, only spoiled by being converted into a formal and very monotonous sing-song.

But the 'Essay on Criticism' and the 'Essay on Man,' however wide their divergency in point of merit, have this in common, that they furnished between them a greater stock of quotable passages, passable from mouth to mouth as the current coin of conversation and oratory, than any other poems in the English language. They have been familiar to all educated Englishmen for a century and a half, and are likely to remain so as long as the English tongue is spoken. As wise and as compact as proverbs—

> Jewels
> That on the raised forefinger of all Time
> Sparkle for ever,

they have in fact become proverbial, and supply quotations for the daily use of speakers and writers who borrow other people's thoughts in default of any of their own, or who having thoughts in their heads lack adequate expression for them.

Of equal if not higher merit is the 'Epistle to Dr. Arbuthnot'—being the prologue to his 'Satires'—which fully equals, and in some respects surpasses, most of the similar effusions that his contemporaries owed to his ready pen. This, however, is chiefly remarkable for the attack on his old friend and early patron, Joseph Addison, to whom he was indebted, at the outset of his literary career, for a lift on the steep and rugged road that leads to the Temple of Fame.

Pope was in his earliest manhood considered by the leaders of public opinion—a very small and circumscribed body, composed of the wits and gallants of London society—and the frequenters of the

clubs and coffee-houses, to be the incontestable and legitimate successor of the great John Dryden. And as Dryden had translated Virgil, and a translation of Homer appeared to be needed, who but Pope was worthy to undertake it? Addison and Steele, and the small clique which gave the literary law to London, pointed him out as the only living poet who had the capacity to execute the work, and to rival Dryden in the translation of an epic poem. And on this encouragement he set to work, and, beginning in his twenty-fifth year, completed in his thirtieth a paraphrase rather than a translation of the 'Iliad.' The work, though it never satisfied and never will satisfy the learned, has given intellectual pleasure to hundreds of thousands of readers who know nothing of Greek, but who desire to know something of the spirit of Homer, as well as of the leading facts and traditions out of which he has constructed his immortal poem. The work was published by subscription, and proved so highly remunerative to the translator as to excite the envy and the anger of his smaller contemporaries. Many of these assailed him in print; and on those among them who were bold enough to throw off the mask of the anonymous he took ample revenge in the 'Dunciad,' hoisting them on to his literary pillory, and giving them a notoriety which has alone preserved their names to the present time.

Addison, who had done much to blow the trumpet of Pope's fame, at the outset of his career, when fame was particularly useful, appears, at a time when their intimacy ought to have ripened into friendship, to have been offended at the inordinate vanity of the younger man; or as the gossip of the time asserted, he was envious of the reputation which he had helped to create. Whatever may have been the cause, a coolness grew up between them, which threatened to develop itself into something worse than estrangement, and which kept them apart in silent hostility for years. They were brought together again, but with no very happy results, by the friendly exertions of Addison's great colleague in the *Tatler* and *Spectator*, Sir Richard Steele. At this interview, to which Addison reluctantly consented, Pope, according to Cibber's biographical sketch, desired to be made sensible in what way he had offended, 'observing that the translation of Homer, if that was his great crime, was undertaken at the request and almost at the command of Sir Richard Steele, and entreated Mr. Addison to speak candidly and freely, though it might be with ever so much severity, rather than by keeping up the forms of complaisance, conceal any of his faults.' Addison was not conciliated by this appeal, and scarcely tried to conceal his displeasure.'

He began (says Cibber) by declaring that he had always wished Mr. Pope well, had often endeavoured to be his friend, and in this light advised him, if his nature was capable of it, *to divest himself of part of his vanity, which was too great for his merit*. . . . Speaking of his translation of the 'Iliad,' he said that he [Pope]

was not to be blamed for endeavouring to get so large a sum of money, *but that it was an ill-executed thing, and not equal to Tickell's, which had all the spirit of Homer.*

This comparison with Tickell was too much for Pope to bear, because he suspected that Addison himself was the real author of Tickell's version. It was not likely that Pope, even had he been a placable and good-natured man, instead of being the reverse, could bear so severe a rebuke without resentment, especially from one whom he believed to be hypocritically vaunting himself under the mask of Tickell; but he stood too much in awe of the Right Honourable Joseph Addison, husband of the Countess of Warwick, and the great potentate of contemporary criticism, to retaliate verbally, and the interview ended with the only result of aggravating the hostility which it was intended to diminish. Pope's anger found vent in verse; and he relieved his soul in some of the most eloquent, epigrammatic, and hard-hitting lines that ever flowed from his pen, and which have afforded apt quotations to hundreds of writers and speakers, from that time to our own.

Should such a man, too fond to rule alone,
Bear, like the Turk, no rival near the throne;
View him with scornful yet with jealous eyes,
And hate for arts that caus'd himself to rise;
Damn with faint praise, assent with civil leer,
And, without sneering, others teach to sneer;
Willing to wound, and yet afraid to strike,
Just hint a fault, and hesitate dislike;
Alike referr'd to blame or to commend,
A tim'rous foe, and a suspicious friend;
Dreading even fools; by flatterers besieg'd,
And so obliging that he ne'er oblig'd;
Like Cato give his little senate laws,
And sit attentive to his own applause;
While wits and Templars ev'ry sentence raise,
And wonder with a foolish face of praise;
Who but must laugh if such a man there be!
Who would not weep if Atticus were he!

Pope did not immediately publish these lines, but sent them in manuscript to Addison, with the belief that the receiver would see the personal allusion, and read 'Addison' instead of Atticus. It has been alleged in Pope's behalf that 'Atticus' was a purely imaginary character, and that Addison was not really intended. But Addison felt that the cap fitted; and the contemporaries of both poets were fully convinced, notwithstanding all assertions to the contrary, that Addison was meant, and that Pope fully intended that all the world should know it. Were any doubt upon the subject possible, the writer of these pages, one hundred and fifty-three years after the publication of Pope's castigation of his friend, is able to prove, on the testimony of Pope himself, that Addison, and no imaginary Atticus, was the real object of his satire. He had in his possession for many

years[2] the passage cited above in Pope's beautiful and clear handwriting, an indubitable holograph in which Addison in full is written instead of Atticus. The manuscript is still in existence, and if it be unique, which it is believed to be, will doubtless find its way in due time to its proper resting-place—the British Museum—to repose alongside of Milton's receipt for five pounds, the first instalment of his promised remuneration for *Paradise Lost*, and with other invaluable literary documents.

Pope did not often cultivate the lyrical form of poetry, though, if he had done so more frequently, it is certain that he might have excelled in it. His 'Ode on St. Cecilia's Day'—a favourite subject with the English poets of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, and treated not only by Pope, but by Dryden and Addison before him—was written in his twentieth year. Though far inferior to Dryden's matchless ode, it is sufficient to prove that he had other and more varied music in his soul than the monotonous and wearisome chant of his rhymed heroics; while his 'Dying Christian to his Soul,' if he had written nothing else, would be enough to perpetuate his fame as a master of English composition and a lyrist of the highest excellence. But even in the production of this gem of poetry, his inordinate vanity and his ingrained untruthfulness led him into vainglorious statements, and disingenuous concealments of his indebtedness to previous writers. Sir Richard Steele wrote to him on the 4th of December, 1712, asking him to write 'an ode as of a cheerful dying spirit;' that is to say, the Emperor Adrian's 'animula vagula, put into two or three stanzas for music.' Pope wrote back to say, that he had previous to the receipt of the letter accomplished the task; that he sent it to Steele 'just warm from the brain;' and that he had taken the idea not only from Adrian, but from a poem entitled 'Sappho.' It appears, however, that it was not exactly 'warm from the brain,' inasmuch as he had had it by him for years, and had polished and repolished it several times during that period. It also appeared that an obscure poet, named Flatman, who flourished in the reign of Charles the Second, had written a poem in which occurred the lines:—

> Fainting, gasping, trembling, crying.
> Panting, groaning, speechless, dying;
> Methinks I hear some gentle spirit say,
> Be not fearful! come away.

In Pope's poem are to be found

> Trembling, hoping, lingering, flying,
> Oh, the pain, the bliss of dying!
> Hark! they whisper! Angels say,
> Sister spirit! come away!

Pope's lines are infinitely better than Flatman's; but if he remem-

[2] The document was given to me by the late Roderick Reach of Inverness, and is in the present possession of F. Watson, Esq., of Edinburgh, a well-known collector.

bered whence he drew the model of his happier phraseology, it would have been gracious as well as honest if he had informed Sir Richard Steele of the fact.

Pope, like Boileau, lacked one great incentive to lyrical inspiration. Boileau by physical misfortune, and Pope by congenital physical infirmity, were not fitted to feel passion for the beautiful sex, and the fine erotic madness that peoples the world was unknown to both of them. Pope was small, weak, decrepit—almost deformed; and though he could talk well, he thought, as Addison asserted, a great deal too much of himself. And the ladies of his day, as of our own, do not care overmuch for the society of men whose admiration is concentrated in and on themselves, and who do not know how to flatter or to make themselves agreeable to women. John Wilkes, one of the ugliest men of his time, according to his own confession, took the hearts of women captive by his flattering tongue, just as the serpent in the Garden of Eden made Eve forget his ugliness in the witchery of his eloquence. Neither the French nor the English satirist understood womankind, or the art of pleasing them. They neither of them felt what the great prose poet Emerson finely calls 'the divine rage and enthusiasm which seizes a man in his youth and maturity; which works a revolution in his mind and body, unites him to his race, pledges him to the domestic and civic relations, carries him with new sympathy into Nature, enhances the power of the senses, opens the imagination, adds to his character heroic and sacred attributes, establishes marriage, and gives permanence to human society.'

Neither Boileau nor Pope underwent the delicious thraldom of Love, and both escaped the overwhelming mastery which Voltaire declared to be the fate of everybody when he wrote:

> Qui que tu sois, voilà ton maître;
> Il l'est, le fut, ou le doit être.

Pope made some fine attempts at amatory and tender poetry in his 'Elegy on the Death of an Unfortunate Lady,' which some critics of the last century considered to be his masterpiece, and in 'Abelard and Heloïse,' which others more ardently admired. But neither of these came from or ever touched the heart of the poet, or kindled a flame of sympathy in the reader. He fancied, having written of love in these two pieces, that he was in love with a woman. Nursing this delusion, the woman on whom his choice fell was Martha Blount. The fair Martha enjoyed his society and admired his genius, but laughed at the idea of his becoming a lover, and rejected his advances with a scorn that went to his heart, if heart he had in the metaphorical sense of the word, and if self-love had not extinguished the nobler love which man feels for woman.

Dr. Johnson records in his life of Pope that when in his last illness in the fifty-sixth year of his age, and while he was yet capable of conversation, he sat in the garden of his villa at Twickenham in the company of Lord Bolingbroke and Lord Marchmont, he saw Martha Blount at the bottom of the terrace, and asked Lord Bolingbroke to go and hand her up. Bolingbroke, not liking the errand, crossed his legs and sat still; but Marchmont, younger and less captious, waited on the lady, who when he came up to her asked, '*What! isn't he dead yet?*' Pope's preference—it can scarcely be called love—for Martha Blount was his nearest approach to the tender passion, and this heartless remark from the lady was all that came of it!

Pope died of a general decay of nature, of pure senility aggravated by asthma, at an age when the intellect is usually in its prime untouched, if the body be strong and healthy, by the first approaches of decay. He had a great reputation while he lived, and he left a still greater reputation when he died, which is not yet extinguished, nor likely to be.

The personal vanity of Pope appears to have been in inverse ratio to his personal graces, and his intellectual vanity must have been inordinate to have seriously offended so kindly a man as Addison. Great must have been the conceit which prompted him to write:

> Yes! I am proud to see
> Men not afraid of God—afraid of me.

It is still the fashion to rank Boileau and Pope among the poets. Unless verse and poetry are identical, the claim cannot be allowed. The best works of both are imitations of ancient classical literature, applied to the manners of modern times, without imagination, with little fancy, and with no tenderness. They dazzle and often please the judgment and tickle the jaded palates of the cynical, but they never touch the heart. The reader smiles at them, and relishes the caviare of their wit, but is never called upon for a sigh, much less a tear, in admiration of or in sympathy with their genius. They are rhymers and versifiers only, and have no claim to be considered makers, or 'poets' in the Greek sense of the word. Even their versification is not perfect. Pope, a severe critic of others, was especially faulty himself in this secondary aspect of the great vocation of the Bard, and his stilted verses halt and stumble in a manner which would not be tolerated in a third-rate writer of the present century. In ten consecutive lines of the fourth canto of the 'Rape of the Lock' his resources are so poor that he rhymes them all on the same vowel sound; as 'ways, plays,' 'delay, pray,' 'disdains, maintains,' 'grace, face,' 'inflame, game.' This is a monotonous poverty of sound

which, if he had known or thought of it, he could easily have remedied. A hundred such instances of carelessness, to give it the mildest form of condemnation, are to be found in his most admired works; as 'hate, state,' 'regret, forget,' in the same quotation in Heloïse to Abelard. And such slovenly rhymes as 'coins' and 'dines,' 'fault' and 'thought,' 'awake' and 'speak,' 'look' and 'spoke,' 'garrets' and 'chariots,' 'sphere' and 'there,' 'plain' and 'man,' 'barrier' and 'hear,' 'mayors' and 'wars,' 'conveys' and 'oper-ays,' and many others which occur not only in the 'Essay on Man' but in the 'Dunciad' and several of his most ambitious poems; and such unnatural inversions of phraseology as 'Pleasures the sex, as children birds pursue,' would not be tolerated by either the critics or the readers of the present day, if presented to the world by any one pretending to the high name of a poet, or even to the lower name of an accomplished versifier.

Boileau and Pope were, if not exactly the last, the greatest disciples of the bad school of stiff, formal, pedantic, sapless classicism. They were admired in an age of narrow sympathies and vitiated taste, in which the highest ideal of poetry was represented as existing in the works of Homer and Virgil and in the inferior but more popular works of Horace and Juvenal. Their influence upon French and English literature was wide and injurious, and continued to operate almost to the time of Victor Hugo in France, and of Wordsworth and Byron in England.

Whatever the divergencies of genius of the last-named English poets, they agreed in the one great essential of being natural, and of looking at life with their own eyes without deigning to wear the rusty spectacles of the ancients. It cannot be said that the example of Boileau and Pope has ceased to impress the minds of imperfectly educated or common-place people who think that they love poetry without understanding in what it consists. Were it otherwise, such persistent currents of inane verse would not continue to overflow in the 'Poets' Corner' of newspapers, in the pages of less ephemeral periodicals, and in the countless volumes which booksellers continue to publish with a pertinacity that is almost wonderful until the commercial reasons which govern their actions are duly weighed and considered. Being tradesmen and not critics, they run no risk, and will publish almost anything that is not libellous or indecent, provided the young men and women who fancy themselves poets and poetesses will pay all expenses, and a commission on the sale, if any sale there be, which is sometimes more than doubtful. Verse-making in our day has become a nuisance, partly in consequence of the reputation too easily acquired of such writers as Pope and Boileau, and partly in consequence of the belief that prevails among ardent and inexperienced youths that admiration of poetry qualifies a person for writing it. One may

admire a fine statue and think oneself a judge of sculpture without proceeding to carve the marble or model a Venus or an Apollo in the nude. But unluckily every one who admires poetry thinks he can write it. The more's the pity! True poetry, as distinguished from mere verse, is as rare in our day as ever it was, and will never cease to be a benefit and a blessing to the world, and the brightest jewel in the crown of a country's literature.

CHARLES MACKAY.

OPIUM AND COMMON SENSE.

'There is no subject connected with China and our relations with that country which has attracted, upon the whole, so much attention as the opium trade, and our active intervention in its supply. It was the immediate cause of our first war with China in 1839, the result of which was materially to change our position in the country, and that of the Chinese nation in respect to the whole Western world. It has formed the subject of inquiry before a Special Committee of the House of Commons. It has been one of the stock pieces of agitation and discussion among a large body of our countrymen at Exeter Hall and elsewhere, in connection with missionary objects, thus enlisting some of the best feelings of our nature in a question often urged upon the nation as demanding a national decision and a policy in accordance with it. As a political question, bearing upon all our relations with China, it has of necessity been often pressed upon the attention of successive governments by the course of events, both before and since the war; attacked among ourselves on hygienic grounds by the denouncers of stimulants under every form—and of narcotic stimulants as the most pernicious of all forms—on moral and religious grounds by missionaries and their friends, it still remains the "vexed question" of Exeter Hall—a weapon of offence in the hands of Continental carpers at our national morality and policy; and a permanent source of opprobrium and difficulty with the Chinese.'

More than twenty years have passed since I wrote these words, and they remain as applicable to our relations with China and the opium trade at the present day as they were in the year 1858. It would seem much easier, therefore, to fill the Egyptian Hall with enthusiastic supporters of resolutions denouncing the opium trade and advocating its suppression, than to grasp all the bearings of the subject and devise a practical mode of dealing with its difficulties.

The meeting which took place last month at the Mansion House, with the Lord Mayor in the chair, and an Archbishop and a Cardinal as chief supporters, passed resolutions declaring it to be 'the duty of this country to put an end to the opium trade,' and among other things to prevent the growth of the poppy in India, except for medicinal

purposes, and to 'support the Chinese Government in its efforts to suppress the traffic.' I should like to know whether any one of those present ever seriously endeavoured to realise with what result to the Chinese population, and that of India, these measures could be, I will not say carried out, but attempted; or whether it was in the power of one, or even of both Governments united, 'to put an end' to the trade, and prevent the culture of the poppy in their respective dominions. Of course, the object contemplated was moral and philanthropic, for the benefit of the Chinese under both aspects.

But statesmen and ministers, on whom the responsibility of administration and government rests, are not able to proceed on such lines without reference to the means and the probable results. And not only is it necessary that in such a case as this they should carefully consider by what practical means the end could be attained, but whether other and worse evils than those denounced might not follow their adoption. Under these circumstances, and in view of the important bearing of this trade on our relations with China, and the material interests of our Indian Empire, it would seem desirable that the chief arguments and facts on both sides should be placed at this time before the public in a compact and readable form. It is true that these may be found in various Blue Books, and minutes of the evidence obtained by Special Committees of both Houses of Parliament, and other public documents. But many of these, going back over a series of years, are virtually buried; and, judging from the speeches at the Mansion House and the successive debates on the opium question in Parliament, there would appear to be great need of some more accessible information on the whole subject of our relations with China and this vexed question of opium. I propose, therefore, in the following pages to review briefly all the leading facts most necessary to a right understanding of the points at issue.

Some recent information of a valuable and reliable nature has quite recently been afforded by a Yellow Book on 'Opium,' emanating from the Inspector-General of Maritime Customs in China; and, like all that proceeds from that source under the able and energetic administration of Mr. Hart, it leaves little to be desired in lucid arrangement. The Statistical Department of the India Office has also opportunely furnished valuable papers bringing our knowledge up to the latest date as to the opium revenue, culture, &c. In addition, a further correspondence between Sir Thomas Wade, our Minister in China, and Prince Kung, respecting the delay in ratifying the Convention of 1878—the latest attempt on the part of the two Governments to deal with this burning question—has just appeared. Under these circumstances, agreeing with one of the most strenuous advocates of anti-opium agitation, that 'few are acquainted with the facts, and one of the first things is to spread relevant information,' I proceed to do my part in this good work.

To understand the present state of the opium question and our relations with China in respect to it, something must be known of the past history of both.

The foreign trade in opium is comparatively of recent growth. In 1767 the importation of opium did not exceed 1,000 chests, and it continued at that rate in Portuguese hands for some years. It was not until 1773 that the East India Company made its first shipment in a very small way. In 1781, exactly a century ago, they freighted a vessel with 1,600 chests. Sold at a loss to one of the Hong merchants at Canton, and found unsaleable, it was finally reshipped by him for the Archipelago. A depôt of two small vessels had the same year been formed by the English in the Canton waters.

In 1793 only, the Chinese authorities began to object to this proceeding. A single vessel was then sent to Whampoa (an anchorage twelve miles from Canton), in no way connected with the East India Company, and does not appear to have been molested. This state of things continued without any noticeable incident until 1820, during an interval therefore of some twenty-seven years, when an order was issued by the Governor of Canton forbidding any vessel entering the port with opium on board. To judge by the language—a very uncertain guide, however—His Excellency was quite in earnest. 'Be careful,' he concludes, 'and do not read this proclamation as a mere matter of form, and so tread within the net of the law, for you will find your escape as impracticable as it is for a man to bite his own navel.' The appearance of this document was no doubt in consequence of an edict emanating from Peking, prohibiting the drug under heavy penalties, for the alleged reason that 'it wasted the time and property of the people of the Innerland, leading them to exchange their silver and commodities for the vile dirt of the foreigner.' Notwithstanding these official acts, however, from this time to the close of the East India Company's monopoly in 1834, so far from escape from 'the net of the law' being impracticable, the contraband trade in opium off the Bogue, at the mouth of the Canton River, and along the coast northward for some distance, continued uninterruptedly and assumed something of a regular character: so far as an established tariff of fees to be paid for the undisguised connivance of the authorities at Canton could regularise an officially prohibited, and therefore technically a contraband trade. During the eighteen months before Commissioner Lin's raid in 1839, the trade at Canton was actually carried on in four boats carrying the Viceroy's flag, commonly called 'Post-crabs' and 'Scrambling Dragons,' which paid a regular fee to the Custom House and military posts.

In the interval, however, after the end of the East India Company's monopoly, Her Majesty's Government had taken over the direction, and sent out a Commission, with Lord Napier as its chief. From this change, not very wisely inaugurated without any previous com-

munication, either with the Chinese Government at Peking or its chief authority at Canton, a violent contention had arisen between the Chief Commissioner and the Viceroy. Lord Napier was instructed to proceed to Canton and announce his arrival by letter to the Viceroy. His Lordship not only began inauspiciously by having proceeded to Canton without the license or permission, theretofore required from the Viceroy, but insisted on addressing this High officer by letter direct and on equal terms, as the British representative, instead of by humble 'petition' sent through the Chinese Hong merchants, the usual course followed by the Select Committee of the East India Company. This was treated by the Chinese as an unheard-of act of presumption; and the Viceroy indignantly refused to receive, or let any of his subordinates receive, such a communication, and finally ordered a blockade of the factory, the stoppage of trade, provisions, and various other menacing measures. Lord Napier styled him a 'presumptuous savage,' and the Viceroy in his proclamations spoke of his Lordship as a 'Barbarian Eye' on whom it was incumbent to 'obey and keep the laws and statutes.' 'There has never been such a thing as outside barbarians sending in a letter,' wrote the Governor in great wrath to the Hong merchants.

It was evident the two pretensions—the one to the supremacy of a Suzerain State, and the other equality—could not be reconciled, and in effect admitted, under the circumstances, of no compromise. Lord Napier accordingly, in order to prevent further injury to the trade, and personal danger to those in the factory, was compelled to return to Macao, surrounded by an insulting guard of Chinese soldiers, where he shortly after died, harassed in mind and worn out by fever brought on by confinement during several weeks at the factory in a tropical heat.

The Chinese were jubilant and triumphant, and graciously allowed the trade to proceed again as usual. From this time, however, to Lin's proceedings in 1839, all our relations became more and more strained, and in an unsettled condition. As regards opium, the depôt ships continued without serious interference at Lintus or elsewhere, between Macao, Hongkong, and Canton. But the authorities of both countries, after Lord Napier's mission, were in a false position, and frequent difficulties and threats of interruption to the trade were the consequence;—that being the usual resource, in those days of the Chinese local authorities, to compel obedience from the 'outside barbarians.'

This troubled period culminated in Commissioner Lin's imprisoning the foreigners in Canton until he extorted the surrender of all opium in Chinese waters, though quite beyond his reach, and otherwise out of his power to seize, by any other exercise of force or authority. The war which followed and terminated in the Treaty of Nanking, in 1842, established our relations, official and commercial, for the first time on a reasonable and well-defined footing. It has

commonly been called the 'Opium war;' and it was, no doubt, as so often asserted, 'intimately connected with the illegal traffic in opium'—and yet, had there been no opium or illegal trade of any kind in question, the same causes would have led to the same result. These causes were in operation during the whole period the foreign trade at Canton existed. Violent and arbitrary measures of a kind both oppressive and utterly unjustifiable, were so frequent that they must have led to a total rupture and war, sooner or later, as the only way of remedying a condition of things altogether intolerable.

The war and the Treaty of Nanking in 1842 left the trade in opium on the same footing as before—an unrecognised, and therefore, so far as Chinese legislation was concerned, a prohibited and illegal trade, with power untouched to deal with it as the Government of China might deem best—by the seizure of ships in their waters, or of the drug, when landed on their shores;—and any other repressive and penal measures they might see fit to apply to their own subjects. What they did under these circumstances we shall see presently. If we now trace the progress of the trade in opium, from the year 1790 to 1820, during which the import of the drug had never exceeded 5,000 chests, and rarely amounted to more than 4,000; and thence on to 1840, when the war commenced, we find that in 1830 the importation had increased to 16,873 chests; and thenceforth each decade to the present date has shown a continuous and large increase. In 1840 it had reached 20,619 chests (the quantity destroyed by Lin in the Canton waters), and from that year to 1850 it increased to 52,925 chests. In 1860 the quantity imported into China [1] was 59,405 chests, according to the best statistics attainable by Mr. Commissioner Dick, without Custom House returns, Hongkong being a free port. In 1870 it increased to 95,045 piculs,[2] and in 1880 to 96,839 piculs. This last amount is slightly over the average quantity sent annually to China during the whole decade preceding; the smallest quantity in any one of these being (in 1875) 84,619 piculs, and the highest (in 1879) 107,970. The average for the whole decade is 88,590 piculs, showing the fluctuation to have been from 84,619 to 107,970, with a variable tendency to increase.

From this retrospect it will be seen it was not the English, as so constantly assumed, but the Portuguese, who first imported opium into China. Secondly, that in 1781 the foreign trade in the drug

[1] See Report of Imperial Maritime Customs, ii. Special series, No. 4, on Opium ('Hongkong Statistics'), published by order of the Inspector-General of Customs—just issued.

[2] The *Malwa* opium chests are equivalent to one picul, but *Patna* and *Benares* to one picul twenty catties—that is, twenty catties more; but only 40 per cent. of the total imports in the last ten years consisted of Patna and Benares (the Government opium), Malwa being the production of native States, and amounts to 60 *per cent. of the whole quantity imported into China from India.*

was so insignificant that 1,000 chests could not be sold. At this date, then, we may fairly conclude that, if the Chinese had any acquaintance with opium, otherwise than as a medicine, they did not derive their supplies from abroad—from India or elsewhere. Dr. Wells Williams, who doubts whether the Chinese had long known opium, even as a medicine, admits that, from the way the poppy is mentioned in the *Chinese Herbal*, compiled more than two centuries ago, there is reason to suppose it to be indigenous. And as both the plant and the inspissated juice, together with the mode of collecting the latter, is mentioned, the inference is clearly that it was well known at this period, and in common use otherwise than as a medicine. We know, further, that in the *General History of the Southern Province of Yunnan*, which was revised and republished in the first year of Kien-Lung's reign[3] (A.D. 1736), opium is noted as a common product of Yung-Chang-Foo, and Mr. Hobson, the Commissioner of Customs, says truly, 'if 134 years ago so much opium was produced as to deserve it notice in such a work,' it may well have increased since, and could be no novelty at the beginning of the present century. Dr. Williams, in his exhaustive chapter on the opium trade, hazards a guess that, 'as the natives of Assam and the adjoining region have used opium for a long period, it is not unlikely that it was made known to the Chinese from that quarter.' Whether it be likely or not, there is no evidence of the fact. And, if so derived, the Chinese must have bettered their instruction by inventing the opium pipe, and smoking instead of eating or drinking it, as they do yet in India and the adjoining countries. He readily admits, at all events, that 'none was imported coast-wise for scores of years after that date.' It is beyond all doubt that the use of opium has been general amongst Asiatic nations as a stimulant and narcotic from a time unknown, and consumed in one form or other, much as wine, beer, and spirits are used by Europeans. We cannot even say what country is the original habitat of the poppy. It is cultivated in India, Asia Minor, Persia, and Egypt, and, if not indigenous in China, it has certainly for a very long time been cultivated there by the natives.

For our present purpose it is unimportant how far back in the last century—that is, before any foreign opium was imported—the cultivation and consumption of the produce became common. In 1792, the date of Lord Macartney's embassy, Barrow mentions the prevalent use of the drug by officials and others in the upper ranks of society; and yet at that date, and for thirty years later, the whole amount of imported opium did not exceed 4,000 chests, and without showing any tendency in that period to increase. It is important to know in this long interval what the Chinese themselves were doing in the

[3] See Mr. Hobson's Report for 1868 in Reports on Trade, published by the Inspector-General of Maritime Customs.

production of native opium. And we are not left in much doubt on that subject; for, if Imperial edicts and proclamations of local authorities have answered no other useful purpose, they supply the most indisputable evidence of the poppy culture in China. It is commonly assumed that all these edicts were solely directed against the importation of foreign opium and all who consumed it. But many of these are directed against the Emperor's own subjects for growing the poppy against his reiterated commands. In 1796, it is true, the foreign opium was prohibited under heavy penalties, on account of its 'wasting the time and destroying the property of the people of the Innerland, and exchanging their silver and commodities for the vile dirt of foreign countries.' And the supercargoes of the Company at that time recommended the Directors of the East India Company to prohibit its shipment to China—the only measure now advocated by the Society for the Suppression of the Opium Trade. But this could not be done then, any more than it can be done now; but they did all that was in their power to give effect to the Imperial edict, by prohibiting their own ships bringing it to China, and, unlike the Emperor's orders—theirs were obeyed.

It would occupy too much space to quote many of these evidences of the general prevalence of opium cultivation by the Chinese. Mr. Walters, a consular officer stationed at Ichang, on the Upper Yangtze, made special inquiries at my desire in 1865 into the origin of opium smoking, and he was led to the conclusion that it had existed for centuries. He found the opium consumed in the West was locally produced, and Indian opium 'did not pass higher up the Yangtze than the port of Hankow and surrounding districts; and was not imported by any channel into Western Hu-pei, Szechuen, or the other provinces of the West.' *Indian* opium was only consumed, as a general rule, in the provinces in which the Treaty Ports are situated, and was smoked mostly by the well-to-do classes, while the common people smoke chiefly the native drug.

The production of Chinese opium in the province of Szechuen appeared by all accounts to be greater than the whole amount of the Indian crop, Malwa, Patna, and Benares put together. 'All over Western China,' he reports, 'the conditions of poppy culture, as far as the officials are concerned, are those of perfect freedom, and even open encouragement.' And other witnesses attest that, in like manner, there is no obstacle whatever to the cultivation of opium throughout the length and breadth of the land. Although nominally the laws of China forbid the cultivation of opium, it is actually encouraged by the high tariff placed on the foreign drug; Likin taxes being regularly levied on the native produce, which are fifty per cent. lower than those charged on foreign opium. Where do these taxes go? To the provincial treasuries and the constituted authorities of the country. What can be the worth, then, of Imperial edicts prohibiting

the consumption and the native culture of opium, when the whole of the governing classes either openly or covertly encourage and profit by it? Thus, for example, Li-Hung Chang, who was, and is at this day, one of the most influential of the Viceroys, and a leading statesman, who lately wrote an official letter in a highly moral and aggrieved tone on the subject of the foreign opium trade, and the cruel wrong we inflicted on his country by it; when he was governor-general of the Hukwang province, actively employed himself both in Honan, which he also governed provisionally, and in the adjoining province, then under his brother's rule, in promoting the cultivation of the poppy. Reports reached me at the time, that a large portion of the province of Szechuen was given up to the culture under this influence. And on the appearance of an Imperial edict reiterating the standing prohibition, he memorialised the throne for leave to issue licences for the cultivation of the poppy as a productive source of revenue, and a means of further preventing the consumption of foreign opium (a much more pernicious drug, as he alleged) and the importation of which impoverished the nation!

What could the Emperor's prohibitory edicts effect under such conflicting conditions? In 1869 one of the censors, Yuen-ho-Chung, memorialised the Emperor, urging that the cultivation of the poppy should be sternly prohibited, and it was published in the *Peking Gazette* of the 21st of January, with an edict in conformity, referring to previous edicts to the same effect, and enjoining once more the High officers and Magistrates to enforce the prohibitions. This censor states that 'the cultivation of the poppy is attended with grave prejudice to the people's means of subsistence; that the culture beginning in Kansu has spread to Shensi and Shansi, and has now gradually extended to Kiangsu, Honan, Shantung, and other provinces—in a word, all over China.' This last assertion was not strictly true, for all the reports I received at that time tended to show that a longitudinal line might be drawn from north to south, dividing the eastern provinces, in which were all the Treaty Ports, from the western and southern provinces, and in the latter only the native culture and consumption would be found general—very little Indian opium finding its way there—while to the east little else was in demand. So that it is evident, whatever prejudice to the Chinese may arise from the importation of Indian opium, it is very closely limited to the eastern or sea-coast provinces in immediate connection with the Treaty Ports; and the Chinese alone were and are responsible for all the rest, exceeding, to all appearance, in area of cultivation and amount of produce, the land so employed in India, and all the foreign opium imported. A large proportion of Chinese opium smokers belong to these western provinces, and by all accounts their population is to this day practically unacquainted with foreign opium.

Further evidence on this head can hardly be necessary. I will

only quote one more testimony, furnished by Mr. Baber, the Chinese Secretary of H.M.'s Legation, and a most intelligent observer who was sent with Mr. Grosvenor's mission to Moulmein after Mr. Margary's murder. The following is his report on the opium cultivation coming under his observation in his journey to the southern limits of China, through a great tract of country very little known to Europeans:—

We were astounded at the extent of the poppy cultivation both in Süs-ch'uen and Yünnen; we first heard of it on the boundary line between Hee-pei and Ssü-ch'uen, in a cottage which appears in an illustration given in the work of Captain Blackiston, the highest cottage on the right of the sketch. A few miles south of this spot the most valuable variety of native opium is produced. In ascending the river, wherever cultivation existed we found numerous fields of poppy. Even the sandy banks were often planted with it down to the water's edge; but it was not until we began our land journey in Yünnen that we fairly realised the enormous extent of its production. With some fear of being discredited, but at the same time with a consciousness that I am underestimating the proportion, I estimate that the poppy-fields constitute a third of the whole cultivation of Yünnen. We saw the gradual process of its growth from the appearance of the young spikelets above ground in January or earlier, to the full luxuriance of the red, white, and purple flowers, which were already falling in May. In that month the farmers were trying the juice, but we did not see the harvest gathered. We walked some hundreds of miles through poppies; we breakfasted among poppies; we shot wild ducks in the poppies. Even wretched little hovels in the mountains were generally attended by a poppy patch.

These are facts, the important bearing of which on the whole question can neither be mistaken nor denied.

It must now have been made evident beyond dispute that neither before Lin's high-handed proceedings at Canton in 1839, the one solitary instance of decided action before or since that period, nor subsequent to the Treaty of Nanking, has any Chinese authority attempted to give effect to the successive edicts prohibiting the import of opium by foreigners and the culture of the poppy by the natives on Chinese soil. Why have they not? Up to 1839 they acknowledged no rights of foreigners, and recognised no Foreign State except as humble tributaries. In the depths of their ignorance and immeasurable conceit, they looked upon all other nations as outside barbarians—without appeal to any law but the will of the Emperor. They knew nothing of international law, if they had ever heard of it, and treated everything foreign with the most profound contempt.

If the Emperor, the Chinese authorities and people, as has been so often represented, were honestly and intently bent on putting an end to all opium trade and smoking, why did they not act up to their asseverations? It has been shown that up to 1820 the foreign import was so insignificant and of so little importance to England or India, that, so far as Foreign Powers were concerned, there was absolutely nothing to deter the Chinese Government from acting as free agents. Even for twenty years later this was still true. Still less was there

any possible fear of interference with the Emperor in any action he might take to stop the cultivation of the poppy by his own subjects. Why did he not do so? There was here clearly either a want of will or of power—which ?—probably both in varying degrees.

There was, no doubt, and always has been, a sort of half-hearted desire to check the prevalence of opium smoking, and more especially the foreign importation. A very hearty sincerity, I believe, in condemning the habit as prolific of much evil. But the sort of moral feeling with which an intemperate man in this country condemns the vice he indulges in and cannot or will not refrain from, does not supply the will to resist or fly from the evil. It is easier to condemn the habit, and cast upon others the blame for not depriving him of the means of indulgence. The public-house or the spirit merchant may be cursed for supplying the enemy that steals away his brains and ruins his health. That is a sort of vicarious virtue common enough in China as in England. In the meantime, to cast obloquy upon the outside barbarian, as the purveyor of a drug they desired to buy, and shield their own imbecile proceedings behind the liberal censure bestowed upon him, was entirely in accordance with Chinese views of national policy. For half a century there was no Indian revenue at stake, and no international rights to prevent their driving all opium ships away, or, if they cared to do so, all foreign trade. And all this time they only issued edicts, and made a large profit by the smuggling fees, so long as it was a prohibited article. The Hoppo of Canton, at the head of the Customs, was himself a Court-appointed official, who was required to furnish annually a large subsidy for the civil list of the Emperor and his Court at Peking. Perhaps this may afford some explanation.

In view of all the evidence now before the reader of the absence of all serious effort either to restrain the foreign import or the native culture of opium during this long stretch of years, what is to be said of the emotional sentiment of Li-Hung Chang's answer to the Society for the Suppression of the Opium Trade? His reference to the wide and unchecked extension of the poppy-fields in China is a curiosity even in diplomatic experience. He says that the 'poppy is certainly surreptitiously grown in some parts of China, notwithstanding the laws and frequent Imperial edicts prohibiting the cultivation.' Surreptitiously? That is, the half of China, and with payment of taxes sanctioned at his suggestion by Imperial order! This is surely the triumph of misrepresentation unchecked by any regard for facts. But the next sentence is still finer, when he adds: 'I may take the opportunity to assert here, once for all, that the single aim of my Government in taxing opium will be in the future, as it has always been in the past, to repress the traffic, never to gain revenue from such a source.' The last phase of his negotiations with Sir Thomas Wade in the Convention of Chefoo supplies a very

curious commentary. The whole object of the clause devoted to opium is not only an increase of 30 taels on the import duty, but a device for securing the gathering of a Likin tax, within the port, which they found it otherwise difficult to collect, and the cause of a three years' delay in the ratification of the Treaty. As regards the levy of duties on the Indian opium, the moment it passes into the interior, neither the Treaty of Nanking nor that of Tientsin in 1858 laid the slightest restraint upon the Chinese Government in this respect. While guarding other goods from extortions, or prohibitive taxes in the interior, opium was expressly left to the uncontrolled will of the Chinese authority. The legalisation of the opium trade by the latter treaty did not touch this unrestricted' power of taxation. It only fixed the amount to be paid as an *import duty* to the Customs at the port of entry. The sole difference it made was by removing it from the list of prohibited articles, and therefore taking away the right of the Chinese Customs to seize and confiscate both ships and goods engaged in the traffic—a right which they had never exercised, but always at their option.

Li-Hung Chang concludes with a peroration worthy of the context:—

> My Government (he says) is impressed with the necessity of making strenuous efforts to control this flood of opium before it overwhelms the whole country. The new treaty with the United States containing the prohibitory clause against opium encourages the belief that the broad principles of justice and feelings of humanity will prevail in future relations between China and Western nations. My Government will take effective measures to enforce the laws against the cultivation of the poppy in China, and otherwise check the use of opium, and I earnestly hope that your Society, and all right-minded men of your country, will support the efforts China is now making to escape from the thraldom of opium.

What 'efforts China is now making' I cannot say; but of this we may feel sure, that, if they in any degree resemble those hitherto taken by Li-Hung Chang himself and his Government in the past, all right-minded men, of this and every other country, will decline to accept the general increase in the unchecked growth of the native plant over the larger half of China, away from all foreign influence or competition, as an evidence of the adoption of 'effective measures to enforce the laws against the cultivation of the poppy in China, and otherwise check the use of opium.'

But enough of this last and futile attempt of the Chinese Government, and of their apologist, to appear in open court with clean hands as an injured and oppressed party. It is too hopeless a case for further argument, and in no court of equity could such a plaintiff escape being non-suited by a judge, or jury of honest men. The Chinese Government must be content to stand on common ground with the British in this matter of opium traffic. For any evils that may attach to its consumption in China they must

take more than an equal share of responsibility. The Chinese Government any time during fifty years before the war might, with ease and certainty have stopped the trade. While treating all foreign powers as tributaries and outer barbarians, and their trade and subjects alike as only tolerated within the Chinese limits by the indulgence of a Suzerain, who regarded them as suppliants with no rights of any kind—who never scrupled to stop the trade, murder judicially or otherwise innocent foreigners on various pretexts, and harass the traders with arbitrary orders, and extortionate demands. What prevented them? And any time since, they had the right expressly reserved by treaty to deal with it as a smuggling trade, liable to its penalties therefore, and to tax the transit of the drug from the coast to the interior to any amount they pleased. They have no *locus standi* on international or political grounds, and no justification for charging the British or Indian Government with having imposed upon them by force, and against their will, a pernicious drug and an injurious trade. They have been consenting parties and participators in the trade and its profits from the first day to the last.

We may dismiss all further question of complaint on any principle of international law. The *jus gentium* for them has no bearing upon the opium trade. And we are now free to consider the fiscal and commercial interests at stake, and the expediency as a matter of policy, or the practicability of adopting any of the measures urged by the advocates of a total suppression of the Indian trade in opium.

To begin with the Chinese, they are at this moment willingly, not to say eagerly, receiving a revenue through the Maritime Customs on opium, of 2,251,814 taels (675,544*l.*)—which by the Chefoo Convention they are seeking to double. This, independent of all Likin and other inland taxation, in which they have always had uncontrolled power, and at the lowest estimate, it must amount to more than double that amount —say two millions sterling. In India there is a still larger revenue at stake. The gross amount collected in each presidency and province of British India by the latest returns—those for 1880—was 10,319,162*l.*, from which is to be deducted cost of collection, &c.—2,067,142*l.*; leaving a net revenue therefore of 8,252,020*l.* The average of ten years of the gross revenue appears to have been 8,936,068*l.*, and deducting costs—2,067,142*l.*—they would reduce the average net revenue to 6,958,926*l.*; say, 7,000,000*l.*; and the total gross revenue of India for 1880 being 68,484,666*l.*, it constitutes about one-eighth of the whole, allowing for costs of collection in both cases.

The trade with China between Great Britain, India, and the Colonies, import and export, may be taken at 40,000,000*l.* I cannot find space to go into any of the details, or even to show how inseparably the opium trade, which represents 8,500,000*l.*, estimating the value at Hongkong and China of 100,000 chests, at which the import of the last year appears, must be bound up with all the trade. It

must suffice to say that it plays a very important part in adjusting the balance of trade, which would otherwise be against us to nearly that amount, and would have to be made up in bullion affecting exchange, and every condition as it now exists of the whole commerce.

The British Government is recommended to withdraw the opium element at whatever cost, for the benefit of the Chinese. But what ground is there for assuming that they would be benefited by the withholding of the Indian opium from the market? Can anyone believe, after what has been shown in these pages of the enormous area they have themselves under cultivation, that they would smoke one ounce the less—any Imperial or other edicts to the contrary, notwithstanding? Or, failing this, does anyone imagine that foreign opium would not pour in from Turkey, Persia, Egypt, Mozambique, and many other foreign sources; and if not under the British flag, under as many flags as there are nations? It needs no argument to satisfy anyone with the least knowledge of the constant tendency of trade, that such must be the result.

It is needless to go into the consequences to the Indian Empire if there were a sudden deficit of seven millions and the displacement of at least an equal value in capital and labour employed in the opium culture and trade; because the avowed object being to moralise and benefit the Chinese, if it fail in that, there is no longer any reason for the ruinous attempt.

It is true, we hear a good deal about the objection on sentimental rather than rational grounds to the Government being the encouragers of the cultivation and the manufacturers of the poison, as such advocates are pleased to term it. But Sir George Campbell has well answered this plea in his letter in the *Times*. The action of the Indian Government is so far restrictive, that it limits the cultivation, which might otherwise spread over the territory. The large revenue it collects is in like manner a means of limiting the sale and the consumption. So long as it is under Government control, it remains in their power to further restrict the area if they see fit; for no vested or private interest can grow up to fetter their action at any future day. My proposal to the Chinese Government in the Convention of 1869 was based on this power. I proposed to give the Chinese an increased import duty, and moreover to allow them to test their power and will to limit and diminish the hitherto unchecked production of opium in their own provinces by an understanding with the Indian Government during a certain period, not to extend the production in India; and if the Chinese Government kept faith, and showed their power to greatly diminish and more or less rapidly stop the culture of the poppy altogether, and prevent foreign opium from other sources taking its place, the Indian Government would then, *pari passu*, consider how far they could further co-operate by diminishing their own area of culture, having

time to substitute other crops and industries to take its place. I think it is to be regretted that such an opportunity of testing the sincerity and power of the Chinese Government to effect the proposed end was lost. They were apparently ready to accept some arrangement of this nature; but the Convention was not ratified by H.M.'s Government, and the whole matter slept and drifted for another ten years. But, finally, it is impossible that the British Government in India, or the Chinese in China, or both united, could 'put an end' to the consumption of opium, or its importation into the latter country; and if it were possible for the Indian Government to do so in India, under existing conditions it would be a folly, conferring benefit on neither race, and inflicting incalculable injury on the 250,000,000 of our Indian subjects by a loss of revenue, sufficient to shake the stability of the Government, and seriously affect its power of efficient administration. As to the question of transferring the production and manufacture into private hands, various alternatives have been suggested, and often considered; but the objections to all these are very serious if not insuperable. Sir G. Campbell may not be quite correct in saying that the Government monopoly is just the Gothenburg system—which some of our great towns would like to try with a view to restricting and controlling the production and sale of intoxicants for the benefit of the people, if the vested interests of the existing publicans did not bar the way; because, while the Government monopoly does tend to restrict the area of growth, it is not the object, but the increase of revenue.

I must conclude, although I could have wished to make this article more complete, and that space would have allowed me to go fully into the moral aspect of the question, which is deeply interesting. But I may at some future time be enabled to take up this part of the subject. All I can say now is to repeat in substance my evidence before the Special Committee of 1871, which will be found, *in extenso*, at page 283 of the printed evidence, to the effect that I distrusted the power of any restraining laws and decrees, and believed they must fail, because a craving for something of a stimulating, intoxicating, or narcotic character was universal; and that there had been no country yet discovered, and no age of the world in which stimulants and narcotics of some kind or form had not been in use. They amount to more than fifty in number. They are in every possible form, and yet no race, savage or civilised, has ever failed to discover them, though sometimes by very recondite processes, by distillation and fermentation, but always with the same object and result. I also stated, as I do now, that, after a long residence among the Chinese, and with the evidence before me of whole nations and races like the Chinese, preserving great vigour and exceptional power of labour under the most trying conditions of climate, food and soil, I cannot adopt the conclusion that opium exercises no salutary

influence, and is simply noxious and destructive. I believe this is only true of those who take it to excess; that these are not the many, but the few, forming only a small percentage on the whole; and that as a cause of crime it is infinitely less dangerous than intoxicating liquors largely consumed in our own land. If any restrictive or prohibitory system could avail in preventing the frightful evils brought on by the abuse of spirituous and other liquors at home, I think it should have a fair trial here, before we attempt by forcible means to derange the whole administrative economy and habits of life of the populations of two great Asiatic Empires, respectively containing some 400,000,000 and 250,000,000 of the most industrious and easily governed people in the world. If we cannot succeed at home, we shall certainly not have better fortune in China.

I should be glad, in common with many others, if it were possible without aggravating the evil, and bringing new and worse agencies of mischief into play—that the Indian Government should be relieved of all participation in the growing, manufacturing and selling of the drug, which is not the proper function of a Government. By licences, passes, and export duties some distinguished Indian officials have held that a gradual process of transfer might be effected and this desirable end attained. It was on the supposition that such a power was in their hands that I urged some arrangement based upon successive limitation might be entered into with China with great advantage.

How far the allegations or convictions of the missionaries are well founded, or otherwise, as to the obstruction and prejudice created by the opium trade, and our active participation in it, I will not attempt to decide. I am bound to say, however, that, if time and space permitted, it would not be difficult to show that many other, if not more obvious and influential, causes are in operation, to account for the small degree of success which has attended their efforts to Christianise the Chinese population. And I will add that I do not believe, after a long residence in China, that the active and latent hostility of the 'literati and gentry,' who are generally the instigators of all outrages on the missions, or the official and ruling classes who are so supine, and the populace that supply the agents of violence, would be other than it is, or suffer any diminution, if there were no opium question to exercise its influence in heightening this prejudice or creating ill will against the foreign missionary.

RUTHERFORD ALCOCK.

DEAN STANLEY AS A SPIRITUAL TEACHER AND THEOLOGIAN.

DURING the twelve months since this College[1] was last opened, many distinguished names in our English world of thought and literature have passed away. I do not know when so many great writers have died in such quick succession. There was first of all George Eliot, then Thomas Carlyle, then, after a brief interval, Lord Beaconsfield, and lastly Dean Stanley. It would be a difficult, but an interesting and curious, study to compare these several writers; and especially to estimate their respective relation to the spiritual movement of their times. For it is remarkable that they were all more or less, after their sort, spiritual teachers. They were, as one of them, whose claims may be most questioned to the character we have assigned them, said, on a memorable occasion, 'on the side of the angels' in the great modern battle of *mind* versus *matter*, of *Humanity* versus *the Cosmos*. They were all, indeed, more or less theologians—that is to say, writers who appreciated the great thoughts which Christianity had discharged into the world and which the Church has preserved through eighteen centuries. The personal relation which they themselves occupied to these thoughts is quite another question. Even if it be true that two of them only dealt with such thoughts to reject them ultimately, and to throw themselves into lines which cannot fairly be considered Christian—which many suppose to be quite opposed to any possible Christian theology—it is none the less true that they also started in their intellectual career from a Christian basis, while they were more or less proficient students of the history and thought of the Church; and, further, that they never parted from those profound roots in the spiritual life of mankind which Christianity addresses, and of which, on the human side, it is the most perfect growth and development that the world has yet seen.

It may seem strange to some to mention in this connection the name of Mr. D'Israeli, latterly known as Lord Beaconsfield. But no one can be familiar with the writings of this remarkable man who

[1] This paper was delivered as an address at the opening of St. Mary's College, in the University of St. Andrews, November 16.

gave to politics a genius which all acknowledged in literature, without recognising the vein of religious thoughtfulness pervading them, and the evident idea he himself had that he had a mission to instruct our age in certain great spiritual truths which seemed to him too much forgotten. Whether his own estimate of these truths was either right or important is a subject beyond our present province.

Nor can I now speak, even for a moment, of Thomas Carlyle's position as a spiritual teacher. That he was such a teacher from first to last—that he carried with him through all his astonishing career a profound and even burdened sympathy with the spiritual perplexities and sorrows of his generation, and believed he was the voice of one crying to it in the wilderness to be saved—no one can doubt. Least of all are Scottish students, to whom many of his works have been a noble inspiration, likely to doubt this. It would not be difficult, indeed, to show that, with whatever substance of Christian truth Carlyle may have parted, he never parted with deep convictions implanted in his heart by a Christian father and mother in that Annandale home which he has so vividly pictured to us; nor even with certain intellectual reminiscences of his early training for the Scottish Church. The time has not come yet, especially in the view of recent unhappy disclosures, for judging this great man comprehensively as one of the teachers of his age.

Of George Eliot I would fain have spoken at large, having renewed my acquaintance with nearly all her writings during months of enforced leisure; not only with an increased admiration of her genius, if this were possible, but with intense interest in following out the flashes of her penetrating ethical insight, and her grand, if complicated and somewhat confused, aspirations. There is an elevation, even in moments of depressing suffering, in dwelling near the fountain of so much genius, ever ranging in its higher reaches on the confines of the higher world. Of no writer can it be more truly said that her aims were spiritual, whatever may have been her creed, or however she may have sometimes failed in realising her aims. The background of her intellectual thought may have been Positivist, and the mysteries of human life and character have unhappily overborne at times even such insight as hers into the sources of human action. But there is no Christian student but must be grateful for the touching and varied pictures which she has given in her earlier and better writings of the power and beauty of faith in the Unseen; of Self-sacrifice; of Divine healing through suffering. I do not know, in modern literature, where any such combination of pictures is to be found in which the waste of human passion and the darkness of human suffering are more vividly confronted by a Divine Remedy, whatever she herself may have finally thought of that Remedy. The portraits of the Rev. Mr. Tryan, in *Janet's Repentance*; of Janet herself; of the girl-preacher Dinah, in *Adam Bede*; of Silas

Marner; of the Rev. Mr. Lyon, in *Felix Holt*; and, above all, the great study of Savonarola, in *Romola*—all show with what a singular force this gifted woman had grasped the great truths of Evangelical theology, and felt with her own heart the depths to which they are capable of moving humanity, and the impulses for good which lie within them. And never is her art so marvellous—never does it reach such an exquisite finish—as when she is dealing with embodiments of the spiritual life. Just as she ceased to touch this sacred ground, it may be said that her art lost its wings, and fell prone into those abysses of cynicism which disfigure her later writings.

In one respect the writings of George Eliot deserve special mention in this place. She is not only a great artist as Bunyan was, of the spiritual or Evangelical life of humanity; but she shows, over and over again, especially in that greatest work of her genius, taking it all in all—*Romola*—how deeply she had studied theology, and made herself conversant with its leading thoughts. Wherever we may find in modern literature contemptuous reference to theological science—and we have not far to seek to find traces of such a tone—we never find anything of the kind in the writings of George Eliot. And it is undoubtedly one of the notes of her genuine greatness of mind that she recognised so clearly as she did the significance of this sphere of speculation. Depend upon it, whatever may be the temporary reputation of certain names in our day who profess to ignore theology, or only speak of it with ignorant scorn, that such names will not prove really great in the history of human thought. Both they and their half-systems will disappear with the decadence of the materialistic era, which has called them forth and given them a transitory significance. The old philosophic adage remains as true now as ever—'In nature there is nothing great but man; in man there is nothing great but mind'—and the higher poetry, art, science, and speculation which spring out of the recognition of the spiritual dignity of mind.

But I must turn to the immediate subject of our address. Of the great writers who have passed away during the past twelve months, there is none more interesting, and in some respects more significant, although others may have been more powerful, than Arthur Penrhyn Stanley. And yet perhaps no influential intellect of our time less touched that scientific sphere which has so enlarged its area as to seem to some to have become the only sphere of knowledge. It may be also admitted—no one would have more readily admitted it than himself—that Stanley had an imperfect sympathy with mere philosophical thinking in any form. He once said to me long ago, in speaking of the philosophical writings of Professor Ferrier, in which I was then greatly interested, and which still, after the lapse of a quarter of a century, have to many minds a rare value, that he could take no interest in speculations of the kind. The constitution of his

mind was such that only subjects in which the human personality emerged in more or less distinct form could directly interest him, or draw forth the energies of his singularly vivid and imaginative intellect. Philosophy was not to him 'harsh and crabbed, as dull fools suppose,' but it was abstract and far away from that plane of life—crowded by human figures, or crowned by human or divine institutions—in which all his interest centred. And this implies no derogation from the really great and imperial range of his intellect. To every one is given his own gifts, and those who have mixed most with the world, whether of letters, of science, of statecraft, or philosophy, know how limited are the highest human endowments, and how seldom it is that the richest gifts in one direction are left unaccompanied by limitations in other directions. It was this absence of the speculative faculty, or rather the entire submergence of any native speculative power that he had within the bounds of the biographical, historical, political, or theological instincts which were so all powerful within him, that constituted a certain weakness in his theology. This weakness has been abundantly noticed since his death; but the real source and meaning of it have been, for the most part, missed. There never was a man so little of a system-monger. He hated all the skeletons of system which many minds, both scientific and philosophical, delight to rear, and to admire as temples of truth. In this he was right. But he was also in some degree impatient of doctrinal distinctions, and of those deeper questionings into which all theological, no less than philosophical, problems run. So he failed sometimes to understand the full meaning of those answers which the Church has given to such questionings in her creeds, and in the great systems of theology which have descended to us from the past. This, and not any lack of sympathy with what is real in Christianity itself, is the secret of some of his misconceptions, or at least his inadequate conceptions of certain truths which Evangelical, and indeed all Catholic theology, has sought to express. With the truly spiritual forces of the Gospel I know of no man in our day who had more conscious contact, or who embodied them in a more living and beautiful form in his own life and conduct. It is melancholy to reflect that there are parties in all our Churches who have not only been unable to recognise this, but who have not shrunk from lifting the voice of obloquy against his honoured and sainted name—as if he knew not aright the cause for which he lived and died.

Another feature in Dean Stanley's disposition and character marked negatively—some would say injuriously—his theological conceptions. Stanley was the child of good fortune and happy circumstances from the first. His father was not only a good and able Bishop of the old school, but a man of a singularly sunny, useful, and courageous spirit. Both as Rector of Alderley and Bishop of Norwich, he was distinguished by his incessant activity in every good work and

every philanthropic purpose. He was not a man of learning. He was no theologian, either patristic or modern. But he was a great parochial and episcopal administrator, and an ardent student in natural history. The Dean's mother, Catherine Leycester, was even more remarkable; and if he inherited his courage and unresting activity as a public man from his father, he owed to his mother many of the higher delicacies of his genius, his appreciation of the most diverse shades of theological teaching and Christian life, and the breadth of his toleration and charity which covered all the multitudinous diversities of ecclesiastical peculiarity. He owed to her also much of the sweetness of his own nature, and that happy mingling of human and divine things which everywhere meets us in his writings. This is specially suggested in those pictured *Memorials of a Quiet Life* which his cousin, Augustus J. C. Hare, has so vividly set before us in his well-known volume, as well as in a special article on the Dean. I read those Memorials last summer amidst some of the scenes depicted in them; and if any wish to see what a beautiful, and in some respects original, atmosphere surrounded Stanley in his youthful years, they deserve attention; they are occasionally tedious and too 'long drawn out,' and more may be made of the picture than the subject warrants; but a most tranquil Christian spirit pervades every page, and we see in clear outline how truly here, as in other cases, the boy was father of the man.

It was a natural result of such an upbringing, amidst associations so winning and delightful, that Stanley's Christian experience took a predominantly sunny complexion. He was a Christian then and always, without any of those darker experiences through which alone may men and women come to the knowledge of the truth. The burden borne by such a man as Luther when he cried within his cell at Erfurt: 'My sins, O my sins!' and the profound agonies of a St. Augustine, as he passed from death to life—from the impurities of Manichæism to the purity and peace of the Gospel—were unknown, or comparatively unknown, to him. His own life—although he knew at least one great sorrow which lacerated his heart, and helped, no doubt, to hasten his end—was a singularly bright one. It did not, as so many lives do—many more than are supposed—touch tragedy at any point. He had a natural difficulty, therefore, in realising those depths of human sin, and even of human calamity, which many natures are made to know, although they may never give voice to their sufferings. The thoughts of those who are made to dwell in darkness, 'as those that have been long dead,' were unfamiliar to him. There is little or no indication in any of his writings of this profoundly painful side of human and Christian experience; and this absence of spiritual pain in himself has left its impress upon his theology. This is the true explanation of deficiencies which some have found in that theology, but the true key

to which they have not been at pains to seek. It is so much easier to mark defects, and even to give a sinister genesis of them, than to study facts and to acknowledge how infinitely complex is our common nature, and how imperfectly anyone, even the most gifted, realises all sides of its experience. It was simply impossible for one with Stanley's spiritual constitution to make his own the pessimistic doctrines of an Augustine, or a Calvin, or even a Bunyan. They were to him so far intelligible because God had given him a wonderful insight into the most conflicting varieties of Christian feeling; but he could not understand certain darker forms of spiritual experience as necessary verities of that experience, and still less as necessary elements of a comprehensive Christian science. They were to him shadows more or less morbid, born of an unhappiness which he had never known, and which did not seem to him necessarily to enter into the order of Christian thought. Are we to regret this? Would it were given to many more to pass like him through this 'valley of the shadow' to that brighter vision of Hope and Charity which was the familiar haunt of his benign spirit! But a man may not be the less a theologian because he has never entered 'into the depths' with St. Augustine, or because the dark technicalities of Puritanism are unintelligible to him. Are Clement of Alexandria and Origen, or Gregory Nazianzen and Chrysostom, not theologians? Are the author of *De Imitatione Christi*, or Erasmus, or Colet, or the whole noble band of the Cambridge Platonists in the seventeenth century to be disparaged because to them Augustinianism was uncongenial and Calvin no prophet? It is a poor spirit which judges all things, and theology among other things, from a single point of view, and so narrows and hardens itself into a sectarianism, which fails to discriminate good from evil, and so often bans where it ought to bless. It is the glory of Christianity that it blossoms into a manifold diversity of spiritual fruit, and no less is it the glory of Christian science and its schools that they make room for the most varied capacities of thought and experience—for an Alexandrian Clement no less than a Carthaginian Tertullian, for a Pelagius and Cassian no less than an Augustine—for a Milman, a Thirlwall, and a Stanley no less than a Mansel and a Mozley.

A single word further as to the supposed negative tendency of Stanley's writings. Every spiritual teacher in our day is necessarily more or less negative if in sympathy with his age and the current of opinion most strongly influencing it. There is still a large work of demolition to do in the region of theological tradition before the process of reconstruction and positive advance can be begun. Theology in all its branches is being reduced under the law of that historical science which is the birth of our own generation; and, as in other departments of knowledge, so in this, it requires to be shown on what uncertain and unproved foundations many of the ac-

cumulations of the past rest, before we can begin to build anew on foundations more strictly verified. It is enough, in the estimation of some, to say of a theologian that he is negative, to condemn him, and to regard his work with suspicion. This feeling is respectable, and in some it is thoroughly honest; but it is largely the offspring of prejudice and ignorance. Theology touches closely great interests and great affections. It is right therefore that its treasures should be fenced by conservative instincts. For, in a time like ours particularly, there are intellects altogether aggressive, which delight merely in negation, and can see no good in any pious inheritance which has come down to us. Such intellects break away from tradition altogether, and the further they travel from it, into the bleak wastes of Agnosticism, the further they suppose themselves travelling towards truth. It is well, therefore, that the reins of advance should be held tightly, and that the eyes of the orthodox should be in all places, watching the pioneers of a new Christian science. But there is a natural limit to such jealous conservatism here and everywhere. In theology, as in everything else, nothing that is untrustworthy, or, in other words, unverifiable, in its own sphere, can be held long, or without danger; and, however delicate the task, nothing can free the modern theologian from the necessity of indicating how far the old must give way before the new light of criticism that is now searching the foundations of all knowledge. He must often work, like the builders of the second Temple, with a weapon of offence in one hand, as well as an implement of construction in the other; and every man's work must be judged, not according to its accidents, but its spirit. There are negations which are not only necessary, but in the highest degree useful. Rubbish of all kinds has to be cleared away before new structures can be laid, or rise in any fair proportion.

Dean Stanley's mind was essentially critical and historical. He saw into the meanings of past things, especially sacred things, with a quite Divine insight. I know of no genius that rivals his discernment within the sphere of sacred history in its personal and political aspects. He saw face to face its great characters, and has drawn many of them to the life as no one else has done. He saw to the core of its complex institutions, overlaid as they have been with endlessly derivative meanings, sometimes the very reverse of that out of which they sprang, as no one before him had done, and least of all many of those German inquirers whose vastly learned labours have yet so greatly contributed to this result. They prepared the way for a Stanley and for others; but how often do they themselves grope with shut eyes amidst their piles of learning? But, seeing as Stanley did so clearly, he saw the outside as well as the inside of things. He saw the 'wood, hay, stubble,' as well as 'precious stones,' which had grown, we may say, into the edifice of the Christian Church. He saw the exaggerated and parasitic, no less than the normal developments

of Christian thought and life. And so far necessarily his work was often negative. He had not only natural limits of spiritual experience like all other men; but the very acuteness of his critical faculty gave a negative turn to many of his writings, and conspicuously so to his volume on *Christian Institutions*—the most perfect summary of his teaching, as it is in some respects the most characteristic production of his genius. Out of the very brightness of his vision the shadows as well as the substance show forth distinctly, and the reality could only be made clear to others by his drawing the one as well as indicating the other. Through all his lectures on the *History of the Jewish Church*, and on the *Eastern Church*, as well as in this final volume, his mind vividly seizes the accidents and accessories as well as the inner life of the personalities and institutions of which he treats. He realises with both imaginative and critical insight the picture of the past in all its surroundings; and this picture, seen in its fulness, is a semblance as much as a reality. It is the picture of things that decay, and with every new age are 'ready to vanish away,' as well as of 'things that remain.' Just because it is a complete and true picture, it is this. The negative qualities of Stanley's genius, therefore, if we choose to call them such, were essentially bound up with its positive qualities. This in some degree explains also his inadequate account of the *Creed of the Early Christians*, although here he, no doubt, influenced by a natural feeling—apt to sway the modern school—of emphasizing what has been forgotten, and touching with undue colour meanings which the older orthodoxy had overlaid and covered out of sight. Stanley's peculiar mission, as we shall see, was to reiterate the moral side of Christian doctrine; to show how essential this side always is; and, in doing this, he has not always done justice to its more distinctively revealed, or, as some have said, its divine side.

But before turning to this aspect of his work, it is necessary to speak of his general contributions to the study of Christian history. He was eminently an historian—a *raconteur*. In other words, he could tell a story, whether in writing or by word of mouth, with a vivacity, picturesqueness, force and humour—humour never obtrusive, but far more often present in his writings than it is given some to perceive—which has been seldom surpassed. He is always interesting—the first condition of story-telling. He attracts an audience; he makes the reader hang over his pages, as he could make hearers hang upon his conversation. There are dull creatures, especially, I fear, among theologians, who think, and sometimes say, that a man cannot be so interesting and at the same time accurate and full of knowledge. No doubt liveliness paints with a striking rather than a cautious brush; and errors of detail can be pointed out in Stanley's historical lectures. He could not range over so wide a field as he did without coming across sections which he understood less thoroughly and had

examined less carefully than others. But what historical student does not commit errors? and what a delight it is to other historical students to point them out! All blunder more or less; but how few excel, as Stanley does, in bringing the past to life again, in setting Hebrew Patriarch and Jewish Prophet, the leaders of ancient Councils or of semi-barbarous Churches, before the mind's eye! How few can trace, as he does, the connecting threads of the most diverse spiritual and ecclesiastical developments, till we see the same original life clothing itself with manifold and even opposite expression! Who can unravel, as he does, the traditional folds which have gathered around sacrament and ritual—Pope and Covenanter alike—till we stand beside their cradle and look upon the human yet divine simplicities out of which they have sprung? Who has thrown, as he has done, the mantle of love over the feuds of rhetoric and dogma, and made them ashamed of their strife and bitterness? These are gifts of genius for which we never can be too thankful, although, alas! some are not thankful to the genial giver. They would dwell in darkness because they love it, and the light is troublesome to their purblind eyes. But, of all powers, none is so precious, and none so rare, as the *power of giving light*—of making rough places plain and crooked things straight—which Dean Stanley possessed in such abundant measure. In recent times we have had many great Church historians. Not to speak of the divine sympathy and penetration and ideality of a Neander, or the comprehensive and frequently profound thoughtfulness of a Bunsen, there was one in his own Church who in some respects was a theological father to Stanley—Dean Milman—whose large genius he never ceased to admire and revere. Milman's truly splendid gifts as the historian of Latin Christianity have never perhaps had sufficient justice done to them. And one reason of this is that, with all the splendour of his historical conceptions, in which he quite rivals his favourite master, Gibbon, he has not the gift of simplicity. There is a frequent complexity and consequent obscurity in his very splendour. No historic pen can be more brilliant—with heavy masses of colour such as impress us in the civic pictures of Rembrandt at Amsterdam—but his brilliancy, while it moves and excites every reader that can rise to the greatness of his theme, does not in many cases 'lighten' his readers. It lacks simplicity and purity of touch. Stanley has both in an unusual measure. The colour of his style is seldom splendid, but it is always pure and luminous, with most exquisite beauties of delicacy and picturesqueness. How many have owed to his *Lectures on the Jewish Church* their first real glimpses into the old life depicted in Scripture, their first realisation that the characters and scenes of Scripture were living realities—nay, that the truths of Scripture were vital and human, as well as celestial—truths which no doubt had come down from Heaven, but which had also grown

out of the warm heart of man, and been moulded by ancient circumstances, many of which have passed away.

This was Stanley's pre-eminent mission as an ecclesiastical lecturer and theologian—to re-humanise sacred truth; to show on what a deep and radical basis of morality it all rested; and how inextricably its human and divine, its moral and theological elements are mingled. This was his distinction; and near to this, as I have already indicated, lay his weakness, although this weakness, in my opinion, has been often mistaken and exaggerated. Stanley was an ecclesiastic; he was also, in a very unusual degree, if not to a large technical extent, a theologian. Only those who knew him well could know how thoroughly absorbed he was in his great profession, and how the thought of it, and what it might yet do for mankind, directed all the activities of his life. But he was first of all a man with the most varied human sympathies and tastes, with a genuine devotion to literature, with a lively interest in politics, and the most sensitive appreciation of the drifts of literary and political opinion. And so his profession never appeared to him something apart from ordinary life. He was particularly fond, as everyone knows, of identifying our higher literature, having any spiritual import, with theology, as when he spoke of Robert Burns and Walter Scott as theologians. We may agree with him in this or not; but, at least, this shows in a marked manner how human was his conception of all higher truth, and how constant was his tendency to draw down theology, as Socrates is said to have done philosophy, from heaven to earth. There is a sense, of course, in which it is easy to misrepresent such a tendency, and many have emphasised what they consider the danger of this feature of Stanley's teaching. It is said that he lost or obscured the Divine side in the human; that the hidden mystery of spiritual truth which the Church has embodied in her great Creeds, and which it is her special function to inculcate, was too little recognised and appreciated by him. He made distinctive Church teaching, and what our Divinity schools specially mean by theology, of too little account. We are not prepared to say that there is not some force in this criticism. But this is only to admit that you can have no good without some natural tendency to excess. There has been nothing more urgently required in our time than the re-humanising of theological and of all biblical teaching. Sacred thought had passed into a region of conventionality and abstraction which left it almost powerless as an instrument of moral education. It had become Commonplace in the pulpit; Dryasdust in the schools; a Fetish to conjure with rather than a light to guide among higher and lower sects alike. It has a constant tendency, through the presumptions of sacerdotalism on the one hand, and the illusions of popular superstition on the other, to assume this species of apotheosis, and pass into a mere empty glory around the head of the Church, instead of a living fire in its heart. There is no subject

perhaps of which even educated men and women are so ignorant, and yet no subject which they love more to handle, and as to which they are apt to feel sure that they are right and all others wrong—a confidence born, like so many other confidences, from the depths of ignorance. All this has a tendency to convert theology, as it long did, and still to some extent does philosophy, into a mere nomenclature. Now, to a mind so simple, direct and vital as Stanley's, this was intolerable; and all his teaching was designed more or less to counteract this result. Theological doctrines which did not seem to him to touch the conscience or affect the conduct, which lost themselves in abstractions which had no moral—rather seemed to him to have an immoral—meaning; were apt to be regarded by him more or less as nonsense, or as playthings of the schools—mere matter of argument or definition which, after all, never defined or settled anything. As this abstract tendency had so long prevailed in theology, and accomplished so little either for the peace or usefulness of the Church, so he was disposed, perhaps too summarily, to think that there was no good in it, and to pass to the opposite extreme of minimising the Divine deposit of truth, and rejecting from it all that could not be brought into direct contact with the human consciousness.

We have seen the same reaction take place in our day in a special department of Christian study which engaged his warm interest, and to which he would probably have made some special contribution if his life had been prolonged. I mean the study of the life of our Lord. It is deeply significant to every thoughtful mind how this study has been transformed in our own generation, or at least during the last forty years—what new light has been thrown in consequence upon this life—how far more living and true the Divine portrait of the gospels has become to all spiritual sense. And yet there are few spiritual thinkers also who do not feel that this good has not been got without some harm; that, in humanising and clothing with life the Divine form, some of its deeper Divine lineaments are apt to disappear, in the 'Lives of Jesus' with which our time has teemed, and not least in some of those written from the most orthodox point of view.

We do not venture to say, therefore, that Dean Stanley, in bringing down theological truth from the more abstract celestial region where it had so long dwelt, has not sometimes failed to appreciate its deeper meaning. He has been so intent upon showing its moral interest, and the points where it touches the great common necessities of the spiritual life, that he has sometimes forgotten the fulness of its Divine import. In his effort to reach simplicity, he has not only brushed aside scholasticism, but he has failed at times to connote the essential complexities that lie in those 'deep things of God,' which no man knoweth—which the impulses of natural piety do not reach. That this region of pure Divine thought, of theology in the strict

etymological sense of the word, has been exaggerated, I am disposed with him to believe; and, further, to think that there is a great lesson of Christian Agnosticism to be learned in this direction by all our Churches. But this lesson, I conceive, is not a lesson of negation, but of intellectual humility, or of pause before awful mysteries which we can never measure. The mysteries are all the same there; and we desire to look into them, and are right in doing so, if only we look with reverence in our hearts, rather than with definition upon our lips. We cannot get quit of them by any attempt to reduce them to mere types of human feeling or aspiration. Such an attempt must prove at once inadequate and misleading; and profounder spirits know that the depths of the Divine nature, and even of the Divine love, are not sounded by any mere analysis of moral motive.

The most conspicuous illustration of what we mean is to be found in Dean Stanley's essay in his last volume—already referred to—on 'The Creed of the Early Christians.' Nowhere, perhaps, has he indicated more distinctly his own theological standpoint than in this essay; and no part of the volume is more likely to provoke criticism —provocative in this way as most of it is. There is much that is true and much that is beautiful in the line of thought which pervades the essay; and the natural, historical, and moral meanings which he has given to the doctrine of the Trinity—the threefold Name of Father, Son, and Spirit—which is the highest sum of the Christian faith. But I cannot think that his exposition is adequate, either historically or theologically. It is a triumph of simplicity; but the triumph is purchased at too great a cost. There is more in the Divine doctrine of the Trinity than he makes clear. Indeed his clearness here is only got by limit and concentration of vision which shut out true tracks of spiritual thought; and nowhere perhaps does his characteristic indisposition and incapacity for speculation or pure philosophical thinking appear more prominently. If any readers who are at the same time theological students will turn from Stanley's brief pages to Neander's exposition in the fourth volume of the ordinary translation of his History of the Church, or still more to Dorner's volumes on the Doctrine of the Person of Christ, they will understand at once what I mean. Both of these profound theologians, one of whom is still happily spared to us, have, in virtue of their spiritual insight and speculative subtlety, thrown a flood of light around this great doctrine, and shown from what important and seminal distinctions of thought it was elaborated by the early Church. Like every other doctrine, it can only be understood in connection with all the spiritual and speculative development of the time which produced it. The theologian must go to the roots of ontological thinking as ramified in the conflicting systems of the early centuries. Least of all subjects does it admit of a merely popular or moral analysis. We cannot think, therefore, that Dean Stanley's

exposition of the Creed of the early Christians is successful from a theological point of view, although a great deal of it is both true and significant. It was not on such subjects, but on points of faith and doctrine touching more nearly our common spiritual experience, that his delicate penetration and simple directness of mind appeared to advantage. Yet, even here he did good in recalling the Christian mind from abstractions, and showing what a wealth of moral meaning lies in the Trinitarian conception of the Godhead. He has not expounded all the fulness of this conception as it was born in the mind of the early Church. But he has thrown interesting lights upon it, and made it more living and intelligible. Here, as elsewhere, he has given human interest, if not adequate interpretation, to a dogma more removed than any other from mere human apprehension.

But if it was Stanley's mission to humanise or moralise Christian theology, it was still more his mission to simplify and universalise the idea of the Church. It was more his mission to do this, because he was more an ecclesiastic and ecclesiastical writer than he was a theologian. He was more fascinated by institutions than he was by dogmas or even ideas. His mind was highly political and administrative, far more so than it was scientific in any form; and the bulk of his last volume is devoted to an analysis of the various institutions and usages of the Christian Church from a purely human and historical point of view. It cannot be said that there is anything absolutely new in this volume; the results of its researches have been long known and acknowledged by all historical students; but never before were these results and the processes by which they are reached presented in so interesting and readable a form. The book is as interesting as a novel, we were about to say; but, in truth, it is far more interesting than most novels, and it is gratifying to know what a widespread attention it is attracting, and how very beneficial its influence is likely to prove. This is especially gratifying, because nothing is so difficult as to convey to what may be called the denominational mind the results of pure research in the domain of Christian criticism and history. Do what scholars may, ecclesiastical and theological questions are still held by large numbers in all our Churches to be questions of authority rather than of inquiry and criticism—to be determined by dogmatic assertion rather than by evidence and sound reasoning, like all other questions. The statement of the priest or minister is supposed to set aside the researches of the student, and so ignorance is born of ignorance, and the voice of truth is put out of court altogether. How interminable, for example, remain our controversies as to the nature and efficacy of the Sacraments, the validity of ordination and absolution, the true position and order of the clergy! The layers of ignorant prejudice surrounding all these subjects seem impregnable, and the grossest fallacies regarding them recur over and over again in social conversation and newspaper correspondence.

And yet it may be said that recent critical and historical research has determined for all impartial minds, who can weigh evidence, one and all of those questions—and determined them, as it may be supposed, in the interest of no single Church. The Sacraments as originally instituted and administered, absolution and ordination as originally practised, the clergy as they gradually developed in their several orders, were all different from anything now seen in any Church in Christendom. They are altered simply because they have obeyed the laws of change and modification which all other human institutions undergo, and it is no more possible that the usages of any modern Church should resemble those of the early Church than it is possible that a Christian on the banks of the Thames or the Tweed should resemble in his outward dress and the form of his outward life a Christian on the banks of the Jordan or the Tiber. The law of historical development is as sure as, and in my opinion far more distinctly proved as yet than, any law of cosmical development, and the recognition of this law by all modern students of theology and Church history is as surely changing the face of Christian thought and opinion in the higher sphere of historical research as the great generalisation of Mr. Darwin is changing the face of natural science. That all sacerdotalism, in its exclusive and offensive sense—whether it be Anglican or Puritan—the former of which had its origin in the fourth century, the other in the seventeenth—is destined to disappear before this new spirit of inquiry is merely a question of time—it may be a long time.[2] I cannot doubt, however, that truth will triumph here as elsewhere, hard as it is to kill prejudices which not only minister to human passion and vanity, but no doubt also embody ideal, however illusory, aims. And in the meantime a volume like this of Dean Stanley on 'Christian Institutions' helps the progress of right thought in an indefinite degree.

It is remarkable and highly significant that it is to the Church of England more than to any other Church that we owe within our own day the historical explosion of those sacerdotal fallacies which still to a large but hardly an enlightened section of that Church constitute the foundation upon which it rests. Dean Milman, the greatest historical genius which it has produced, may be said to have led the way which has been followed by his friend Dean Stanley, by the Bishop of Durham, and now by Mr. Hatch, whose remarkable *Bampton Lectures*, only published this year, have

[2] Dean Stanley himself shared the belief that enlightened views will yet universally prevail on the subject of the Church and the clergy. 'As alchemy has disappeared to give place to chemistry, as astrology has given way to astronomy, as monastic celibacy has given way to domestic purity, as bull fights and bear baits have given way to innocent and elevating amusements, as scholastic casuistry has bowed before the philosophy of Bacon and Pascal, so will the belief in the magical offices of a sacerdotal caste vanish before the growth of manly Christian independence and generous Christian sympathy.'—*Christian Institutions*, p. 147.

given the final and conclusive blow to the ecclesiastical dogmatism about the clergy which has so long infested all our Churches, and operated as a barrier not only to their union, but to their kindly and intelligent co-operation. If any have difficulties on the subject of the 'Organisation of the Early Christian Churches' after reading Dean Stanley's volume, I commend to them Mr. Hatch's *Lectures*, which has applied with a success which leaves nothing to be desired both 'historical science' and 'the historical temper' to its elucidation. I would especially commend the study of this volume in certain quarters for which I have a great respect; for I know how much kindly sympathy and enthusiasm lie there behind long-cherished but really untrustworthy convictions on this subject.

While all these names deserve honour in this line of modern inquiry, none is more honourable than, and none has been so influential as, Dean Stanley. The charm of his facile and graceful pen has told in this direction more than in any other. He has taken us to the fountain-head of 'Christian Institutions,' and shown us how naturally they have sprung out of the human circumstances attending their beginning; how the Sacraments of Baptism and the Lord's Supper have developed from simple usages which were in existence long before the Christian Church; how purely moral was their intent; how confession and absolution in their primitive form were personal and congregational without intervention of priest or presbyter; how for 'the first twelve centuries' no words were used in the ordination of any Christian minister giving him anything of the nature of sacerdotal authority. 'It was not till the thirteenth century—the age when the materialistic theory of the Sacraments and the extravagant pretensions of pontifical and sacerdotal power were at their height—that such words were first introduced into the Ordinals of the Latin Church:'[3] while 'in the whole Eastern Church they are never used at all for this purpose.'[4] In reference to the clergy and the general constitution of the Church, he has shown over again by demonstrable evidence, now accepted by all historical scholars, that bishop and presbyter were identical in the early Church, that 'in no instance were the Apostles called bishops in any other sense than they were equally called presbyters and deacons,' and that, 'in no instance before the beginning of the third century was the title or function of the Jewish priesthood applied to Christian pastors.' 'It is as sure,' he adds, 'that nothing like modern Episcopacy existed before the close of the first century as it is that nothing like modern Presbyterianism existed after the beginning of the second; no existing Church can find any pattern or platform of its government in those early times.' 'The deacons were the most original of the clerical orders,' being invented for the special emergency of the Church in Jerusalem—the presbyters were the 'sheiks,' the elders—those who by seniority

[3] Page 141. [4] *Ibid.*

had reached the first rank in the Jewish synagogue, or who composed the committee or council of a Gentile congregation.[5] The bishops were the same, viewed under another aspect, the 'inspectors,' 'auditors,' or 'administrators,'[6] of the primitive congregation.

The various orders of the Christian ministry point to their essentially lay origin, and their affinity with the great secular world, of which the elements had been pronounced from the beginning of Christianity to be neither 'common nor unclean.' In other words, defining the definite and sure result of historical science on this subject, the various grades of the Christian clergy have sprung up in Christian society in the same way, and by the same Divine, because the same natural, necessity —as the various grades of government, law, or science—a necessity only more urgent, more universal, and therefore more Divine, in so far as the religious and intellectual wants of mankind are of a more general, of a more simple, and therefore of a more Divine kind than their social and physical wants.[7]

But I must draw this address to a close. It has been a congenial task to me, as I hope it may not prove uninstructive to you, to direct your thoughts to the significant aspects of Dean Stanley's work as a spiritual teacher and theologian. It will prove, I believe, enduring work; and we have here a special interest in it. It delighted him in his moments of cheerful enthusiasm to speak of 'my own St. Andrews.' I recall with a strange tenderness the first visit which he made to its historic scenes, afterwards picturesquely described by him, and to St. Mary's College—now twenty-six years ago—and all my friendship with him since, not forgotten in the last touching moments of his life. I should be happy if I could inspire any of you by his beautiful spirit and by his luminous and large catholicity both of mind and temper. I would fain have spoken more of him as a man, but I cannot trust myself to do this. I would fain also have spoken of him more at length as a writer. With him has doubtless disappeared one of the greatest masters of modern English—one who not only never failed to clothe his thoughts in the most lucid, simple, and graceful expression, but the touches of whose pen gave forth at every point sparkles of living and delicate beauty that bewitch the taste while they touch the heart. Who that heard them can forget his descriptions of our ancient city 'with the skeleton of its antique magnificence lifting up its gaunt arms to the sky, and the two voices sounding through it, "One of the sea—one of the cathedral," each a mighty voice;'[8] or, again, the tender beauty and pathos of his sketch of the young Archbishop Stewart, who fell on the field of Flodden? 'Of all the flowers of the forest that were there "wede away," surely none was more lovely, more precious than this young Marcellus of the Scottish Church. If he fell under the memorable charge of my namesake on that fatal day, may he accept thus late the lament which a kinsman of his foe would fain pour over his untimely bier.'[9]

[5] See Hatch's Lectures. [6] *Ibid.* [7] Page 197.
[8] Stanley's *Addresses*, p. 16. [9] *Ibid.* p. 46.

But I have naturally, in this place, turned aside from the more pleasant task of estimating his literary gifts to try and make clear the lessons of his theological and ecclesiastical career. Those lessons may be summed up in his wish and tendency to substitute knowledge and historic fact for mere tradition or illusion in all departments of Christian inquiry. The scenes and characters of Bible history, the great institutions and great figures of the Christian Church, the Catholic verities for which this Church has witnessed, he lived and worked to set forth in the fresh and living aspect in which he himself saw them. He believed that genuine Christian progress and the prospect of a Catholic union of Churches could only come from the enlightenment of historical Science, and of a broad and simple Christianity. Such a prospect seems sometimes very hopeless, and not least in the mouths of some who talk most of it. He had no faith in any projects of denominationalism for union or for anything else. The curse of a narrow dogmatism, more or less, lies upon them all. Union can only come, as he felt, from the freedom of Science and the recognition of historic and spiritual facts. A great Theology can only be born again in the same atmosphere of freedom and of fact. I would ask you, then, in his spirit to give heed to no lower or sectarian voices, powerful as they may seem to you for a time. It is the nature of such voices to make a noise, as when 'some shouted one thing, some another, among the crowd.'[10] It is yours to learn better, and to think more nobly. And from none can you receive higher lessons, or better helps to true and noble thought, than from Dean Stanley. When other voices, some of them, it may be, more powerful, have died away, I am sure that the spirit which speaks through all his writings will survive imperishably; and when other names have gone to that obscurity which is, happily, the doom of all narrowness, his name will be remembered, consecrated alike by a divine simplicity of faith and a divine beauty of charity.

[10] Acts xxi. 34.

JOHN TULLOCH.

GOSSIP OF AN OLD BOOKWORM.

Soon after that widely-known and as widely-loved Christian gentleman, Arthur Penrhyn Stanley, became Dean of Westminster, I had the good fortune to meet him at the house of a mutual friend. I was, as I have said elsewhere, Westminster born, though unfortunately not Westminster bred; and the Dean, who had the gift of drawing out people to talk about what they really knew, led me to talk about old Westminster, the venerable Abbey, and especially the Wax-Work, which he had never seen until kind Lady Augusta suggested to him to ask me to 'show him and her the Wax-Work.' The Dean took up the idea very warmly; and a few days afterwards I spent with them a most delightful morning in Islip's Chapel, where the various wax-work effigies, formerly scattered over different parts of the Abbey, are now collected. As when compiling his admirable History of the dear old Abbey, I repeated my information to him, and as it is printed in that History, I need not further refer to it. I may here say, however, that having had the good fortune to pick up a second copy of a curious little work entitled *A View of the Wax-Work Figures in Henry VIII.'s Chapel, Westminster Abbey*, &c. &c., published in 1793 and illuminated with 'several curious copper-plates drawn on the spot,' I had the pleasure of placing that duplicate in the Dean's hands.

Some years afterwards—it was shortly after the death of Lady Augusta—I had the good fortune to pick up two curious old ballads connected with the Abbey, and the additional good luck to get duplicates of them; so that I was enabled to give copies of them to the Dean, who, I need scarcely say, was very pleased to have them. One was an abridgment—perhaps I should rather say a modernised version—of the well-known *Description of the Tombs in Westminster Abbey*, printed both in Dryden's *Miscellany* (vol. iii. p. 293) and in Nichols's *Collection of Poems* (vol. iv. p. 167). One is entitled 'The Tombs in Westminster Abbey. As sung by Brother Popplewell in the manner of Chanting in a Cathedral.' The other is entitled 'A Supplement to the Tombs of Westminster Abbey, or a List of the Tombs of the noble, worthy, and great, which 'tis supposed may be seen in the year eighteen hundred and eighty-eight!' And I presume it is a *Catnachian* continuation of the older ballad, inasmuch as,

though it professes to refer to those only who were buried there up to 1788, the last stanza but one runs—

> Here lies John Wilkes, a man of wit by many hinted,
> Who at each Minister's wicked ways full quaintly often squinted;
> A Patriot and an Alderman, and once he was Lord Mayor—
> No more he squints, or jokes, or puns, but quietly lies here.

And John Wilkes did not die until 1797.

But Dean Stanley was by no means the only Dean of Westminster it was my good fortune to know. I cannot at this moment recall what led to my first interview with Dr. Turton; but, whatever it may have been, it procured me the acquaintance of one of the most humble-minded and kindly-hearted men I ever knew; who on my leaving him, invited me to repeat my visit, and before I left explained to me that his habits were very plain, that he always dined at two o'clock, took tea at six, and invited me to take tea at that time a few evenings later. That was the first of many pleasant and instructive evenings that I spent in the Deanery during the three years which elapsed until Dr. Turton was elevated to the Bishopric of Ely.

One of these pleasant evenings, I remember the good Dean telling me in his quiet but impressive manner that one of the things which made his appointment especially acceptable to him was that it brought him in connection with one of the old Toot-Hills (Tothill Fields being the property of the dean and chapter); and how pleasantly and learnedly he talked upon the subject of these Toot-Hills; and on another visit the satisfaction with which he told me that one of his friends, who had lately visited Rome and been introduced to the Pope, had found his Holiness reading Dr. Turton's *Reply to Wiseman on the Doctrine of the Eucharist.* 'Fancy,' said the old gentleman with a pleasant chuckle, 'fancy Old Infallibility reading my book!'

One of this kindly old scholar's hobbies was collecting portraits, and he had several very interesting ones; but I regret to add that I have heard a great authority declare that the good Dean was often victimised by unscrupulous manufacturers of pseudo-portraits.

I have heard an accomplished medical friend relate how going one day to visit an artist patient, and seeing on his easel an old portrait, and asking his patient who it was, he received for reply that 'he did not know.' The doctor followed up his inquiry (for he knew his man): 'But who, then, is it going to be?' receiving for answer the candid avowal, 'I have not quite made up my mind whether it shall be Sir Francis Drake or Sir Walter Raleigh.'

One evening as I was leaving the Deanery, my kindly host called my attention to the series of portraits of his predecessors which adorn the Deanery, seasoning his discourse with many pleasing anecdotes regarding them. The last of the series was Dr. Ireland, of whom he

had little to say; but the striking resemblance of the portrait to Pam—I speak not of Lord Palmerston, but of Pam at loo—called to my mind the well-known story of Lord Thurlow calling at Nando's coffee-house, and directing the waiter to tell Mr. Dunning to come to him as he wanted to speak to him. 'I don't know the gentleman,' said the waiter. 'Then go in, sir,' thundered out the impetuous Chancellor, 'and bring me out the knave of clubs.'

One of the most interesting portraits in Dean Turton's collection was, I believe, the earliest known of Johnson. It represents Johnson as a decidedly young man, resting his chin on his hands, which are clasped over a book lettered *Irene*. The Dean had it engraved, and was so good as to give me a proof impression; but, being a proof, I am unable to say by whom it was painted, or by whom engraved. Its acquisition was the means of my obtaining another interesting portrait of the great lexicographer, which now hangs as a companion to the good Dean's gift.

In the course of a pleasant gossip one evening at the House of Lords with Mr. Bellenden Kerr, for whose acquaintance I was indebted to the unvarying kindness of my venerable friend Lord Lyndhurst, our conversation turned upon Dr. Johnson, and in the course of it something led to my mentioning to him the portrait of which I have been speaking. Bellenden Kerr then spoke of the 'Reynolds' portrait of him at Bowood, which he said Lord Lansdowne had had engraved, and of which he was sure Lord Lansdowne would gladly give me a copy, if I asked him. I explained that I did not feel that I knew enough of the owner to justify me in doing so; and there the matter dropped—at least as far as I was concerned.

But many days had not elapsed when, thanks to Mr. Bellenden Kerr's kind interference in my behalf, I had the gratification of receiving from the accomplished owner of Bowood a copy of Sir Joshua's interesting, though imaginary, portrait of the great lexicographer when a child.

I have been disappointed in my hopes of finding in Leslie and Tom Taylor's *Life of Sir Joshua* any notice of this interesting picture, or any reference to what I have read or heard was its origin—namely that at a party at which Sir Joshua was present some gentleman expressed a wish to know what Johnson could have been as a child. To which Sir Joshua at once replied, 'Oh! I know exactly, and I'll paint his portrait,' the result being the picture now at Bowood. Neither does Murray's *Wiltshire Guide* throw any light; while Waagen, in his *Art Treasures of Great Britain* (iii. 108), describes it simply as 'a child seated in a contemplative position. The very natural conception is combined with a refined and true colouring, though not of so brilliant a character as is usual with him' (Sir J. Reynolds). I lay no claim to the character of a critic on Art, so I may be pardoned if I characterise the infant Johnson as

'Puck in the Sulks.' What a crowd of pleasant memories does that name of Puck conjure up!

Somewhere, I should say, between 1819 and 1824, for I cannot fix the date [1] (the *Life of Sir Joshua* does not refer to it), there was at the British Institution an exhibition of the works of Sir Joshua Reynolds. It was, if not the first exhibition which I ever saw, the first of which I have any remembrance; the picture of Puck was there, and left an impression on me that has never faded. There were several pictures of similar character—Cupid as a link boy, Mercury as a pickpocket, and others; but Puck impressed me in a way which no other picture that I can call to mind ever produced; and I have been told that when the picture was being removed from the gallery, there was a cry of 'hats off!' which was immediately responded to.

Some years later I was going through Elliot's Pimlico Brewery, when the friend who was with me, a native and long resident in Westminster, pointed out the porter at the Pimlico entrance, and told me that he it was who when a boy had sat to Sir Joshua Reynolds for his celebrated picture of Puck.

In the *Life of Sir Joshua* (ii. 504) it is said that—

> a boy of four or five, who sat to him for Robin Goodfellow, was the son of Mr. Cribb his (Sir Joshua's) frame-maker for many years. One of Sir Joshua's palettes, and his portrait in crayons, both presents to his worthy frame-maker, are still the most valued decorations of Mr. Cribb's drawing-room; and their possessor still repeats what he has heard from his father, how Sir Joshua. calling at the shop one day on business, was struck by the baby's arch, roguish physiognomy, and begged it might be brought to Leicester Fields to help him in his Puck.

Probably Sir Joshua had many different boy models, and as the Puck is the best known of his 'boy pictures,' his different models all claim to have been the model of that charming specimen of Sir Joshua's pencil.

At the sale of Boydell's pictures, the Puck, which had been painted for his great Shakspeare gallery, Sam Rogers bought for 205 guineas; and at his sale Earl Fitzwilliam secured it for 980 guineas. Shortly after this purchase the noble Earl came into my room at the House of Lords, and I could not resist complimenting him on his acquisition, and telling him that the man who had sat to Sir Joshua had been seen by me. 'I am told,' said Lord Fitzwilliam, 'he is still living, and was in the room when it was sold. If so, I believe he and I are the only two persons now alive who were painted by Reynolds.'

But the 'merry wanderer of the night' has led me a long dance from Westminster and its Deanery, and nearly led me to forget one curious incident connected with Westminster Abbey, which I heard one night from the late Mr. Frank Buckland at a pleasant evening party at my friend George Scharf's in Torrington Square as

[1] Since the above was written I have ascertained that it was in 1823.—W. J. T.

having happened shortly before. He had gone into the nave of the Abbey one morning before breakfast, when a grave was being opened; it was close to Ben Jonson's, who, it is said, was buried upright. The workmen had gone to breakfast, and there was a skull laid on one side which he had no doubt was Ben Jonson's. He went in to his breakfast determined to return and see it carefully replaced; but alas! when he got back, to his great annoyance, he found what he believed to be the skull of 'Rare Ben Jonson' had been shivered to atoms by the spade of the gravedigger.

I have just seen in to-day's (the 6th of August) *Notes and Queries* a very sensible proposal for the establishment of a Frisic Guild or Club, in which my learned and kind friend and neighbour, Dr. Hyde Clarke, after speaking of me as an old votary of Frisic, gives me more credit than I am entitled to for having a large gathering of Frisic books.

I have some few Frisic books, for I have taken great interest in Frisic ever since I first heard the evidence of the connection between Frisic and English which is furnished by the old proverb—

> Good bread, good butter, and good cheese
> Is good English, and good Frieze.

This interest was very considerably heightened some forty years since, when having gone down to Addlestone to confer with that ripe and liberal-minded scholar John Mitchel Kemble on the project of a society for the publication of the literary remains of our Anglo-Saxon forefathers, he observed during our pleasant ramble, in reply to some remark on the relation of Frisic to English, 'But we are more Frisians than Anglo-Saxons.' Can it then be wondered at if, although the looked-for leisure to increase my knowledge of Frisic has never arrived, my longing to do so has never ceased? and I have never seen a Frisic book on a bookstall without securing it. I have two books which I have had for many years and prize greatly. They were picked up at different times, though they once were doubtless ranged side by side in Southey's library.

The first is a treatise headed on the first page 'Friesche Spelling,' and this occupies fifty-four pages and ends with the signature, 'J. H. Halbertsma,' and the date October 1833. The remaining twenty pages are filled with specimens of various dialects compared with the language of Giisbert Japicx.

The second is a 12mo volume of nearly five hundred pages, and bears an inscription in Halbertsma's hand-writing, 'Roberto Southeio poetæ laureato, historiographo summo,' &c., and I have no doubt was bound by Southey himself. It contains several distinct works, of which I transcribe the titles for the benefit of those who take an interest in Frisic. 1. *De Seerwinkel* fen toute Baes, no title page. 2.

De Lapekoer fen Gabe Scroar, likewise wanting title. 3. *De Treemter* fen Dr. E. Halbertsma *mei kantteikeningen* fen J. H. Halbertsma. *Dimter*, Jan de Lange 1336. From an advertisement on the last leaf I see the *Seerwinkel* was published in 1835, and the *De Lapekoer* in the preceding year.

But enough of this Frisic digression, which has taken me away from the London bookstalls.

He who desires to form a collection of valuable and interesting books must act on the principle enjoined in our old English proverb:—

He who will not when he may,
When he will he shall have nay.

But wiser men than myself are sometimes above this—a curious instance of which has just come to my recollection.

Many years ago I received one of the curious catalogues periodically issued by Crozier, then of Little Turnstile, Holborn. From pressure of business or some other cause, I did not look through it until it had been in my possession for two or three days, and then I saw in it an edition of *Mist's Letters* in three volumes! In two volumes the book is common enough, but I had never heard of a third volume; neither does Bohn, in his edition of Lowndes, mention its existence. Of course on this discovery I lost no time in making my way to Little Turnstile; and on asking for the *Mist* in three volumes, found, as I had feared, that it was sold. 'Who was the lucky purchaser?' I asked anxiously; adding, 'Aut Dilke aut Diabolus!' 'It was not Diabolus,' was Crozier's reply; and I was reconciled when I found the book had fallen into such good hands; and not a little surprised when Crozier went on to say, 'But he was not the first to apply for it. Mr. Forster sent for it; but would not keep it because it was not a sufficiently nice copy.' Had I been John Forster, I should have kept Crozier's indifferent copy until I had secured a better one, which I doubt if he ever did; but I have not been able to get to South Kensington to ascertain it.

But the bibliography of *Mist's and Fog's Letters* has yet to be written; and on this the reader will agree with me when he hears that not very long after this failure to secure a copy in three volumes I purchased from Simpson, of King William Street, a charming copy of *Mist* in *four* volumes, in contemporary binding, in beautiful condition, each volume containing the handsome book-plate of 'Sir John Lister Kaye, of Grange, near Wakefield in y^r county of York, Bart.' I had the pleasure of lending these volumes to Mr. William Lee when he was preparing his valuable and interesting *Life and recently discovered Writings of Daniel Defoe.*

The first and second volumes of this extended edition bear the date of MDCCXXII, and correspond exactly with the original two-

volume edition issued in that year, with the exception that in the second volume the table of contents, instead of immediately following the dedication and preface, is bound in at the end. The third and fourth volumes are dated 'London: Printed for T. Warner in Paternoster Row, MDCCXXVII,' and are dedicated to 'Francis Newman, of North Cadbury in the county of Summerset, Esquire.' The third volume contains sixty-three letters, and the fourth fifty-six.

I had a suspicion that the third and fourth volumes of *Mist* might prove to be identical with the two volumes of *Letters from Fog's Journal*, with a different title-page, but such did not prove to be the case. The two volumes of *Fog*, which bear date 1732, are described on the title-page as 'London: Printed and sold by the booksellers of London and Westminster.' The first opens with a dedication 'To the greatest blunderer in Christendom,' which is followed by the preface, the first letter being dated September 28, 1728, and the last April 18, 1730; the first letter in the second volume being dated May 16, 1730, and the last December 25, 1731. Each volume has a quasi-satirical print as frontispiece.

It is my firm belief that, in literature as in everything else,

> There's a divinity that shapes our ends,
> Rough-hew them how we may!

and a small book in which, I believe, I established the truth as to the real history of one of the greatest impostors of my time, Mrs. Wilmot Serres (the *soi-disant* Princess of Cumberland), is a proof of this.

In the year 1858 Lord Brougham insisted upon my paying him a visit at Brougham Hall, and a most pleasant and interesting ten days I spent there, thanks, not only to the marked kindness of my noble host himself, but to the welcome which I received at the hands of all under the roof-tree of Brougham Hall. Not only did I frequently join Lord Brougham in gossiping strolls up and down the beautiful lawn in front of the house, but I was often invited to continue them in his private study, a small room overlooking the road up to the Hall, the principal decoration of which consisted in a number of framed small engraved portraits of the noble Lord's personal friends and men of eminence in science and literature; and these gossips were, I understood, a mark of favour not extended to all visitors. I should premise that many years before, when looking into the question *who was Junius*, I had been greatly disgusted with Mrs. Serres' absurd and impudent attempt to prove that Dr. Wilmot was Junius. My noble host one morning gave me a pamphlet which he had just received by post and just read, saying, 'Read that, and tell me what you think of it.' It was Mrs. Ryves' *Appeal for Royalty*, written for the *Morning Post* by Mr. Macdonald, an *attaché*

of that paper and a friend of Mrs. Ryves. When I returned it to him next morning and told him it was a repetition of her mother's book on 'Junius,' full of absurd misstatements based upon the reputed evidence of dead witnesses, he told me to keep the book, and startled me by saying, 'The Duke of Kent used to allow her 400*l.* a year!' On my expressing my doubts as to the Duke's ability to do so he replied, sharply, 'Robert Owen told me so;' the fact being, as it turned out afterwards, that Owen of Lanark had advanced her 400*l.* per annum, for three years, at the intervention of the Duke of Kent, and which 1,200*l.* Her Majesty very liberally repaid.

My interest in Mrs. Serres' impudent fictions increased the more thoroughly I investigated them, especially when, as the result of some indications which I followed up, I came to the conclusion that although possibly not the originator of the scandal of George the Third having, previously to his marriage to Queen Charlotte, been married to the fair Quaker Hannah Lightfoot, she had been the chief propagator, so that when the celebrated case of Mrs. Ryves (Mrs. Serres' daughter) came on for trial eight years after my visit to Brougham, I watched its proceedings with the utmost interest and curiosity; and although it was reported very fully day by day in the *Times* and all the principal journals, and is recorded as fully in the *Annual Register* for 1857, I have always regretted that, in the interest of historical truth, no complete and official report of it was ever given to the press.

Some short time after the conclusion of the Ryves Trial, the very extensive and curious collection of autographs formed by the late Mr. Robert Cole, F.S.A., came on for sale by public auction at Messrs. Puttick and Simpson's. Among them were a large collection of the papers on which Mrs. Serres founded her absurd claims, which had been parted with some time before for a consideration. But as autographs are, as a rule, luxuries beyond the purse of a man of moderate income, after examining them and seeing how curious they were, I called the attention of a kind and wealthy friend of mine, and who was always ready to enrich his valuable library with varieties, to the lots in question, and he promised to send a commission for them. On the morning of the sale I called in Leicester Square, and, finding that my friend had forgotten to do so, I authorised the purchase of them for myself if the biddings did not exceed the sum which I felt I should be justified in giving for them.

I had the good fortune to secure them; and well pleased I was to have them, not only for the light they threw upon Mrs. Serres and her absurd claims and pretensions; but also upon the two volumes of that disgraceful book, first published in one volume under the title of *Authentic Records of the Court of England for the last Seventy Years* 8vo, 1832, for which Phillips the publisher was tried and convicted and fled the country, but which was afterwards enlarged to two volumes

under the title of *Secret History of the Court of England, &c. By the Right Honourable Lady Anne Hamilton, &c.* This book professes to be *Published by William Henry Stevenson, 13 Wellington Street, Strand,* 1832, but I believe was suppressed for some years, and then used to be sold privately by a woman who called at night with copies for sale. I know at least of one copy so purchased by a noble Lord who himself told me the circumstance.

The reviewer in the *Quarterly* pooh-poohed the notion of Lady A. Hamilton having anything to do with the book. If he had read it carefully he would have come to a different conclusion, and have shared my regret that her sincere attachment to the unhappy Queen Caroline should have led her to associate with the nest of disreputables concerned in the production of such a tissue of lies.

One of these associates of poor misguided Lady Anne was an individual who had doubtless been introduced to that lady by Mrs. Serres—who he was the reader shall presently read in his own words. It will be remembered by some readers who bear in memory the strange vagaries of the *soi-disant* Princess, that in August 1821 she was desirous of being confirmed as a preliminary to being a communicant, and applied to the Bishop of London, who gave her a very politic and polite negative answer.

Failing in obtaining additional notoriety by a public confirmation, she sought it by being publicly baptised at Islington Church, when, as I believe, she was accompanied by a person who played an important part in the subsequent history both of Lady A. Hamilton and Mrs. Serres, who was a native of Orkney and well known for some time as a lawyer's clerk in Edinburgh, by the name of Strange Petrie, but who came to London as a genealogist and pedigree compiler, and then took the name of Fitzstrathearn. But the following account of himself as told in a letter to the Rev. W. Groves, then curate of St. Margaret's, Westminster, will, I think, amuse and interest and disgust my readers. The Rev. W. Groves was a strong adherent of Mrs. Serres, who showed her gratitude by creating him Prince of Monaco. It is addressed to him 'King's North, near Ashford, Kent,' and is dated from 20 Ludgate Hill, Saturday, the 8th of June, 1822.

My good Revd. Sir,—The Princess had the pleasure of receiving your classical epistle addressed to me, which produced those emotions of the mind and heart that are felt by a friend. I am the same young gentleman you saw in Alfred Place in the autumn of 1821. For *delicate* reasons the Princess then stated me as Mr. Fitzclarence (as I wished myself to be lost among the crowd of those children of the Duke's, without any inquiry that might produce pain). But Providence, whose Divine interference is always exerted for the good of mankind, by so harmless a plan of secrecy, permitted me not to be doomed to that half branch of Royalty, whose poor unfortunate mother, Mrs. Jordan, was suffered to expire in misery and want in a foreign land, summer, 1818. *My* mother was a different character altogether—an amiable, sensible lady—though she would say that two Royal brothers smelled at the *same nosegay*, which gave offence to my dear father,

who and my mother were thus imposed upon in a moment of darkness, and wherefore my name was called William Henry instead of Edward. This, however, made no difference in affection towards me. I was up to 1820 amply provided for, enjoying civil situations while serving six years in a distinguished *home regiment*, and I have a claim of 5,000*l*. on Castlehill estate by bond, my father having fully acknowledged me both verbally and in writing when he married the Duchess, and the Princess holds many feeling letters from him, wherein I am affectionately mentioned. But, my dear Sir, though this and much more is the case, which you may one day know of, I have no pretensions beyond my own personal merits. I trust only in my God, the Author of my humble existence, who raiseth up and putteth down the children of men to answer Divine and human purposes hid from short-sighted mortals. His Majesty has been kind to me, and I was a favourite of the Ministers, and joined the much injured, though illustrious and magnanimous, Princess of Cumberland on account of my poor dear father. I have battled her cause both at the Treasury and War Office (where I have access to the highest personages) without fear, as I know she is *right*, and I have challenged and defied them *legally* to come forward and do her justice, at which they tremble. You would have seen from the *Times* of Thursday last, what the Almighty and Justice has done for your Royal friend. The will is proved. It came on in Court, and the Judge and Law Officers of the Crown do not know what to do. A noble Lord told me, smiling, yesterday that the Court party could not decide even if a Solomon came down from the clouds to assist.

I have confined myself to save postage. The Princess sends her best regards to her favourite Mr. Groves, and trusts that when Dr. Tucker and some other clever official persons wait upon Mr. Groves (as intended), he will be extremely cautious as to inquiries put, and to decline answering till the Princess has the pleasure of seeing him, which will be soon, being in daily expectation of a settlement with the Royal Family from the steps taken by law. I shall soon send you a paper with a report of Court proceedings. The Princess is receiving subscriptions for the within prospectus. I have the honour to be, with best wishes,

Your very sincere friend and obedient servant,

WILLIAM H. A. FITZSTRATHEARN.

The reader will agree with me that in Fitzstrathearn the Princess had a worthy ally.

Entering the Athenæum one afternoon in the spring of 1840, I found my old friends Mr. Amyot, the Treasurer, and Sir Henry Ellis, the Secretary of the Society of Antiquaries, in quiet confab before the hall-fire.

On seeing me Mr. Amyot said, 'Oh, here is Thoms, perhaps he can give us a hint or suggest something,' and I was immediately informed of the subject they were considering. Sir Henry had received notice that the Prince Consort had notified his intention of attending a meeting of the Society for the purpose of being admitted a Fellow; and although Sir Henry had some very curious antiquities to exhibit, he had not a paper of sufficient interest to read before his Royal Highness.

Could I suggest a fitting subject for such a paper?

No, my antiquarian knowledge was below par, and I had no suggestion to offer.

But in the course of conversation stress was laid upon the desirability of finding a literary or historical topic which should have both a German and English interest in it. Upon this hint I spake; and knowing that both my learned friends were great Shakspearian scholars, I asked whether they did not think that the visit of an English company of players to Germany about the year 1600 might furnish materials for such a paper as they wanted. To my great surprise neither of them knew anything about this. Neither perhaps should I have done so, but from the fact that at about the time of Miss Ellen Tree's professional visit to Germany I had found some allusions to the performances of a company of English actors in that country, in Horn's *Poesie und Beredsamkeit der Deutschen*, and had, anticipating Captain Cuttle's sensible advice, 'made a note of it.'

To my great surprise neither Amyot nor Sir Henry knew anything about this matter; but after questioning as to what I recollected about it, they would not let me go till they had extorted from me a promise that I would look over my notes, and if I found in them materials for a short paper, that I would write one and put Sir Henry out of his difficulty. Those who knew the worthy head of the British Museum, and that his business habits were as great as the variety and extent of his general knowledge, will recognise him in two very characteristic remarks which this conversation called forth. In the course of it I had mentioned the play of *Titus Andronicus*. 'Bother that,' he said, 'how am I to pronounce it, Andronĭcus, or Andronīcus?' and as I was leaving he enjoined me, 'Keep your paper very short, not to take more than seven minutes in the reading.'

On my return home and looking over my notes, I found in them what I believed to be materials for a paper which I believe would do me no discredit. So I set to and worked them up in the form of a letter to our excellent Treasurer, who, as well as Sir Henry, was pleased with it.

On the appointed evening (21st of May, 1840) I went to Somerset House anxious to witness how Sir Henry would serve up the dainty dish which had been prepared to set before the Prince. But I was doomed to disappointment.

Prince Albert, one of whose characteristics was punctuality, had been accidentally detained at Buckingham Palace, and instead of arriving at the Society of Antiquaries at eight o'clock, as had been arranged, did not enter the meeting until half-past eight, at which time it had been arranged he should proceed to the Royal Society to pass through the same ceremony of being admitted a Fellow.

The consequence was, that after his formal admission as a Fellow by Lord Aberdeen, and making a rapid inspection of the antiquities prepared for exhibition, and having had presented to him the officers, Council, and some few of the more eminent Fellows, his Royal Highness proceeded upstairs to the Royal Society, and my poor paper,

which had caused so much anxiety to the authorities and to myself, was left unread.

I recollect one pleasant incident which took place that evening. My friend Amyot introduced me to Theodore Hook, then a newly-elected Fellow. After a little pleasant talk we parted, and I secured a back seat which, being elevated, gave me a good view of the whole room, which was, of course, very crowded. Presently Hook returned to me and asked if I could see Planche anywhere in the room. At that time it was not my good fortune to have made the acquaintance of that pleasant and accomplished gentleman, and I told Hook so; adding, with a view to looking out for him, the inquiry, 'What sort of man is he?'

'Short,' replied Hook, 'and bald. He used to cut his hair; but now his hair has cut him.'

This is the first bit of humour I ever heard fresh from the lips of Theodore Hook; but not the last by many.

On the following Thursday my paper on 'Shakespeare in Germany' was read. Hook was again present; and at its conclusion came and expressed himself much interested in and pleased with it; and begged me not to let it be buried in the *Archæologia*, but to let him print it in the *New Monthly Magazine*, which would bring it before many readers who would appreciate it. I readily availed myself of his offer; and it accordingly appeared there, having undergone such necessary modifications as to suit it for the more popular class of readers than those to whom it was originally addressed.

On my way to Somerset House on Thursday evenings I often strolled into the courts abutting on Drury Lane Theatre where old bookstalls abounded. On one of these explorations I picked up a curious little Jest Book, the title of which I do not recollect, nor the precise date, but it was soon after the accession of the House of Hanover, as proved by one of the jests in it, which told how a bumptious, ignorant justice of the peace scolded his clerk for dating an official document *Anno* Domini, 'You ought to be ashamed of yourself! Don't you know Queen Anne is dead? write *Georgio Domini*.'

Having, when I arrived at Somerset House, shown my prize to Theodore Hook, he was so much amused with it, that I offered to lend it to him as soon as I had myself read it, an offer which he very readily accepted; and I took an early opportunity of forwarding it to him, suggesting that, if he saw in it materials for a paper in the *New Monthly*, he was heartily welcome to use it for that purpose. I eventually gave it to him, and when his books were sold after his death, a year or two later, seeing it in the catalogue I sent up a commission to repurchase it; but a jest book which had belonged to Theodore Hook fetched twice the sum which I had authorised my agent to go to, although I had made up my mind to give half a guinea for what I had originally picked up for two shillings or half-a-crown.

The following letter from this clever and kindhearted man, of which I will give a curious instance presently, may interest the reader.

Fulham, Thursday.

Dear Sir,—A few days since I gave our excellent friend, Mr. Amyot, a proof of your letter to him on Shakespeare, which stands for insertion in January N. and M. Magazine. Had I not been prevented by indisposition which keeps me at home, I should have been at Somerset House this evening, and anticipated the pleasure of getting the revised proof from yourself. Not being able to go there, will you let me beg you to return it to me addressed hither, where I stay as much as I can in the wintry weather, when to me London is so killing. The sooner it comes the better for business.

Thanks for the sight of your 'jester;' some of the items are capital, but I feel in these days we must sift and dilute to such an extent as to render the dish at last insipid. I remember when I was a boy hearing old Mr. Sheridan, who had come to the Theatre to see Congreve's *Love for Love*, complain of the 'modifications' in the dialogue; to whom Mr. Wroughton, who was then manager, replied that 'it was absolutely necessary to qualify the licentiousness of the language, and suit the delicate taste of the play-going public.' 'If that's the case,' said Mr. Sheridan, 'don't act the plays at all. Congreve's plays are like horses, eradicate their vice, and you destroy their vigour.'

So I suspect in the instance of your 'jester,' which I will take care and return safe to you the first opportunity.

With many thanks for your communication, believe me, dear Sir,

Yours faithfully,

THEODORE E. HOOK.

It was, if I remember rightly, on the following St. George's Day, the anniversary of the Society of Antiquaries, that I had the good fortune to find myself seated at the annual dinner at Freemasons' Tavern, *vis-à-vis* to Theodore Hook, and several congenial spirits. It was a delightful evening, although at this distance I only remember a few of the incidents. One was that Lord Aberdeen, in proposing the memory of Shakespeare, or some similar toasts, referred to the controversy then raging warmly as to the correct spelling of the poet's name, which brought up a long dry speech from John Britton, who, from his once connection with the Stratford Bust, never allowed a reference to Shakespeare without volunteering an address upon it. As soon as he sate down, there was a call for Theodore Hook, which was so strongly persisted in that at last he rose. His rising hushed the busy hum, which was changed into a roar when he briefly recorded his views in these few laconic words: 'My Lords and Gentlemen,—I am a true Britton!'

In the course of the evening the President gave the University of Oxford, with which many of the Fellows connected the name of Dr. Bliss (the learned Librarian of the Bodleian and editor of Anthony Wood's *Athene Aconisum*), who was present, but old Sir Robert Inglis, who, being member for the University, never failed to assert his connection with it, made the necessary response.

When the President, having gone through the arranged lines of toasts, vacated the chair and retired accompanied by many of the graver antiquaries, the worthy Treasurer, Amyot, took his place, and the cross table was filled by congenial spirits; he very soon proposed the Bodleian Library, coupling with it the name of Dr. Philip Bliss. Theodore Hook drank the toast in an amended and very effective form, 'THE MANSION OF BLISS.'

The mention of the name of my kind and learned friend reminds me that one of my small indirect services to literature was my having influenced the Principal of St. Mary's Hall in 1856 to bring to completion the edition of the *Reliquiæ Hearnianæ* which he had committed to the press some forty years before, but what, after nearly 600 pages had been completed, he had been compelled by pressure of official duties to discontinue. Among several letters from Dr. Bliss which I have bound up in the copy of his edition of Hearne's Diary which he kindly gave me, I find one dated the 10th of July, 1856, in which he says:—

> I printed 544 pages of the work which is now in the warehouse; 50 large paper, 150 small; whether I shall ever live, or if I do live, have courage to finish it remains to be seen.

In a subsequent letter, dated the 3rd of January, 1857, Dr. Bliss writes to me:—

> You may consider yourself responsible to the public for the appearance of the book, as it was owing to your letter I summoned courage to complete it; but for that the whole impression up to page 576 would have rotted in the warehouse, or tied up in bundles.

And in another dated the 12th of January, 1857:—

> You induced me to perfect the book; for it seemed to me unjust to deprive you of the benefit of the remarks, and keep those I had copied in my own useful hands; and my good friend at Bodley seemed to consider these my property, and throw cold water on any interference.

The *Reliquiæ Hearnianæ* had only been issued to the public for a few months when its kind and accomplished editor—namely, on the 18th of November, 1857—died, to the deep regret of all who had the pride and pleasure to number Philip Bliss among their personal friends.

Twelve years later Mr. Russell Smith issued a new edition of this charming book in his *Library of Old Authors*, with some additions to Hearne's own remains and the late Beriah Botfield's *Bibliotheca Hearneana*.

> Time once complained to Thomas Hearne,
> Whatever I forget you learn;
> Now Time's complaint is changed, 'tis this,
> What Hearne forgot is learned by Bliss.

A few words more—and those of thanks to old friends and correspondents, who have kindly urged me to continue my 'Gossip;' and, in return, let me beg their help to procure me, if not the possession, at least the perusal, of a worthless little book which I have been looking for in vain for some years. It is entitled the *Book, or Procrastinate Memoirs. An historical romance*, 12mo, 1812. It was written by Mrs. Serres; but I do not know whether her name appears on the title. I have many editions of the *Book* relating to the Princess of Wales, but none bearing date of 1812. I believe the work just named is the only one called the *Book* dated in 1812.

WILLIAM J. THOMS.

THE POSITION OF THE WHIGS.

The present moment is one in which politicians of all shades may fitly take stock of their position and make the most of the breathing time which is allowed them in the interval of comparative repose which must elapse before the beginning of the next session. The Whigs, however, must find their task the hardest one. The Conservatives have a definite object before them; elated by recent victories, and well aware of the difficulties under which the Government is labouring, they are prepared to aggravate any existing discontent, and take advantage of every division in the ranks of their opponents. Sir Stafford Northcote has profited by Admiral Duncombe's exhortation, and is determined that his party shall not complain of his want of 'go,' while the local organisations which, previous to last year's election, had been neglected, are now making great efforts to retrieve their former position. The Radicals, on the other hand, are equally alert, know equally well what they want, are skilfully led and organised, and gain every year fresh means and facilities of concentrating their power in any one given direction.

The Whigs occupy the place of the blank leaf between the Old and New Testaments, to use Sheridan's simile, and would find it very hard to formulate their wishes or give honest expression to their opinions. They are continually being told by the *Quarterly Review* and other organs of the Tories that their position is a false one, that they have all to lose and nothing to gain by their association with the Radicals, and that it is their duty to secede at once and save the Constitution from the attacks impending upon it. Their blindness is inveighed against, and they are asked whether for the sake of a little office it is worth while to lose the *causas vivendi.* The Tory monitor knows, however, well that he has raised the cry so often, that his warnings are apt to be regarded as a false alarm, and that the Whig, secure in the recollection of previous difficulties surmounted, will reject his advances and rest easy in the pleasant conviction that as things have been so will they be, and that no ordering of the universe is probable which does not make a satisfactory provision for the comfort of Whigs. If promises to re-constitute everything on a new basis have been extracted from him during a general election, the occasion was one of great excitement, and many winged words were

sent at random which were never meant to find any mark at all. If, however, something must really be done—if the wishes of the constituency are too plainly expressed to be wholly disregarded, and an earnest minister is determined to make use of his majority—another House has been interposed for the salvation of the State, and the peers, who have no burdens to bear, no meetings to address, no questions to answer and no bills to pay, must at least not flinch from the odium which is hurled upon them for a few weeks by the Radical press. If the *Intransigeant* says that they are all drunk at nine o'clock in the evening, they can find comfort in the thought that they can refuse a subscription without alienating a religious connection or a trading interest. The use of the House of Lords in some eyes is to enable Whig members of Parliament to vote with the Radicals, and to support large measures of reform, with the comfortable assurance that their labours will be useless, and that what has been spun on Monday will be unpicked on Tuesday. These assumptions, however, are dangerous, and the Whig must be prepared to be told that his position is a false one. Circumstances in the past have favoured him.

When the Reform Bill introduced in 1860 broke down, Lord John Russell frankly admitted, that though four different Bills had been introduced at various times by different Governments, the country at large cared nothing about them, and that the question of reform would therefore have to be postponed until public opinion was roused in its favour. In 1866 the Whigs destroyed a moderate Reform Bill, and paved the way for the introduction and success of a far more sweeping measure, which was distasteful to none more than to themselves. From this date new forces made themselves felt in politics, and Lord Strangford's description no longer applied. 'I saw early the imposture of the great game between Whig and Tory; the solemn farce wherein they fence with buttons on their foils, and, seeming adversaries, play the cards into each other's hands.' After the election of 1868 the farce ended, and the increased strength of the Radicals in Parliament made inaction and compromise impossible. The general election in 1868 turned upon purely Irish questions, and the Whigs found themselves obliged to support the leader of the Liberal party in his Irish legislation. They supported the disestablishment of the Irish Church, announcing at the same time their hostility to the application of any measure of a similar kind to England; and when they came forward as candidates they pledged themselves to no details in dealing with the question of the land. The Act of 1870 was accepted grudgingly and of necessity, and was understood to be the last concession that it would be needful to make to the Irish, and the last that sane men would recommend. At the close of the Parliament in 1874, the Whig felt that he had been hurried, so to speak, off his legs by legislation, and that a number of

measures sufficient to last Lord Melbourne or Lord Palmerston for thirty years had been crowded into five sessions, and that at a similar rate of progression there would be nothing left to disestablish or disendow after another appeal to the country. The result was that he entered upon his candidature of 1874 in a spirit of apathy and of alienation from the Radical, the effects of which were quickly seen in the Conservative victory which followed.

If the moderate Liberal was angry at the want of support he failed to receive from the Radical, the Radical was equally inclined to show his distrust of his weak-kneed colleague. It is only a few years ago that Mr. Chamberlain alluded to Lord Hartington as the late leader of the Liberal party, and compared him at a meeting in the country to Tweedledum ; while the more advanced section of the Liberal press denounced the moderate Liberals in unsparing language. Had the election of 1880 turned upon home questions exclusively, it may be questioned whether the result would have been what it was. Unfortunately for the Conservatives, Whigs and Radicals agreed together in their opposition to the foreign policy of the Government. If Lord Beaconsfield was distrusted, Lord Salisbury was still more so, and the philippics of Mr. Gladstone welded together the heterogeneous constituents which make up the sum of the Liberal party. The Whig entered Parliament last year in the belief that his political acts would be confined to supporting the Ministry in a non-intervention policy, and in the introduction of a county franchise Bill, which should come after six years of Liberal government and pave the way for a successful appeal on his part to his constituents. The illusion has been roughly dispelled. Charles Greville expressed surprise at the views of the Whigs in 1834, and was astonished that, after swallowing the camel of the Reform Bill, they should strain at the gnats which were perched upon the camel's back. Since 1832 they have not been given any camel to swallow until the present year, when they have had a dromedary and a camel to interfere with their digestion. The Government was expected to adopt a policy of peace, and its action in Afghanistan received the support of the whole party. Its action, however, in the Transvaal has been profoundly distasteful to the Whigs, and no attempt has been made by them to controvert the position laid down by Lord Cairns. Nevertheless no secession has taken place on this account, and it is evident that to bring about such a result their own interests must be attacked. With the exception of the Duke of Argyll and the peers who left the Government last year, they have acquiesced in the enactment of a measure which entirely changes the relations between tenants and landlords in Ireland, and which in all probability is the herald of a long agrarian agitation in this country. Had such a measure been presented to Parliament towards the end of its existence, there would have been little chance of its success; but the momentum acquired at the general election had

not spent itself, and in spite of Adullamite murmurings and votes which called forth swift reprobation from the headquarters at Birmingham, the Whigs showed their dislike to the Bill in words chiefly and are still dutiful followers of Mr. Gladstone. Their action this year therefore bears out the views of those who hold that pressure is all that is required to hurry the moderate Liberal along, and that the improved means of communication that exist between a member and his constituents increase every day the facilities of 'turning' the pressure upon him. On a suggestion from London that a member has doubts on any question, the Liberal committee for the borough holds its meeting, passes resolutions to the effect that it has viewed with surprise such and such a vote, trusts that it may not be repeated, and, winding up with expressions of confidence in the Government, forwards copies of the resolutions to its member, the Prime Minister, and the Ambassadors accredited from foreign courts. The member acknowledges the first few resolutions with civility, curses the resources of the postal system, and ends by becoming the delegate of his committee, or by quarrelling with them. The modern constituency is a curious product of the century, and combines within itself almost all the faults of ancient and modern times. The candidate formerly bought his votes, and remained free and independent himself; now he buys his votes, but he is the slave of a committee, who soar into the region of abstract politics, and choose to forget that the election has cost 4,000*l.*, and that the returned expenses were only 2,500*l.* The recollection of this fact is constantly present with the member, and stimulates his independence, as there is probably no rival who is prepared to spend the same sum when an opportunity occurs. If a Bill should ever be passed which completely checks all expenditure, and enables a candidate to be returned in a borough for 150*l.*, and in a division of a county for 400*l.* or 500*l.*, the number of Whigs in Parliament would be diminished. Their money rather than their opinions recommend them to some of their constituencies, and, in the absence of special qualifications, they might be replaced by politicians of a broader type. But the chances of successfully putting an end to electoral expenditure are far too remote to justify speculation on this head. It may be predicated as a rule of the Whig that he is not a poor man, and that his social position is an ascertained one. He is sufficiently independent to be able to disregard the opinions of the majority by whom he is surrounded. The bias of county life is strongly towards Conservatism. The employer of labour credits the Liberal party with the increased difficulties he meets with in dealing with his men; the clergyman knows that his citadel is already marked out for attack, at least in the north, where Dissent is the mainspring of Liberalism; the publican fears further restrictions, and possibly no compensation for disturbance; while the landowner marks the sallies of Mr. Bright,

and wonders when the day may come when he will have to run for his life or defend his house, taught at the same time by Mr. Gladstone that he is giving the Government no moral support, and is sulkily indifferent to the preservation of order. His neighbour's house is on fire, and he fancies it would be as well to look to his own security, and put any stray matches out of the way. The younger men are Conservatives, and for one accession to the Liberal ranks in the course of ten years, there are five accessions to the Conservative party. The covert side is Tory, and its influence is strongly felt among the small squires of the county.

The proportion of Liberals to Conservatives among men who own less than 3,000*l.* a year is very small. Social influences are all Conservative, and the small landowner would find it hard to resist the stream. He spends most of his time probably at his house in the country, broken by a visit to London in the summer and to the seaside in the autumn. He knows no Radicals, so they are not likely to convert him. The Whigs do not care to proselytise, nor have they much influence. 'A wise Tory and a wise Whig will agree,' said Dr. Johnson in 1784, and they disagree on very few subjects just now. The result of a proposal to erect a statue in honour of Mr. Gladstone at Brooks's would be much the same as at the Carlton. The Whig complains: 'When Mr. Gladstone declared in 1875 his intention of spending the closing years of his life in peace, I believed him. I added to my Irish estates, I rebuilt all my English farm buildings, I accepted the presidency of the Junior Reform Club in my county town; and now Achilles has left his tents—a new Achilles, not even vulnerable in his heel; and whatever political creed Her Majesty's Government may represent, that creed is not mine.' A sense of helplessness has no doubt added to the discontent of the modern Whig. He is the representative of a past condition of politics and society. As Mr. Roebuck notes in his history of the Whig Ministry, the great Whig families, from the beginning of the century up to 1830, were not anxious for reform, and never adopted it as a cry, except when driven by party necessities to employ what always appeared to them a most dangerous weapon of defence. The Reform Bill has always been regarded as a species of finality: *animas in vulnere ponunt.* The Whigs will never originate a bold measure of reform in the future; what their action is likely to be we will consider presently. They no longer make any exertions in society; even if there is a great Whig house in the county—and in many there is not, as for instance in Shropshire, or the East Riding of Yorkshire—it exercises little or no political influence. Of late years there has been a growing tendency on the part of the upper classes to avoid trouble, and to shirk the responsibility and duties of their position. Other causes have no doubt combined to bring this about: hospitality, owing to the loss of income, to the habit of selfish luxury,

to the disinclination for simple pleasures, and to the ease with which another climate may be enjoyed in the space of a few days, is not what it used to be. When an entertainment is given it has the character of a show or an advertisement, and excites more criticism than gratitude. The number, however, of landowners who can afford more than the necessaries of life is becoming very small. If the Whigs have little influence in the country, they have as little in London; nor indeed could their influence there be considered of any importance, when the political nullity of London society is considered. It is difficult for any one who reads the memoirs and the papers of a few years back to understand the change. The state of political feeling in the country at large would be as well ascertained in Nova Zembla as at the club. The opening of an official house does not help to keep the party together, nor is modern society interested by politics. Any large house attracts guests. If Kensington House had been opened by its late owner, neither Dorchester nor Devonshire House would have been more crowded. To eat well and drink well is all that is needful, and champagne and ortolans would give Colonel Charteris the reputation which he said would be worth 100,000*l.* to him. The London press shares the fate of London society. The *Times* is less powerful than the *Birmingham Post*, the *Manchester Examiner*, or the *Leeds Mercury*. London has always been the headquarters of the Whigs, and their influence must diminish with the decay of the political power of the capital. They have no recognised spokesman, and their efforts tend at one time to paralyse the action of their more advanced colleagues, or at another to spur them into the adoption of some course which, like that of the application of coercive measures to Ireland, was repugnant to them. No policy has shown the weakness of the Whigs more than the one pursued by the Government in dealing with the Irish question. A Whig Government, or one constructed on the old Whig lines, would not have dallied with insurrection until the Constitution was in danger. The same difficulty has been found to exist as in former days, when a minister was asked, 'Why don't you take the bull by the horns?' and the answer was, 'Just because the bull has horns.' The Whigs have made no secret of the opinions they hold upon the Irish question, and Mr. Foljambe, at a meeting held last month, expressed his hope that the throwing of stones would be met with the firing of bullets. We believe that the Radical leaders have over-estimated the humanitarianism of their followers, and that many of them would agree with Mr. Hogg's view, who, when he was pestered on his visit to Ireland to give his opinion of Irish grievances, answered, 'What I have read has entirely confirmed the only opinion I have ever formed of the whole matter—that the Devil may mend it if he will; for full sure nobody else can.' Had the Whigs been stronger a different course would have been pursued, with the result

that they would have earlier earned the epithets which are now applied by the Irish to Mr. Gladstone. Government, however, by Liberals is a government of compromises and mutual concessions, and if the Whigs have felt that they have not been fully represented this year in the Cabinet, they turn with comfort to the fact that, next to Mr. Gladstone, Lord Hartington is the recognised leader of the party, and that the annual income of the head of the Cavendishes is entered at 181,000*l.* a year, produced by 198,000 acres, out of which 60,000 acres are in Ireland producing a rental of 35,000*l.* The kingdom of heaven approximates to Radicalism in this that it is supposed unlikely for men of large possessions to enter into either the one or the other. But Lord Hartington has taken care not to ally himself with any section of the party: he has shown an admirable command of temper, though whether this is due to natural lethargy or to a fixed policy cannot be conjectured. His attitude is not a declared one, and what will be the characteristics of his leadership it would be vain to surmise. The Whigs hope all things from it, the Conservatives would acquiesce in it in the event of their own accession to office being unattainable, but neither the one nor the other could base their hopes on any solid ground.

The murmurs of the Whigs are less loudly raised than might be expected, owing to a natural dislike to confess that all their struggles and expenditure of last year have resulted in a, to them, unsatisfactory condition of the body politic. If they are arraigned for drinking confusion to Mr. Gladstone, there is a prudent Lord Dorset at their side to make excuses for them—to suggest that they were interrupted in the middle of their toast like the members of Lincoln's Inn in their denunciation of Laud, and that they were really drinking confusion to Mr. Gladstone's enemies. 'Between ourselves, sir,' said Johnson to Boswell, 'I do not like to give opposition the satisfaction of knowing how much I disapprove of the ministry.' This motive has its weight in these days also, and there is a marked distinction between grumbling at the actions of your own party and endeavouring to place their opponents in power. 'Angry friendship' rather than 'calm enmity' characterises the relations of the Whigs and Radicals. The old traditions of the Whig family make it hard for its members to secede. The recollection of old contests and heavy mortgages would in some counties alone serve to perpetuate the animosities of Whig and Tory. No Yorkshireman or Northumbrian could conceive of the possibility of the names of Fitzwilliam and Grey becoming Conservative watchwords. On many a hillside in Yorkshire the name of Fitzwilliam is synonymous with popular movement, and our electoral conditions will have to be largely altered before its influence can be disregarded. The House of Lords, too, acts as a safety-valve for the discontent of the Whigs. If in the Lower House the constituencies prevent more than a limited amount of insubordination on the part of

their representatives, in the Upper House their influence is absent, and the Whig peers display a complete contempt for the party to which they nominally belong, and at whose hands in some instances they have just received creation. While the Liberal strength is supposed to consist of some 212 votes, the minority that supported the Government on the Irish Compensation Bill last year, composed to a great extent of placemen, amounted to only 51. In the Lower House some 50 Liberals abstained from voting, while 20 supported the Opposition. A further creation of peers by the Liberals only serves to increase the ranks of the Conservatives.

The dislike with which the legislation of this year has been regarded by the Whigs may perhaps be softened by the consideration on their part, that had their wishes been consulted and their advice followed, the labours of the Government would have been greatly lessened. If the concessions made in the Transvaal turn out to have been useless, and the question has to be again opened, it is the extreme left of the Liberals who will feel the futility of their peaceful principles. The Whigs have never held that force is no remedy: on the contrary, they have believed in the words of the Greek poet, 'It is not the part of a wise physician to sing dirges in the presence of a wound that needs the knife.' Abracadabra, written in various permutations, is a faint auxiliary of the law. It has been the custom on the eve of battle for the captains of rival forces to give eloquent addresses to their men; but they have not been contented to rely solely upon the resources of the English language in their endeavour to gain the victory. For months past the Whigs have held that force is the only remedy for crime, and that the most beneficial effects would at once result from its application; that abstract views on the rights of man break down in the midst of an organised conspiracy, and sentimental professions are powerless before the declaration that Ireland 'shall reign and laws be all repealed.' In Mr. Disraeli's *Popanilla* Skindeep spends his life in maintaining that the accounts of the disturbances in Blunderland have been grossly exaggerated until he loses his nose in a fray, and adopts other opinions. The attitude of the Government has been to wait until some Cabinet minister's nose has been lost before venturing to resort to the exercise of the powers which were placed in its hands by the constituencies at the last election. Although there are disadvantages in the system of government by local committees scattered broadcast in borough and county, yet, whenever leaders are at a loss for a policy, and are endeavouring to hunt with the hounds and run with the hare, there are also undoubted gains. The only fear is that on some occasion the common sense of the people may assert itself too late to be of use, owing to the want of the information which the Government has not allowed to be made public. In a more pronounced form of democracy the executive perhaps will be lodged in the hands of pro-

vincial committees in order that public opinion may be the more swiftly gauged and all responsibility on the part of individuals be avoided. The constant and growing tendency to appeal to the people for confirmation of their policy by the leaders of parties must weaken responsibility.[1] General elections are taking place as it were every recess, and three Cabinet ministers are heard appealing for support on the same evening in October. What is the opinion of the large towns on the Decalogue? If Sir William Harcourt took orders, would it be judicious on the part of the Government to make him Archbishop of Canterbury? The large towns would naturally be flattered at being consulted on these intricate questions, and would gladly hold a public meeting to discuss the disestablishment of the Decalogue, and the advantages accruing to the Church from the presence of the Home Secretary. Local parliaments in imitation of the House of Commons have been set on foot in several large towns, and it is unnecessary to say that their proceedings are characterised by far more order and decency than their prototype can boast of. This absorption of power by the great centres of activity and industry naturally detracts from the influence enjoyed by the Whigs. They dislike the new method in politics, they have little in common with the professional politician, and rarely come into contact with him except at a general election. They do not understand the principles of agitation, and preach and practise the virtue of discretion. They have given very few pledges, as at the general election of last year it was sufficient to denounce the foreign policy of Lord Beaconsfield, and to say that it was the turn of the Liberals to be in power. Out of the three vital questions which are looming in the future—the extension of the franchise, the reform of the land laws, and the disestablishment of the Church—there is only one on which the Whigs have clearly pronounced themselves. The assimilation of the county to the borough franchise was put prominently forward last year as the most important article in the Liberal programme; that measure the Whigs are bound to support, and if it is not carried by the present Parliament, the failure will be due to the Upper and not to the Lower House. The differences of opinion between the moderate and the advanced Liberal on this head are but small. As yet the extension of the franchise has exercised no permanent influence on the distribution of political power: 1868 was followed by 1874, and the lower the suffrage descends, the more subject will the voters be to sudden changes of feeling, and their support, therefore, less to be depended

[1] 'It is mainly to gauge so far as I can, and take soundings of public opinion, that I have gladly accepted your invitation to be here to-day.'—Sir William Harcourt at Workington, October 31.

'The secret of governing a democracy is understood by men in power at present: never interfere to check an evil until it has attained such proportions that all the world see plainly the necessities of the case. You will then get any amount of moral or material force that you require; but if you interfere at an earlier period you will get neither thanks nor assistance.'—Lord Elgin, *Journal*, November 17, 1857.

upon. The enfranchisement of the labourer is looked upon by the Whig as the corollary of the Reform Bill, and the last stone of the building the foundation of which was laid in 1832. The question of redistribution of seats and of division of districts is one of detail, and not of principle, and is one in which each party in the State may hope to be the gainer. Should the next general election turn upon a Reform Bill, the Liberals will present a united front, and the divisions which were so apparent in 1874 will be again dormant as they were last year.

The second question out of the three we have alluded to is the reform of the land laws, and it is already quite clear that it is being approached in different ways by the sections of the Liberal party. At Liverpool a short time ago the Chairman of the National Liberal Federation, in alluding to the Irish Land Bill, remarked that 'it was not a final settlement, because no settlement could be final except one involving the single and not the dual ownership of the land; that he did not attach much importance to the troubles that were going on, and that English landlordism was reducing England to precisely the same condition as Ireland.' The duty of the Federation was to prevent wishy-washy measures being proposed. Mr. Chamberlain on the same occasion said that the land system of England stood in no less need of reform than that of Ireland. The importance of such statements as these must not be underrated. They are the direct contradiction of Mr. Gladstone's opinions as uttered at Leeds. Mr. Gladstone refused to recognise any analogy between Ireland and England. The Chairman of the Liberal Federation, which represents powerful bodies and large interests, does not condemn the agitation in Ireland, while the President of the Board of Trade makes no distinction between the conditions that exist with regard to the land in the two countries. The Chairman of the Federation objects to dual ownership, which is the state of things aimed at by the two Irish Land Bills. Single ownership exists at the present moment in England, and a strong measure of land reform would tend to make it dual. In regarding the attitude of the Whigs towards this question, it is needless to say that they would not assent to any Bill that might issue under the auspices of the Federation. Those, however, who would assent to such a Bill as is foreshadowed by Mr. Collings's and Mr. Chamberlain's observations are few in number. Mr. Gladstone would obviously give no encouragement to an agitation for either free sale or fixity of tenure in England. The present Government would not lend its sanction to any proposal that admitted the existence of grievances in England parallel with those in Ireland. There would therefore be no temptation for the Whigs to secede, and it is unlikely that they will refuse their support to the Ministry if they introduce a measure dealing with compensation for improvements, the abolition of distraint, or the laws affecting entail. The

speeches of the last few months show clearly that further than this the bulk of the Liberal party is not prepared to go, and the National Liberal Federation will have to look to another Parliament for the realisation of its views. The moderate Liberal regards the right of the landlord to choose his tenant as no less strong than that of the constituent to choose his representative, the latter of whom is liable at the end of his lease to summary ejectment, with no compensation for the thousands he has spent. Property invested in land differs in his eyes in no respect from property in mills, in savings-banks, in the varied securities of the United Kingdom. Its privileges are fast becoming extinct, and privileges, though odious, are naturally attached to investments that produce only 2 per cent. No hard bargain can be made in these days with those who desire to occupy and cultivate the land. From 25 to 60 per cent. has been in many cases deducted from the rental of farms, and where no reductions have been made, the reason is probably to be found in the fact that there are numerous applicants whenever a vacancy occurs in any holding in the neighbourhood. Ground game will soon be confined to a few specimens in a museum, and is an element no longer to be taken into consideration in the letting value of a farm. 'The best compost for the lands, are the wise master's feet and hands,' wrote an Elizabethan poet, and his advice holds good at the present day. The working farmer has suffered little in comparison with his neighbour who delegates his work to others; and he has struggled successfully against the worst and longest cycle known of disastrous seasons. The sun is likely to prove a far more powerful auxiliary to the British farmer than the Legislature. The two causes that of late have led to the prominence given to the question of the reform of the land laws are the bad seasons and the success of the agitation in Ireland.

In 1868 it seemed probable that an attack upon the English Church would not long be postponed, but owing to the two causes we have mentioned it is clear that the advanced Radicals believe that the landowner is less strong than the Church, and that a crusade is more likely to succeed in the present condition of agriculture than at a later date. It would be a mistake to suppose, because little was heard in the constituencies last year of the question of Disestablishment, that therefore it is likely to remain long dormant. In the North—where, as we have said, Dissent and the Church are strongly hostile to one another—it is sure to occupy a prominent place again; and here the Whig has given no indication that he is willing to support such a measure. On the contrary, his sympathies are with the Church, and, though all things are possible for ministers when the education of the Conservative party in 1867 is remembered, it will be a hard task to educate the Whig to disestablish and to disendow the Church of which he is probably either an attached or a nominal member.

For some years to come, however, Whig discontent need not, we

think, be looked upon as a factor of importance in politics. A few seceders there may be, but the House of Lords is more likely to contain them than the House of Commons. No measure bearing the Government stamp will excite alarm, and the discomfort of the position will be felt by the Whig alone. He lies under great disadvantages. The world is proverbially ungrateful for past favours, and he can place before his constituents no attractive programme; he can appeal neither to the passions nor to the cupidity of the people. He has placed power in their hands, and is willing to add to it, but in the application of it he protests with Mr. Burke against 'new principles of Whiggism disseminated in this country from federation societies.' The Whig has parted with the sword and retained the horn; and he cannot regard the future with confidence. Sir Stafford Northcote, in one of his Scotch speeches, assumed the character of Noah after the Deluge, crediting, we suppose, Mr. Lowther with the subordinate part of the dove returning to him with glad tidings from the outer world, and with the leaf of Protection in his mouth. Whether Sir Stafford has any claims to represent himself as Noah we do not pretend to say, but if he is Noah, he is Noah before and not after the Deluge. There are leaps in the dark before us, and a bold prophet would be needed to forecast the results of a Reform Bill, or of the retirement of the present leader of the Liberal party. Either of these events may give rise to great changes, and disappoint all calculations. It may be that under these new conditions there will be found no place for the old Whig, and that in obedience to the law of the survival of the most active he will suffer a gentle euthanasia, his extinction being effected by various causes, such as gradual absorption into the House of Lords, inability to adapt himself to the exigencies of modern political life, want of organisation and of the introduction of new blood and vigour from outside; and the time will come when the student of politics will search in vain for 'plain Whig principles' except in the pages of the *Edinburgh Review*. Years, no doubt, would be required to bring about such a result, but the end would at least be a happy one, involving no recriminations or reproaches, and accompanied by a sense of the completion of a long and honourable existence, fraught with enduring benefits to the mass of the people.

CHARLES MILNES GASKELL.

INDUSTRIAL SCHOOLS AND THE HOME OFFICE.

The public attention which has been directed to St. Paul's Industrial School, the letters of the Home Secretary and of others, and the various questions that have been raised, make the moment opportune for extracting one or two practical conclusions from the chaos of conflicting and recriminating altercation.

If I do not discuss the charges brought against the management of the school, it is not that I fail to appreciate their gravity, but rather that they are so grave, and involve imputations of such gross cruelty, that they must be thoroughly investigated by the Home Secretary if the legitimate demands of the public are to be satisfied, and that they may lead to a criminal prosecution. It is therefore my purpose here to deal only with the general questions raised by the discussion.

The St. Paul's School was established in 1873. The first report of the Home Office inspector is at page 133 of the Seventeenth Report on Reformatory and Industrial Schools. Mr. Rogers, the inspector, reports on his inspection of November 27, 1873:—

'Number of inmates on day of inspection—boys, 100. All under detention, and all sent at the instance of the School Board for London. I found every part of the house thoroughly clean and in excellent order. The school was certified on the 28th of February, 1873, and was quite full by the 31st of May. I was glad to find the school making satisfactory progress in every respect; a very fair standard of efficiency had been attained at my visit.

'*Health and general condition.*—The boys had suffered from no serious complaint; there was no case of sickness in the house.

'*Conduct and discipline.*—Under the control of a man of sound experience [Mr. Hinchcliffe] the hundred boys so rapidly gathered together had soon conformed themselves to the regulations of the place. I found them orderly and improving. They had given little trouble.

'*Educational state.*—I found the school well-organised; good order and discipline prevailing. The boys when admitted were most of

[1] Since the above was written a letter has been received from the Home Secretary stating that the matter has been referred to the Public Prosecutor.

them very ignorant, and the results were of course inferior to what may be expected hereafter. But I found a good system at work and a solid foundation being laid.

'*Industrial training.*—The boys are employed as tailors, shoemakers, and printers. Many of the boys are too young at present for much industrial employment.

'*General remarks.*—The school is well established, and bids fair to work well.

'*Staff.*—Superintendent and matron, Mr. and Mrs. Hinchcliffe, assistant schoolmaster, tailor, shoemaker, printer and assistant.

Average number maintained	77		
Total cost for 1873	£1,407	1	3
Comparative cost per head on ordinary maintenance and management . .	£18	5	6
Industrial profits	£3	6	5'

The reports from year to year contain criticisms of detail, with suggestions for improvement in certain points, but are on the whole favourable to the school. In 1878 and in 1879 the inspector's visits were without notice. In 1880 the last report continues favourable; the following are the most material remarks:—

'*State of premises.*—In fair order. There is a good playground, and the premises are fairly convenient.

'*Health and general condition.*—There had been one death from phthisis, and there was a boy seriously ill with the same disease when I visited the school. There was also a bad case of hip-disease, and a boy with scrofula was at Margate under treatment. One boy had been discharged with scrofula, and the discharge of another boy, for the same reason, was about to be applied for. Care should be taken not to admit boys whose health does not seem to promise a good result from industrial training.

'*Conduct and discipline.*—There had been three cases of absconding—one boy had not been brought back. The general conduct was reported to have been fairly good.

'*Educational state.*—The boys passed a fairly good examination. The senior class was doing fourth standard work; the boys in it read well and wrote a very fair dictation, but only half the class satisfied me in arithmetic. The second class was presented in the third standard, and passed well. The junior classes were coming on well. The reading seems well attended to.

'*Industrial training.*—I found twelve boys in the tailors' shops and twelve in the shoemakers'; sixteen were learning printing. Wood-chopping and sack-making were the other occupations.'

Such was the condition of St. Paul's Industrial School, according to official reports, at the time when the very grave charges at present under investigation were made, and, if these charges are true, it is evident that the inspection of the Home Office and the report of their inspector are very insufficient guarantees for the good conduct of a school.

It is suggested that the School Board ought to know, and can know, how voluntary industrial schools are managed; and that in the inability of the Home Office to vouch for the value of their own certificate and inspection, it is the duty of the London School Board, and of course of all other bodies or persons contributing to the support of children in voluntary industrial schools, to watch over their management and expose their defects. This is laid down by the Home Secretary in the most distinct terms as a general proposition for all children sent at the instance of the London School Board to industrial schools. He writes to Mrs. Surr on the 15th of November, 1881 :—

It is one of the first duties of the School Board to look after and protect the well-being of the children, upwards of 4,000 in number, whom they have been the means of removing from their natural guardians—children of tender years, often guilty of no crime, but little truants, whose sole offence is absence from school. . . . It is the right and the duty of the School Board to inquire carefully and constantly into the treatment of children committed at their instance to industrial schools, and, if necessary, to lodge complaints against their management.

The duty of the School Board is here laid down universally, and though the Home Secretary is wrong in his numbers, there having been 3,115 children in industrial schools during the quarter ended June 24 last, and not upwards of 4,000; still the correct number is large enough to make us pause, and ask whether any body like the School Board is competent to do the work of vigilant supervision in lieu of the Home Office, which is armed by law with the powers needful for the discharge of this, which had hitherto been thought the duty of that department.

The London School Board, according to the last return for December 1880, is paying for the maintenance of children in twenty-nine Protestant boys' schools, the numbers ranging in each from 1 to 160; the 160 boys being at Feltham, an institution which has always refused to allow the School Board to examine the children by its inspector, and which does not stand alone in doing so. These schools are situated all over England; among other places at Brighton, the Menai Straits, Hereford, Macclesfield, Stockport, York, Cardiff.

There were, by the same return, 359 Protestant girls in 13 schools up and down the country. There were 536 Roman Catholic boys in six industrial schools, and 92 Roman Catholic girls in three industrial schools.

It would be quite impossible for the London School Board to accept the responsibility of going behind the Home Secretary's certificate and report, and setting up a rival inspection of all these schools. The School Board have thought themselves entitled to ask permission to conduct a literary examination of the children for whom they pay in these schools, because it has long been felt that the instruction of children in industrial schools was not sufficiently insisted on by the

Home Office, and that literary instruction was a thing that could be tested by examination. But to judge of the discipline, competency of staff, clothing, dietary, all of which are subject to the absolute authority of the Home Office, is a task which the School Board cannot undertake, and which it is not probable the managers would permit.

The proper persons to complain if children are not well treated are the parents. No industrial school can be seriously mismanaged without some parents becoming aware of the fact, either through letters or when they visit their children. These parents can complain to the Home Office, which has ample legal power to deal with the school and promptly to remedy any grievance. Among the bodies that have power to contribute to the maintenance of children in industrial schools are Boards of Guardians, Town Councils, and the magistrates of counties. Is it to be supposed that all these bodies are willing or competent to superintend the care of the children, because they contribute to their support?

The Home Secretary states, in his letter of the 15th, that the London School Board could at any moment, by the withdrawal of their children, have closed St. Paul's School. He has either forgotten, or did not know, that every child sent to that school was there by order of a magistrate, and that the order specifies the name of the school (§§ 18, 29 & 30 Vict. cap. 118); that by § 42 of the same Act the power to order the removal of a child from one school to another rests with the Secretary of State, and that the School Board, having once contracted to pay a contribution for a child during the legal period of detention, has no power to break that contract with the school and refuse further payments. The Home Secretary, in the letter already quoted, expresses his determination to secure a body of managers for every certified industrial school, and to require their active supervision, as a condition of the school retaining its certificate. He probably has the power, since he claims it, of making, from time to time, such regulations as he thinks necessary for the management of industrial schools. But the Act under which he works clearly contemplates such a school being managed by one manager, for § 45 provides for the surrender of the certificate by an executor where there has been only one manager. These, however, are matters of detail, which more affect the reputation for accuracy of the Home Secretary than the main and important question for the public, which is, How can these schools be made most useful?

It must be remembered that an industrial school has hitherto been treated by the law as something growing out of the prison system, not out of the educational system of the country. Section 12 of the Industrial Schools Act, 1866, shows this by defining as a prison authority the body that has power to contribute to the establishment or maintenance of a certified industrial school. And children, in such a school, are sent by a magistrate. The order of detention, as

it is technically called, is in substance a warrant to imprison; and if a boy escapes, any person harbouring him, or helping him, is guilty of a criminal offence. Now this aspect of industrial schools is most mischievous. The industrial school should be considered as growing out of the ordinary school, but with somewhat stricter discipline and somewhat wider powers, in order to secure for the child that full measure of education which either his own unruly nature or the neglect or vice of his parents has hitherto denied him. If industrial schools were put under the Education Department the children would be better taught. We should not have the absurd spectacle of children of eight and nine, who are backward for their age, getting less schooling than those who have been well-behaved and are regularly attending ordinary schools. We should not have industrial schools the one exception to the law as to employment; with children under ten who have passed no standard, attending school half-time and the other half of their time employed in wood-chopping. Let us hope, then, one reform in these schools will be that no child shall be allowed to work at industrial work at the expense of his education until he has passed the fourth standard, or is twelve years old. Four years, from twelve to sixteen, should be ample to teach him the rudiments of a trade, and then we should not have the children set to a class of work which is of no benefit to themselves, and merely practised because it brings money to the institution.

Another bad effect of the Home Office management of these schools as a substitute for prisons is that the governors are in danger of assuming the attitude towards the children of gaolers to prisoners, and the ideas of discipline and authority predominate over those of teaching and kindness. I do not say that industrial schools are generally managed in this spirit; but I say that, so far as they are associated with the magistrate, the policeman, and the Home Office, there is a danger of the coercive side becoming more prominent than the educating side.

In considering industrial schools we must, however, bear in mind this, that their establishment on a large scale is full of danger, and the better and more kindly they are managed the greater the danger—the danger of relieving parents of their responsibility, and of throwing on the public the cost of rearing children whom the parents ought to maintain.

There is no doubt that it often happens that when one child has been put in an industrial school there is a tendency for a second or third child to come from the same family; and it is only by very stringently enforcing the largest contribution possible from the parent that this dangerous desire to get rid of parental duties can be checked. Here, however, the Home Office gives little help; for by the Summary Jurisdiction Act the power of levying the contributions, inadequate as they are, has been much diminished, and though the

attention of the Home Secretary has been repeatedly drawn to the working of the Act, he gives no encouragement to those who ask for its amendment.

It has been urged in a weighty article that the moral to be drawn from what is said to have happened at St. Paul's is that voluntary industrial schools should cease, and they should all be managed by public responsible bodies. There are serious considerations against this. In the first place, having regard to the very wretched condition, both physical and moral, of many of the children, perhaps the majority of those admitted to industrial schools, a most important element—indeed the most important element—in their successful management is enthusiastic devotion to the work. Something of the missionary spirit is needed, with a power of continuously carrying on the work with personal interest and contact with the children. No doubt a board can secure some of this in a good superintendent and matron, and such persons when secured are worth their weight in gold; but, besides the superintendent, the manager is also needed, and the qualities of the manager are pre-eminently the qualities found in good voluntary work. A School Board, especially the School Board for London, has an immense, not to say an overwhelming, mass of work put upon it. It is subject to the caprice of the cumulative vote at its triennial elections, and it will be very hard to secure in the long run a sufficiency of persons who have the knowledge, the sense, the sympathy, and the time needful for thoroughly supervising a large number of these schools. The London School Board has already three industrial schools of its own. If, in addition to these, it were to establish twelve or fifteen more to take the children now in voluntary schools, it is very doubtful if it would be equal to the task of their efficient management. There is, moreover, in these schools the serious religious or denominational difficulty. The Catholics will certainly claim most emphatically to retain the control over their own waifs and strays, and they would not wish to see their 628 industrial school children of London in schools under the direct control of the Board. Moreover, the Act of Parliament expressly recognises the religious rights of the parent in the selection of schools. Again, the smaller areas whose local authorities have power to subscribe to industrial schools are not large enough singly to maintain an efficient industrial school. They might club together. Such an area as the ordinary county is quite large enough, and might maintain such a school with advantage. But still the fact will remain, that the management of all these bodies will be official management, and will fall short of the personal sympathy that the best voluntary management ensures. On the other hand, voluntary effort is hardly able to cope with the cost needful for putting these schools on a sound basis. Few voluntary industrial schools are in a sound financial state. If managed without a subscription list the school is pinched. If there is a subscription list

the managers continually see with apprehension the diminution of their resources, the necessity of selling out stock or reducing the number of their inmates. The public may be sure of this, that any material improvement of our industrial schools means greater expense. Even now the Home Office, in their last report, suggest a diminution of their present contribution. And yet if voluntary effort fails, either industrial schools must close, or further claims must be made on public funds. If we look at the children—sickly, scrofulous, tainted with hereditary vice, the offspring of drunkards—we are tempted to do anything to save them from ruin. But yet we know that the saving of these children is not free from the danger that attends nearly every form of charity, and that where we help one we often create three or four applicants for help, who might have stood erect had they not been tempted by the prospect of assistance. One of the most melancholy spectacles is that of parents who come forward before the magistrate, under § 16 of the Industrial Schools Act, and plead to him concerning their child that they are unable to control him, and ask that he be sent to an industrial school. The whole question is full of difficulty and anxiety, and needs the most thoughtful and candid consideration. Let us hope that we shall soon pass from our present state of excitement into one in which we shall be able to think, not of fixing blame here or there, but of reforming what needs reformation, and of gaining wisdom from past failures.

E. L. STANLEY.

VIVISECTION: ITS PAINS AND ITS USES.

I.

It seems fair to demand that those who inflict pain or other distress on animals, for the purpose of acquiring knowledge, should be judged by the same rules as those who, for any other purposes, do the same.

The rules by which these are judged may be read in the customs by which a very great majority of sensible and humane persons encourage or permit the infliction of pain and death on large numbers of animals, for purposes far short of great utility, necessity, or self-defence.

It seems in these customs an admitted rule that, for the sake of certain quantities of utility or pleasure, or both, men may inflict great pain on animals without incurring the blame of cruelty. Can it be shown, for those who make painful scientific experiments, that the pain of their experiments is less and the utility more than in the majority of the practices permitted or encouraged by the great majority of reasonable and humane persons among the educated classes in this country?

In enumerating some of the instances of pain-giving which are generally and, as I think, for the most part rightly allowed, I am aware that some may seem trivial, and some nearly necessary to human welfare; however, they are not cited for the purpose of speaking ill of them, but as examples of practices which, not being deemed blameworthy or restrained by law (unless in respect of the seasons in which they are allowed), may serve as measures with which to compare the pain-giving experiments of scientific inquirers.

Among such practices are the painful restraint and training of our horses and other domestic animals; the caging of birds for the sake of their beauty or their song; the imprisonment of animals of all kinds in zoological gardens and aquaria for study or for amusement. In all these instances animals are compelled or restrained from the happiness of natural life; they have to endure what might be inflicted as severe punishment on criminals—slavery or imprisonment for life. But the inflictions are justified by the utility which men derive from them.

In another large group of painful customs generally encouraged are those inflicting death and often great suffering on birds and beasts for obtaining ornamental fur or feathers; the mutilation of sheep and oxen for the sake of their better or quicker fattening; the multiplication of pains and deaths in the killing of small birds and small fish, such as larks, quails, whitebait, and the like; although, so far as mere sustenance of life is concerned, any weight of food in one large fish or one large bird would serve as well as an equal weight in a hundred small ones. Still, the pleasure of delicious food, or of beautiful decoration; or, in some instances, the utility of better nutriment, seems sufficient to a vast majority of civilised men and women to justify these customs.

In another group may be named all the pain-giving sports—shooting, hunting, stalking, fishing, and the rest—various in the pleasure that they give, various in utility. And in yet another, the trapping, hunting, and killing of mice, rats, stoats, frogs, and toads invading cultivated land—worms, and slugs, and the whole class of what we call vermin—creatures generally troublesome and sometimes injurious.

From a list such as this, which might easily be enlarged, a rough estimate may be formed of the quantity of pain or distress, imprisonment or death, which, in the opinion of great majorities of persons entitled to judge, may be inflicted on animals for purposes of utility or of pleasure, or from other motives far less than those of necessary self-defence or maintenance of human life. The list may thus serve as a standard with which to compare the pains and the utilities of vivisections. Doubtless many persons would find in it some practices which they would forbid; some would hunt or shoot, but would not keep parrots or larks in confinement; some would eat whitebait or small birds, and wear sealskin, and order the destruction (anyhow) of all the rats and mice in their houses, but would put down fox-hunting and salmon-fishing. But there are very few, even among the generally most sensible and humane, who do not allow or encourage, even if they do not practise, many things of which I think it certain that the pain is greater and the utility less than that of many experiments on living animals. They may do it thoughtlessly, but they may find that they do it, if they will make a careful survey of their furniture, clothes, and ornaments, their food, amusements, and habits of life for a year, and then estimate the pains which in providing all these have been inflicted upon animals. Let them estimate them, if they can, with the same measure as that with which they estimate the pain of vivisection.

Such an estimate will probably seem the more easy the less the subject of pain has been studied. If we reflect on the evidence on which we believe that, from any given injury or disease, anyone must suffer less or more pain, we find that we are generally guessing, or saying to ourselves, 'It must be so,' without any clear evidence that

'It is so.' At most, if we have ourselves had any injury or disease, we may believe that another in the same condition would suffer just as we did. But few beliefs would be more fallacious. The sensibility to pain is as various as is the "ear for music'; the disease which by one is described, and very truly according to that one's sensations, as a source of agony only to be compared with the rack or some such torture, is by another described as not very distressing; and the accounts given of it by others imply that between these extremes there are all intermediate degrees. To those who study them in surgical practice it is sure that degrees of pain depend on differences of personality much more than on different intensities or quantities of disease or injury. And there are abundant cases to prove that the general sensibility to pain is far greater among the more than among the less cultivated races of mankind; that savages, as they are called, endure with comparative indifference inflictions which to most persons of the higher races would be terrible. Mental cultivation continued through many generations has not only increased the general keenness of our senses, so that we discern far wider and minuter varieties and combinations of form, colour, sound, and flavour, than can be discriminated by lower races; it seems to have increased equally our sensibility to pain and our power of directing our attention to it. This seems to be especially true among persons with poetic and artistic minds: and, as we may be sure of the contrast between the higher and the lower races of men, so we may believe that the contrast must be yet greater between ourselves and any of the animals lower than man. It is as nearly certain as anything of the kind can be that with every degree of diminution of the proportion which the nervous system bears to the rest of the body there is an equal diminution of the sensibility to pain—the lower in the scale of nature the less the sensibility; so the pain inflicted by a deer-stalker, a salmon-fisher, or a vivisector is certainly less than would be inflicted in a similar injury on any man.

But the question is whether vivisections inflict less or more pain than do sports or any other generally encouraged pain-giving practices, on animals of the same kind. I may offer some evidence on this question; for while studying and teaching physiology I saw many experiments on animals, and made some; and although I have not seen much of any pain-giving sport, or other such pursuits, yet I have seen enough to enable me to compare the pains they give with those of vivisections, and I have been able to study the effects of wounds with which hares, birds, and other game or vermin have escaped, and have lived long before they were again shot or died, diseased or starved. And for comparison, so far as may be possible, of the pain of injuries and their consequences in animals with those in men, I can call to mind the impression made by hundreds of surgical operations which I saw before the discovery of anæsthetics, and by the

thousands of patients watched after operations before and since that discovery.

Of course the pains given in experiments on animals, not under an anæsthetic, are as various as were those which before 1846 were given in surgical operations. But, for the worst, I think it probable that the pain inflicted in such experiments as I saw done by Magendie was greater than that caused by any generally permitted sport; it was as bad as that which I saw given to horses in a bull-fight, or which I suppose to have been given in dog-fighting or bear-baiting. I never saw anything in his or any other experiments more horrible than is shown in many of Snyders's boar-hunts, or in Landseer's 'Death of the Otter.' Among the most painful experiments I saw many years ago were some for studying the effects of mineral poisons by giving them to animals, but they only matched the poisoning of rats and other vermin, which is encouraged by all who thus direct their destruction. I have never seen or read of an experiment on a fish so painful as the ligger-fishing I have seen, in which a live fish is impaled as bait on a long double-hook, with which he swims till a pike or other big fish swallows him with the hook, and thus remains in his turn hooked all night, till the fisherman unhooks and kills him. I doubt whether any experiment on fish or reptile can in an equal time give more pain than is given in long 'playing' a deeply-hooked salmon, or in any length of time give more pain than is endured by a fish which escapes with a hook fixed deeply in his throat. Probably, a thoroughly heartless vivisector, if one could be found, might inflict in a day more pain than a heartless sportsman; but in the ordinary practice of experiments on animals it is not possible that a vivisector should in a day or a month cause nearly so much pain as would, in the same time, be caused by an active sportsman shooting among abundant game, or a fly-fisherman in a well-stocked stream, or as a man successfully hunting seals or ermines, or poisoning rats. All the vivisectors in Paris will hardly be the cause of nearly so much suffering as the promoters of the scheme for preserves of lions and other great carnivora, to be shot at, in Algeria.

I believe, therefore, that, with these few exceptions which I have mentioned, there are no physiological experiments which are not matched or far surpassed in painfulness by common practices permitted or encouraged by the most sensible and humane persons of the time.

In this comparison I have been considering experiments in which anæsthetics are not used. Where these are used, as for many years past they have been in the vast majority of experiments, at least in this country, the case is immensely stronger. For, in respect of all these instances of giving pain, there are two distinct things to be estimated—the immediate pain of the inflicted injury, and the consequent pain and other misery, if the injury be survived. As to the first,

what has been already said may suffice; it is abolished by anæsthetics; and as to the second, the comparison is more easy, because it may be made between animals injured in vivisection or in any other manner, and men after accidental injuries or surgical operations. When, for this comparison, I call to mind the conditions which I have seen in animals living after vivisection, and those which I have seen in others who have survived the injuries inflicted in sport or in other attempts to kill them, I can only think of them as equal in pain or disability; but with this advantage to the vivisected animal, that it has been an object of care, provided with food and rest, and safe from the attacks of others of its own or other kinds.

I am aware that some say that this keeping alive is itself a shameful cruelty; but probably the animals themselves, if they could think like men, would not so judge; for the vast majority of animals used for experiments are taken from those already marked for death: stray dogs who would be carried away by the police, horses assigned to the knacker, rabbits and guinea-pigs whom none would keep, rats and mice whom anyone would kill or direct to be killed. They may be compared with men dying of some mortal disease, whose lives may be prolonged by operations which will leave them in some way mutilated, saved from dying, but remaining invalids. In these cases the great majority of persons endure the mutilation for the sake of the longer life, and they very rarely repent their choice; rather, as time passes, and they become habituated to the consequences of the operation, they regain nearly all the happiness of their former healthy life. No one accustomed to such cases can doubt that, if an animal consigned to death should reason as a man, he would accept his life on condition of submitting to any experiment under an anæsthetic. I have seen many animals after vivisection looking as happy as before them; many of them were happier, being better fed and in every way more cared for than they had ever been before.

If it may thus be justly held that the pain and other miseries inflicted by vivisection are less than those inflicted in many practices encouraged by sensible and humane persons, it may next be considered whether their utility be as great. It might justly be asked whether their utility and pleasure be as great, for it will not be denied that pleasure is a considerable motive in most of the sports, and in the wearing of decorative dresses such as cannot be procured without giving pain. But I would rather not argue that man's pleasure can ever be reason enough for his giving pain. It seems impossible to define even nearly the 'when,' or the how much pain for how much pleasure. But, if any will hold the contrary, and that in the pursuit of pleasure pain may be inflicted, even without considerations of probable utility, then it may certainly be maintained that there are no pleasures more intense than the pursuit of new knowledge, nor any for which, if for any, greater pain might be given.

But, omitting the pleasures of both, may the utilities of the two groups of pain-giving pursuits be estimated? Looking back at the list, it is clear that one method of utility cannot be pleaded for all. Sports may well be justified by the skill, patience, self-control, and endurance which may be trained in them; by the recreation which they provide for tired men; by their great social advantages; by their satisfaction of a desire which, in many minds, has the force of a natural instinct that cannot justly be repressed. As for the restraints, and imprisonments, and fattenings of animals, their utility is in most instances so evident that the whole course of quiet social life and trade would need to be changed if they were forbidden. Besides, for most of these, as well as for most field sports, the creatures would have no opportunity of living at all if it were not given on condition of their submitting to restraint or death at the will of men. There would be no more foxes than wolves in this country if they were not kept to be hunted; pheasants, partridges, and other game would soon be extinct if they were not preserved on purpose to be shot.

The destruction of vermin has, no doubt, utility—is sometimes even necessary for the safety of our food and property; but one must regret that it is so often pursued in a very merciless manner—left to cats or dogs, or slowly-acting poisons, or starvings in traps. The procuring of decorative furs and other parts of dress and furniture, attended as it often is with great suffering to the creatures hunted, may, I suppose, be justified by some utility. But I am not a fair judge of it. I can speak more certainly of the utility of vivisection.

Speaking generally, it is certain that there are few portions of useful medical knoweldge to which experiments on animals have not contributed. The knowledge may be now so familiar that the sources from which parts of it were derived may be forgotten; or what was first found by experiments may now have other evidences; or, experiments may only have made sure that which, without them, was believed: but the whole history of medicine would show that, whatever useful or accurate knowledge we possess, we owe some parts of it to experiments on animals.

To different parts of knowledge they have contributed very different proportions; and it is often difficult to assign to them their just proportion. They have never been the sole means of study. Chemists, physicists, practitioners, all have worked as well as physiologists; and the work of each has guided and strengthened that of others. The whole value of experiments on animals, therefore, cannot be estimated by a few examples; it may be made evident in them, and they may indicate how it stands alone in the utility of saving life; but no one can measure it who is not able to analyse the whole progress of medical knowledge during at least the last century.

A clear instance of its utility may be found in the tying of arteries whether for the cure of aneurism or for the stopping of bleeding.

Before Hunter's time—that is, about a hundred years ago—it is nearly certain that ninety-five out of a hundred persons who had aneurism of the principal artery of a lower limb died of it: a few more may have been saved by amputation above the knee, but at that time about half the patients who submitted to that operation died. At the present time, it is as certain that of a hundred persons with the same disease less than ten die. At that time all patients with aneurisms of arteries between the thigh and spine or in the neck or arm-pit, died, unless by some strange course of the disease one or two in a hundred went on living. Now, among all such patients, from fifty to seventy in every hundred are saved by operations. In the same time there has been a great diminution in the deaths from bleeding after large operations: I remember when such bleeding might be called common; it is now very rare.

By these improvements in surgery some hundreds of lives are annually saved in this kingdom; lives of which it may be deemed certain that, less than a century ago, ninety per cent. would have been lost. The proportion saved has from the beginning almost steadily increased, chiefly because of improvements in the materials used for tying the arteries, for which experiments on animals have given good guidance. Hunter and his first followers used tape, or applied extra ligatures in fear that the chief ones should give way, or they put pads under ligatures in fear that the arteries should be cut through. Even then they saved some lives, but many of their patients died. It was a great advance when the changes really produced in arteries variously tied were more exactly ascertained by experiments, especially by those of 'Dr. J. F. D. Jones' in 1805. They showed that single ligatures of twine or silk were better than any others then known, and, using these, the proportion of lives saved by operation was greatly increased. But the ends of these ligatures hanging out of the wounds hindered their healing, and sometimes excited such irritation that the tied arteries were ulcerated, and, with losses of blood, the patients died. Many things were tried in animals and men; precautions constantly more careful were taken; various silks and various twines and wires were used, with very slowly increasing success, till (omitting some facts in the history of progress) catgut was employed. This could be left in the wound, and the skin could be closed over it and quickly healed. It was a great improvement, and has certainly saved many lives which even ten years ago would have been lost. Still, in spite of catgut, specially manufactured and carefully carbolised and used with every precaution, some few patients die, and some operations fail through defects in the ligatures. Now, it seems probable that catgut may be superseded by thread prepared from sinews of the kangaroo.

Such is a mere sketch of the progress by which a disease which less than ninety years ago was fatal to at least ninety per cent. of those

affected with it is now fatal to not more than ten per cent. If we add to this the great diminution in the losses of life from wounds of arteries, whether they be wounded in accidents or in operations—a diminution similarly due, for the most part, to the improvement of ligatures—it is safe to say that not less than five hundred lives are now saved every year, in this country alone, which fifty years ago would have perished. In this, as in every case, all methods of study have been used: careful watching of the patients, examinations of the dead, published records of failures as well as of successes, experiments on animals; and it is not possible to assign exactly to each of these its share in the good result; but no one who can fairly judge after many years' active practice of surgery will doubt, I think, that at least one-fifth may be assigned as the share due to experiments on animals—say, at least, one hundred lives a year in this one department of surgery.

Histories similar to these may be told of the improvement of many other parts of surgical practice, through knowledge of the processes of repair, as in fractures, divided tendons, divided nerves, or as in the union of separated parts and in grafting. In these there may rarely be questions of saving life; but in all of them, the length of illness and the degree, if any, of permanent impairment of power for work or pleasure depends in great measure on the knowledge of facts and principles to which experiments on animals have contributed. But I need not dwell on these; others have already abundantly illustrated them[1]; I will rather suggest some general considerations on the whole subject.

Looking back over the improvements of practical medicine and surgery during my own observation of them in nearly fifty years, I see great numbers of means effectual for the saving of lives and for the detection, prevention, or quicker remedy of diseases and physical disabilities, all obtained by means of knowledge to the acquirement or safe use of which experiments on animals have contributed. There is scarcely an operation in surgery of which the mortality is now more than half as great as it was forty years ago; scarcely a serious injury of which the consequences are more than half as serious; several diseases are remediable which used to be nearly always fatal; potent medicines have been introduced and safely used; altogether such a quantity of life and of working power has been saved by lately-acquired knowledge as is truly past counting. And in these advantages our domestic animals have had due share by the improvement of veterinary medi-

[1] I may refer to the evidence of Sir William Gull, Dr. Burdon Sanderson, Professor Turner, and Professor McKendrick before the Royal Commission of 1876; to the addresses of Mr. Bowman to the British Medical Association at Chester; the 'Memorandum' issued by the late Professor Sharkey and other physiologists during the passage of the late Act through Parliament; the address to the Surgical Society of Ireland by Professor MacDonnell, and the remarkable lectures recently given before the International Medical Congress.

cine. What proportion is due to experiments on animals no one can tell; it would be as hard to estimate the proportion contributed by each national means of education to the general intellectual improvement of our population. Let it be guessed at a tenth or a twentieth of the whole, and in either case the utility of vivisection must far surpass that of the great majority of pain-giving practices permitted or encouraged by thousands of persons of recognised humanity and good sense. And it is by these, when duly informed on the facts, that the question should be judged, for it is eminently one of those in which sentiment is predominant on one side, reason on the other; in which the arguments on one side are mainly based on kindly feeling and sympathy with sufferings of which the amount is guessed at, while on the other they rest mainly on facts observed, on considerations of utility, and on the desire for knowledge. The only competent judges in such a case are those in whom sentiment and intellectual power are fairly balanced, and who will dispassionately study the facts and compare the pain-giving and the utility of experiments on animals with those of any generally allowed or encouraged pursuit.

But it may be said, Would not all this useful knowledge have been gained by the other methods of study, without the experiments; less quickly, perhaps, but not less surely? And now will not scientific progress be as sure, though not so speedy, without as with them? Possibly, yes; most probably, no. But suppose it were so, what should we say to those who suffer by the delay? At the present time 20,000 persons are annually killed by venomous snakes in India. If the discovery of a remedy without experiments on animals would come later by, say, five years, than one made with their help, would it be nothing to have lost 100,000 lives? The case is worth considering because of an almost absurd consequence of the Vivisection Act. I may pay a rat-catcher to destroy all the rats in my house with any poison that he pleases; but I may not myself, unless with a licence from the Home Secretary, poison them with snake-poison, nor, without an additional certificate, try to keep them alive after it.

Happily for other people, medical practitioners who watch the course of science are not content to wait longer than can be helped; they see the miseries of disease and of all its consequences better than others do, and they are stirred to the desire of knowledge by motives of the greatest force—by humanity and the consciousness of deep responsibility; for they are just as plainly bound to acquire more knowledge as they are to use aright that which is already at hand. Moreover, they are stirred by emulation and a fair ambition of success, and the unhappiness of failures in what had full promise of good. No distress, I think, can be greater than that of losing a life committed to one's charge by some accident, as it must be called, which might have been averted by some piece of knowledge which

seems within reach. Such are the losses of life in the use of anæsthetics.

The annual deaths from chloroform in this country used to be about twenty. They were, probably, not more than 1 in every 30,000 of persons to whom it was given; but they were intolerable to those who felt in any measure responsible, though blameless, for them, and many went back to the use of ether, which is safer, though less convenient. Probably less than 1 in 50,000 die of it; but I saw one die to whom it was faultlessly given, and he was so good and generous a man that I felt it would have been right to kill a hundred animals either to save his life or to find out why he died, and to be able in the future to avert so awful a catastrophe.

It is in reflection on cases such as this, in which lives are lost or health is impaired for want of knowledge which seems to be within reach of experimental study, that medical men of science feel justly impatient of the restraints put upon these researches. They know that such knowledge as they want has often been gained by experiments on animals; they know that the experiments made in this country are, both severally and in their total, far less pain-giving and far more useful than are either the shooting, hunting, or fishing practised by many, and encouraged by nearly all, of the best people in the land; they see all round them mere luxuries of dress and furniture, gathered at immense cost of pain and misery, and perhaps only a little more useful than might be obtained from animals killed for necessary food; and yet they find themselves selected for legislative restraint and still exposed to public and private charges of vile cruelty, abused in sensational meetings, and as much as possible hindered in the studies which even legislation would permit.

Of course, among the opponents of experiments on animals there are several very different groups, and with some of these it is useless to appeal to reason. Some have committed themselves to the agitation, and cannot recede without discredit or more material loss, and some are carried on with so strong an impulse of a mind once made up that they cannot pause for a revision of their judgment. But there are many who favour the agitation only because they are ignorant of the facts of the case; they have heard or read accusations of cruelty grossly misstated, and have heard no defence or denial of them.

That which is most to be desired is that persons with fairly-balanced minds, with at least an average both of humanity and of capacity for judgment in cases in which deep feeling may be stirred, should study the whole matter, and judge of experiments on animals as they would of other practices in which utility or even pleasure is pleaded as justifying the infliction of pain. Let them visit physiological laboratories, and see what is done, and compare the work and its results with those of a day's shooting, or a night's trapping of

rabbits, or of any sport or trade in which the lives of animals are concerned.

And chiefly it is to be wished that the subject should thus be thoroughly studied by those who administer the Act. If they would thus study it, they would be sure that the Act is at least a sufficient deference to public sentiment, they would use the discretion allowed them in its administration, so as to throw as little obstacle as possible in the way of competent persons engaged in the most useful and beneficial inquiries, and they would resist further restraints of experiments on animals with as much resolution as they resist other hindrances to the doing of what they judge to be right.

JAMES PAGET.

II.

WHILE selecting the topics of the 'Address' which I had been requested to deliver at the ceremony of unveiling the Statue of Harvey at Folkestone,[1] I noticed a 'Report' of the Annual Meeting of an Association for the Prevention of the Practice of Vivisection, held on the 25th of June.[2]

The 'Resolution' thereon was issued in the names of estimable men, eminent in Divinity and Law, and of ladies of high social position, and threatened the total abolition of such experiments as those to which Harvey refers in the Introduction to his immortal work, *De Motu Cordis et Sanguinis in Animalibus*, in which he writes: 'Non ex libris sed ex dissectionibus,' by which last term he meant what are now termed 'vivisections.'

As the 'Resolution' in question appeared to be founded, in part, on statements in publications by the Association, that such experiments were unnecessary and uncalled for, that Harvey might have arrived at his conclusions as to the circulation of the blood by obvious deductions from the valvular structures of the heart and of the veins, made known by his predecessors Vesalius and Fabricius, &c., I felt bound to refute such assertions; and, among other facts, I cited the conclusion arrived at by a contemporary physiologist, on whose work, preceding in date that of Harvey, a claim to prior discovery of the circulation had been founded. Cesalpino, in fact, made no experiment to determine doubts, but was still under the narcotic effect of faith in received dogma, that the arteries, viz., conveyed 'vital spirits and native heat' to all parts of the body, while the blood moved in the veins to and fro like the tides, to which Aristotle compared such movements. Accordingly, the Italian physiologist was led to deny that Fabricius's venous valves could compel a different course. 'Non cogimur membranas vasorum educentium claudere, in cordis venarumque dilatatione.'[3]

To the great proportion of my auditors, little competent to pronounce upon the necessity of Harvey's vivisectional proofs, it seemed a duty to demonstrate that Harvey, like every honest and true

[1] August 6, 1881. [2] *Times* and *Daily News*, June 27, 1881.
[3] *Cesalpino*, lib. v. p. 123*a*.

worker in 'this gnostic age of inflated science,' as it has been stigmatised, felt bound to test his deductions from the valvular structures of the blood-conveying mechanism, as to the true nature of the contents of the arteries and their course, by palpable and visible proofs; the more requisite since his deductions ran counter to the then accepted views, and met with the usual opposition. He, therefore, not only conveyed to the ears of his auditors, but showed to their eyes, that the movement of the blood was in a circle, beginning and ending at the heart. The great artery of the body, or 'aorta,' carried arterial blood from one chamber of the heart; the great veins—'venæ cavæ'—returned it to another chamber. This was the greater circulation; the great artery of the lungs—'arteria pulmonalis'—carried the venous blood from a third chamber of the heart to the lungs; the pulmonary veins returned it in an arterial condition to a fourth chamber, communicating with that from which the aorta rose. These vivisectional demonstrations showed not merely the halves of one circulation, but two distinct circulations.

Optical science and art had not advanced in Harvey's time to add visual demonstration of the continuation of the terminal arterioles with the initial venules. Could he have applied the microscope to the webbed foot of a living newt or frog properly prepared—*pace* our anti-vivisectionists—for the application of that instrument, Harvey would have experienced the happiness of seeing how, in the 'greater circulation,' the blood of the terminal arteries passed into the initial veins. The microscope has also brought to light the minute discs which give colour to the blood. These are elastic, are squeezed in traversing the capillaries, recovering their shape and size after the passage. The more minute blood-discs of man and mammals are associated with correspondingly minute capillary continuations of arterioles and venules. The operations by which these discoveries were made are of the nature of vivisections.

Time compelled me to limit illustrations of the indispensability of such work in reference to other physiological discoveries, and I confined myself to that by which Hunter was enabled to initiate a treatment of aneurisms, productive of incalculable diminution of human sufferings and prevention of an agonising mortal malady.

Since the 'Address' was reported, a pamphlet also issued from the Office of the Society for Protection of Animals from Vivisection, 1 Victoria Street, London, giving a similar denial of the need of experiments to determine the properties and actions of the arterial system which suggested the new operation; and, further, erroneously impressing upon the subscribers to the Society that Hunter merely adopted the plan of ligature which had been previously in use by a French surgeon.

The fact is, that M. Anel, in 1710, was driven to hazard a ligature of the popliteal artery, immediately above the aneurismal

tumour, on an emergency, and in ignorance of the principle justifying such his vivisection of a fellow creature. The result was, owing to the diseased state of the artery at the part so tied, a speedy and fatal hæmorrhage. The consequence to surgical science was a dread and reprobation of the practice of the ligature.

Potts's substitution of amputation of the limb, so far above the tumour as to augment the chance of the soundness of the divided, and then tied artery, was an improvement and a real step in advance.

The unsuccessful application, or the mere suggestion, of a ligature, in absence of due knowledge of the powers of the arterial system was futile. To obliterate the great blood-conveyer of life to the limb, above the origin of any adequate collateral channel of supply, would have been deemed an act of culpable rashness, and it did arrest any attempt to deal in that simple fashion with an aneurismal artery, before the experiments and consequent inductions of John Hunter.

A knowledge of the property of the smaller channels and capillaries to enlarge under 'the stimulus of necessity' was the sole and sure foundation of confidence in the operation which Hunter initiated and proved to be successful. How came Hunter to make that great discovery?

The able and devoted assistants in his experiments and preparations well knew, and imparted that knowledge, when, in the course of my work descriptive of the Hunterian Physiological Collection, I found, besides the dry injected specimens, including that of the cured popliteal aneurism which Hunter obtained, long after the subsidence of the arterial tumour, on the death of his patient from another disease, that no fewer than twenty-four preparations (Nos. 163 to 187 inclusive) were defined in the scrap of MS. catalogue which Hunter had left respecting them, as exemplifying the growth of the horns of deer. Could I doubt, on inquiring of his sole surviving pupil and assistant, the statement of the circumstances attendant on the experiments by which his collection was so enriched, and by which the experimenter was led to the discovery of a property of the arterial system previously unknown to and unsuspected by, physiologists?

No anatomical museum in Europe, which I have visited, contains illustrations of the singular phenomena of the nature, the annual growth, and the shedding of the antlers of deer, approaching in any degree to that left by Hunter. Had he embodied an account of these specimens, and the experiments which they testified to, in a paper for the Royal Society, it would have been one of his most notable and acceptable communications to that learned body.

But the one kind of work which was repugnant to the great and original worker and thinker, was 'putting pen to paper.' Having derived from his experiments the knowledge which made the ligature

of an arterial trunk possible, with preservation of the limb, his main aim was attained. He passed away before the time to which, Mr. Clift assured me, Hunter did look forward for the publication of all his experiments and discoveries worthy of record.

The world knows what became of the proportion of the manuscripts he left.

The preparations of the injected antlers of the deer operated on, including the restored vascularity of the velvet, may be seen in the Physiological Gallery of the Hunterian Museum.

Vivisections, inflictions of blows, of mutilations, incisions, slashes, stabs, gunshot-wounds, and purposive starvations, as in beleaguered cities, relate to divers needs or desires of mankind: some to prevention or cure of disease; some to ambition and greed of conquest; some to amusement and alleged maintenance of strength and health by concomitant bodily exercise and manual skill; some to satisfy cravings of hunger by other than vegetable kinds of food; some, again, to lower the vitality of servile beasts or to enhance the charms of vocal music, especially of the sacred kind.

Of these several modes of infliction of pain, the endeavours at suppression of so-called humanitarians have prevailed exclusively against those which are fewest in number and best in aim.

Notwithstanding the failure of a 'Royal Commission' to obtain evidence of the abuse of physiological vivisection in Great Britain, the Legislature was induced to pass a prohibitory enactment, which has been so worked as almost to prevent experimental research on living animals. Dr. Lauder Brunton's observations on 'Cobra Poison' have been brought to an abrupt conclusion by authority under that Act. The nature, symptoms, and appropriate antidotes to other lethal substances cannot be elucidated in the most effectual way, viz. by hypodermal exhibition in the lower animals. The light which the law looks for, in suspected cases of poisoning, from medical and physiological science, is purposely obstructed by prohibition of the best mode of admitting it, in consequence of an agitation aided by one of our highest law-officers.

The Legislature of the United States of America, similarly assailed by well-meaning ignorance, has refused to pass a law which would cast an unproven and unmerited stigma on scientific men.

Had such a law been in force in the time of Lord Bacon, the young contemporary physician would have been prevented from making the vivisections indispensable to his great and beneficent discovery. The young surgeon, similarly struggling into metropolitan practice a century later, would equally have been prohibited from experiments leading to happiest results in practice.

Singular that the energies of men and women, signers and promoters of the 'Report' and aim of the 'Association' above cited, should be exclusively concentrated on the suppression of but one class

of 'vivisections'; that, namely, the aims and results of which led physicians to feel the pulse intelligently and to infer therefrom instructive indications of the natures and phases of disease; that, also, on which was based a treatment of aneurisms productive of cures, independently of amputations, and leading to prohibition of more fatal operations.

The exemplifications in my 'Address' at Folkestone of the greater tortures endured by subjects of field' 'sports' may not be likely to affect their continued enjoyment. Our anti-vivisectionists 'never mention them.' And yet more cruelty is inflicted in one afternoon at Hurlingham than by a year's amount of physiological experiment.

As exemplifying the inconsistency of the agitation for parliamentary prohibition of the means indispensable to a gain of power to the scientific healer in his beneficent work, might be cited, among the sufferings inflicted on the lower animals, without any humane aim, the dangerous and painful vivisections perpetrated daily throughout the three kingdoms on hundreds of our most valuable domestic creatures—an operation, not only cruel in itself and never performed under anæsthetics, but attended with a more cruel consequence should the writhing subject survive the mutilation—its deprival, namely, of the highest pleasure permitted to its brute nature. Moreover, this truly to be called 'detestable practice is not attended by any scientific result.'[4] No! A noble quadruped is tortured and mutilated in order that it may serve, with less trouble to the owner, as a beast of draught or burthen. Other kinds are subject to this vivisection, in order that, when butchered, beef, mutton, pork, and poultry may yield their flesh to carnivorous man in a more sapid and tender state.

Here is an abuse of vivisectional power which should more especially enlist the sympathy of some of the respected names in the 'Report.'

For the indulgence of inimical zeal by pseudo-humanitarians, a small and uninfluential class of the community is selected, such as may be the more safely made the subjects of attacks by scribes hired for the work. Appeals to Parliament based on such exaggerations have exclusively in view to arrest and prevent, by legislative enactment, every effort which the choicest intellects of such small class may make to add to the power of the beneficent healer, as applied to the prevention, alleviation, or removal of human suffering.

RICHARD OWEN.

[4] Cardinal Manning's definition of experimental physiology in the 'Report' above cited. (*Daily News* of June 27, 1881; and *British Medical Journal* of August 15, 1881, p. 289.)

III.

THE question of the lawfulness of vivisection cannot, from its very nature, be quickly put to rest; for while on the one hand the public mind is continually stirred by agitators against the practice, scientific and medical societies never lose an opportunity of protesting against State interference. It is a question which must again force itself on the Government, and can finally admit of but one solution—freedom of action for those who are known to be engaged in scientific research.

To persons who are totally unreasonable, and who turn a deaf ear to any argument, with an expression of dislike to all physiological inquiries, it would be folly to offer any further remonstrance; but if there be any opponents of vivisection who are ready to listen to the opinions and facts of those who can enlighten them, they cannot do better than peruse the various addresses delivered on the subject by the *savants* of all countries, who met in London during the late Medical Congress. It would be very desirable for all these addresses to be arranged in a form suitable for the information of the public. They would then perceive that not only is there a unanimous opinion of the leading men of this and other countries in favour of allowing freedom in the matter of experiment, but they would read for themselves the facts on which this opinion is founded, and would find the arguments for vivisection overwhelming. A hope may be expressed that there are persons candid enough to attach weight to the opinion of our world-famous Darwin, or to the words of the venerable Owen. I believe it were difficult to find two men whose sympathy for the lower animals is greater than theirs. It might be hoped that the words of Huxley also would have some listeners among the thousands who welcome his works into their homes. The community which owes so much to the labours of Mr. Simon ought to listen with respect to the late medical officer of the Privy Council, who has never ceased to raise his voice against State interference. Humphry and Michael Foster also, the professors of Anatomy and of Physiology at the Cambridge University, have been equally emphatic in their denunciation of the present law. These gentlemen are not mere partisans; they are men of profound knowledge, having the deepest convictions of the truth of the opinions they are expressing, and they all with one voice proclaim the importance of the experimental method of inquiry, which the law is

doing its best to prohibit.' We had also at the same Congress the advantage of hearing addresses by two of the most illustrious men whom France and Germany could produce—Pasteur and Virchow. They testified to the value, not only for science but for the welfare of mankind, and of the lower animals themselves, of those kinds of research which in their respective countries they are at liberty to pursue. So strong, indeed, was the opinion of all those conversant with the medical sciences as to the indispensable importance of experiments on animals, that the vast Congress would not separate until they had passed a resolution expressive of this feeling. In opposition to the resolution there was not a single hand raised. Indeed, it may be asserted that all who are engaged in physiological studies are unanimous in this matter, and also that the whole of the medical profession join with them, seeing that they are daily utilising the knowledge with which the physiologists provide them. Those also of a kindred spirit who are working in other branches of science are offering their sympathy—a sympathy based on knowledge of what are the true methods of research.

In spite, however, of this unanimity of opinion among those who are alone capable of forming a judgment of the value of the experiments in question, the voice of their opponents, made powerful by numbers, has been more favourably listened to. On the one side there are those who alone can know the best methods of scientific research and can recount its beneficial results, while on the other side there are those of every profession and trade, who are non-scientific, who by their speeches show themselves transparently ignorant of the simplest laws of nature—the two parties are opposed, and the latter win by the force of numbers. It may, however, be still hoped that there are a few amongst those having influence and power who can weigh with more reason and justice the evidence before them.

There is no doubt that the sentiment which caused the outcry against vivisection is a just and true one, having for its foundation a hatred of cruelty; but, like other crude sentiments, it ought not to form a basis of legislation without rational consideration. It may be here remarked that our opponents have selected the word 'vivisection' to designate the practice of experiments on animals, with the intent of calling up all the horrors attendant on ghastly wounds and bloodshed, and they have not failed to placard the walls with horrible pictures taken from foreign books. But many, perhaps most, of the experiments against which the present law is enforced are nothing more than pricking guinea-pigs and mice, in order to test the contagiousness of different forms of disease. This practice, the same as vaccinating an infant, is put under provisions so exacting as to be all but prohibitory. So that the remarkable experiments of Pasteur performed for the mitigation of the cattle plague, which have met with the recognition of the French Government, and the applause of the civilised world, would probably not have been per-

mitted in this country, or, if undertaken without permission, would have rendered the operator liable to fine or imprisonment.

The arguments on which the present law was introduced were, that vivisection is cruel, and that cruelty to animals should be forbidden by the State. Physiologists might reply that (granting, for the sake of argument, the cruelty) all nature is cruel; man is cruel both to his fellow-men and animals in a thousand different ways; why, then, should one form of cruelty rather than another be selected in order to be made the subject of legislation, especially when it can be shown that that form constitutes but an infinitesimal part of all the cruelty daily perpetrated on the lower creatures? The answer of the anti-vivisectionists is ready, and here is contained the whole gist of their case. It is this. Other forms of cruelty are tolerated or permitted because they minister to man's advantage or pleasure, but experiments on animals are of no use to any one; this form of cruelty, therefore, may be properly forbidden. They say, it is true that we also make animals suffer pain, but we do this because we reap a benefit. Looking inside an animal to observe the working of its organs only 'panders to idle curiosity,' and is no advantage to anybody. At all events we do not need it; we take no interest in it; we rather disapprove it; we, therefore, will rouse the State to suppress it.

It is no exaggeration or misstatement to affirm that the real question turns not on the cruelty but on the *utility* of 'vivisection.' I have looked in vain for any speech delivered by cardinal, bishop, peer, judge, or member of Parliament, who has not made this the staple of his argument—the inutility of experiments on animals. It does not seem needful that their opinion should be formed after a deliberate weighing of evidence, and it is usually joined with a general expression of dislike to physiological science. This dislike seems to be often based upon a mistaken prejudice against science, as contrary to some cherished belief; or upon some unscientific system of medicine, whose followers drug their patients on the strength of symptoms, while ignoring as valueless a knowledge of physiology and pathology. It is rare to find a consistent anti-vivisectionist, who, while opposing experiments on animals, would join in a crusade against all existing cruelties, without reference to the question of utility. The present law represents the opinion of the majority who maintain that vivisection should be forbidden because it is a worthless practice. Sydney Smith long ago remarked that all societies for the suppression of certain acts contain principles of persecution, and imply the attempt of one class to tyrannise over another. There are plenty of persons only too willing to favour the enactment of laws to put down what they dislike, and this under the pretence of punishing a moral or social crime. As regards physiological experiments, I may say for my own part that, although I have never per-

formed them myself, I am obliged to make use of the truths which have been unfolded by others in the daily teaching of my art, and I confess that it is with shame and bitterness that on many points I can no longer look to my countrymen for information, but have to turn abroad for all that is new and valuable. It is but five years ago that I could take up the report of the medical officer of the Privy Council and instruct my students in the latest facts concerning fever, the contagious diseases, and inoculation of tubercle, as discovered by Sanderson, Klein, and Creighton; observations and experiments which bear upon the use of the clinical thermometer, the treatment of fever by baths, and the probable spread of consumption. But the Government thought fit to put an end to the work. Since this time I have had to learn exclusively from observations made at Paris or Berlin, or wherever else science is still left free. Fortunately, good work goes on abroad, and our medical students, learning from abroad, will hereafter use their knowledge for the benefit of the persecutors of their profession. These gentlemen will be entrusted with the lives of their fellow-creatures; but if they believe that they see a grand experiment being performed on thousands of innocent children, by the introduction of tubercle through milk, they may not test the value of their suspicions without a tiresome and often vain appeal to a Government official for permission to prick a mouse with the point of a needle. So law-abiding, however, are Englishmen that I have not heard of an instance where any experiment has been surreptitiously performed; the profession is still patiently though eagerly expectant for the repeal of a tyrannical and unreasonable law.

The argument that fifty other kinds of cruelties exist worse than those connected with vivisection, is often met by the answer —many blacks do not make a white. True enough; but the answer is an evasion. Our proposition is this: why, if many other forms of cruelty exist besides that of vivisection, do you select this form for suppression by law? The only answer yet given is as before said—its inutility. This was put in an honest and straightforward way by a late eminent writer. When asked to join a deputation to the Secretary of State against experiments on animals, he wrote to declare his adhesion, adding that it was no business of man to look into the mechanism of animals which God had made; and on this the journal of the anti-vivisectionists brought out an article to show that it was through desire of knowledge that man fell. In these days, when an attempt is being made to introduce science into elementary schools, it may be hoped that public feeling will be changed; but hitherto the first books placed in the hands of children, which gave short descriptions of animals, such as the ox and the sheep, taught them that these creatures were made expressly for man: the flesh to eat, the hide for shoes, and so on. No hint was given that the animal might possibly have been made for its own sake, and that

the primary use of the flesh was to give movement to its limbs. The popular cry has been that animals are for man's use, and if the use we put them to causes them pain or suffering, it cannot be helped. This is necessary suffering. If we quarrel with our neighbours and kill one another, we have a right to include horses in the strife; no feeling of anguish need be experienced by knowing that hundreds of these animals lie wounded and dying in Caffraria or Afghanistan. If we hunt an animal we do so for our gratification; and if the animal be an expensive stag, we may keep him alive and hunt him again to save our pockets, for 'animals are made for man.'[1]

If persons allow so many cruelties for man's supposed benefit, it is an exhibition of the true pharisaical spirit to condemn smaller cruelties which they regard as bringing no advantage to them. They

> Compound for sins they are inclined to
> By damning those they have no mind to.

But, after all, they do but represent the spirit of the law of the land, which allows any one to inflict what pain he likes short of torture on a domestic animal, and any torture he pleases on a non-domestic animal, whilst he cannot inflict the most trifling injury upon an animal, whether domestic or wild, so long as his object is a scientific one, unless he is first furnished with a license. Cruelty is justifiable for any purpose but a scientific one.

As it is possible that the addresses given by the distinguished men at the late Medical Congress may not reach the public eye, I will extract from them a few passages which will be an evidence of the opinion of the authors of the utility of experiments on animals. Mr. Simon, for example, who has long pursued no special branch of medical practice, but as principal officer of the Government Board was able to take a large and general survey of the whole field of physiology, medicine, and surgery, says:

> During the last quarter of a century all practical medicine (curative as well as preventive) has been undergoing a process of transfiguration under the influence of laboratory experiments on living things. The progress which has been made from conditions of vagueness to conditions of exactitude has in many respects been greater in these twenty-five years than in the twenty-five centuries which preceded them; and with this increase of insight, due almost entirely to scientific experiment, the practical resources of our art for present and future good to the world have had or will have commensurate increase. Especially in those parts of pathology which make the foundation of preventive medicine, scientific experiment in these years has been opening larger and larger vistas of hope; and more and more clearly,

[1] We do not know what sufferings attend an animal being hunted to death; but, as we are in the habit of judging of the pains of animals by our own feelings, I may mention the following fact. During the Franco-German war, a soldier, being pursued by the enemy, made almost superhuman efforts to escape; and, in spite of the bullets flying around him, got safe to camp. The doctors declared that the terror depicted on that man's countenance was horrible to behold, and surpassed anything they had witnessed on the quiet bed of suffering, even when the patient was the victim of the most ghastly wounds. The man was many months before he recovered from the shock.

as year succeeds year, we see that the time in which we are is fuller of practical promise than any of the ages which have preceded it.

Mr. Simon then speaks of the researches in connection with diseases of horned cattle, of carbuncle, marsh fever, &c., by German physicians, and then adds:

I venture to say that in the records of human industry it would be impossible to point to work of more promise to the world than these various contributions to the knowledge of disease and of its cure and prevention; and they are contributions which from the nature of the case have come, and could only have come, from the performance of experiments on living animals.

Mr. Simon then refers to the Act of Parliament, which renders it most difficult or almost impossible to carry on these important researches, and laments that experiments indispensably necessary for the growth of medical science will cease in this country. He shows this by the case of Professor Lister, whose observations and experiments in reference to infection have been the means of saving the lives of thousands every year both in England and on the Continent. Professor Lister had found that he was obliged to discontinue his important investigations or conduct them abroad. He chose the latter course, and went to France; for he said, 'Even with reference to small animals the working of the Act is so vexatious as to be practically prohibitory of experiments by a private practitioner like myself, unless he chooses to incur the risk of transgressing the law.'

Dr. Greenfield, Professor of Pathology in the University of Edinburgh, who had been at work upon some most important investigations on prevention of splenic fever, was forced to write as follows:

I have not been engaged in other investigations, for the simple reason that with the present restrictions, and in the difficulty in obtaining a license, I regard it as almost hopeless to attempt any useful work of the kind in this country. . . . It is my deliberate opinion, as the result of my experience, that these hindrances and obstacles are so numerous and so great as to constitute a most serious bar to the investigation of disease, and even of such remedial measures as would by common consent be for the direct benefit of the animals experimented upon. When to this is added all the annoyance and opprobrium which are the lot of investigators, it is to be wondered at that any one should submit to be licensed.

Professor Fraser, who stands pre-eminent in this country as the expounder of the action of drugs and medicines, says:

How hazardous it is to place the progress of a science entirely at the mercy of a State official, utterly ignorant of its aims and triumphs, is now being exemplified. In several instances in which the objects were of the highest interest, and in which the importance of the results could not be predicted, the Government has constituted itself the supreme arbiter of science, and has ventured to decide that certain experiments were not required and should not be performed. I do not make this statement unadvisedly. The instances are within my own knowledge, and I have only just now experienced the mortification of being refused a license. In this case permission was requested for performing a few experiments on rabbits and frogs with a reputed poison used by the natives of Borneo to anoint their arrows.

Dutch and Kaffir languages, for which it gives a list of books to be studied.

All this means a considerable addition to the capital before mentioned, and as all these things could scarcely be learnt in a year it may be within the mark to put the capital required at 1,000*l.*, exclusive of the land.

Supposing the difficulty of capital and previous residence and study to be got over—and it is a very large order for men in the position of Reservists—the following (taken from the same book) is what the settler may expect.

The principal labour employed on the farms, whether agricultural or pastoral, is that of natives. Owing to the high wages offered on the railways and at the goldfields, farmers find a difficulty in procuring hands, especially during the lambing, shearing, and harvesting seasons, and complaints are general as to the unsatisfactory nature of coloured labour; still, very few farmers are willing to offer such wages or furnish such accommodation as would satisfy Europeans, for whom therefore, whether as shepherds or farm labourers, there is, generally speaking, little or no demand.

The list of difficulties in this rather depressing book still goes on.

The number of cattle in 1898 was only half that in 1897 from the ravages of rinderpest. Owing to droughts, horse-sickness, inexperience, and other causes, horse-breeding has not been conducted very successfully in recent years. Success in sheep-farming mainly depends on the quantity of rain that falls. Droughts frequently occur, even in the best parts, when sheep die off rapidly in consequence.

As regards agricultural farming and the raising of grain, the book cannot be said to aim at inducing men to emigrate by glowing descriptions of their prospects.

It says that much the largest crop is wheat; the crops of oats and barley are smaller. About double the quantity of wheat grown is imported for home consumption, showing that there is room for an extension of wheat-growing in the Colony. The losses by drought in recent years have been very severe. In the case of wheat sown, nearly two million bushels, or a little more than the quantity reaped, were lost in 1897-8; a third part of the barley crop, nearly a fifth part of the oat crop, and more than half the rye crop were lost. Although Indian corn or maize, known as 'mealies,' thrives well all over the country, and is a much more certain crop than any other grain, in 1897–8 1,100,000 bushels out of 2,000,000 were lost owing to drought.

The book goes on to say that dairy-farming is profitable, but uncertain; owing to frequent dry seasons large quantities of butter and cheese have to be imported to supply the demand. Not much

has been done up to the present towards the cultivation of food for milch-cows and other stock during the dry season.

On the 24th of May the correspondent of the *Daily Mail* telegraphed from Capetown that Sir Alfred Milner had spoken a word of caution on the subject of emigrants who proposed to go to South Africa, and adds that it was worthy of the strongest emphasis; he also gives the opinion of one of the best authorities that 'it is necessary to discourage in all possible ways promiscuous and unorganised immigration,' and adds, 'There is little or no chance for individuals, because of the nature of the country, and any immediate rush will be productive of nothing but disappointment and disaster.'

It may well be asked what prospect this description, taken from official sources, offers to men in the position of Reserve soldiers, with their families, without capital or experience, and with none of the indispensable knowledge of the country or language. It is, in fact, quite certain that if settled under present conditions the only result would be failure.

The Government would then have to submit to the loss of capital they might have advanced, and also to the cost of removing these people from a country where they could do no good, or, as an alternative, face the outcry that would be raised at allowing soldiers of the Empire, who had done good work, to fall into the miserable position of poor whites in a country where all labour was in the hands of natives, and considered in consequence to be unfit and degrading for white men.

Is it therefore to be concluded that nothing can be done to remedy these difficulties and to provide a means by which military settlers, so necessary to preserve the peace of Africa and to develop the country, may be located on the land with some chance of the settlement being permanent? The answer is that what is impossible for individuals may be accomplished by Government; that success may be looked for in irrigated farms, and that these may be formed without ultimate cost to the Government beyond the pay of the men for a certain time; that interest on this money would be forthcoming, and that the final result should be a large profit.

A study of the *Cape Colony Handbook* before mentioned will show that droughts and want of water generally are the main difficulties in the way of farmers, and that irrigation is the one cure of these difficulties; it will be found to say that, speaking generally, it is impossible to rely upon a regular return from the soil without irrigation; that with irrigation the profit is very large, especially in wheat; and that on the irrigated lands in the Colony, amounting to only about 300,000 acres, land sells for a very high price and is very difficult to obtain; also that fifteen acres would be enough to start on —a striking difference from the large extent of land required by a farmer under natural conditions.

The rivers of Africa are very peculiar; in the rainy season they are wide, deep, and roaring torrents, rising rapidly after a rainfall to a height of twenty feet and, in some cases, to as much as forty feet above the dry-weather level of the stream. These constant rises, accompanied by a great rush of water, have cut deep channels, and the descent to the bed of the river is steep and long, while the winter depth of the water allows of its being forded almost anywhere. The land rises in successive steps from the sea, and at a distance from the coast of 300 or 400 miles the country is 4,000 or 5,000 feet above the level of the sea; consequently the fall is very great, and the swollen rivers run themselves out rapidly when the rain which fills them ceases.

It is this water, which so quickly disappears, that is wanted to create farms of compact size where men may settle in communities affording mutual aid and society.

The country does not lend itself to irrigation, as in India, on a vast scale calculated to feed millions of people; but small settlements can be irrigated at an expense moderate as regards the wants of a community of 1,000 men or less, though too much for private settlers of limited means who cannot combine.

If the force which it is necessary to maintain in Africa be composed of men chosen because of their wish to settle permanently in the country, they might be divided into regiments of 1,000 or 500, or a less number of men, as the facilities for accumulating water might render advisable, and be settled in communities, whose houses might extend for some miles along a course, the centre part of which would be supplied with water from a dam made by blocking a valley or depression in the ground.

For a year, or two years, or as long as it was necessary to complete the works, these men might receive pay and be under military discipline, and would work under the direction of officers. During this time they would construct a dam, and build themselves houses and fences, and prepare the land for sowing.

As the force, after their recent experiences, would not require much military training, the whole of their time would be available to make the farm, and, when they were released from service, they should be able to continue in their houses and on their holdings at such terms as might be arranged.

They would then have picked up the knowledge of the country which is so necessary, would be free from the evils brought about by drought, and would have a reasonable hope of a succession of crops the same every year. Winter-feeding would be assured for their cattle, which could be kept on the adjacent country during the rainy season when grass was plentiful. The future of these men and their families would then be reasonably secure, and they would [illegible] beyond their own control.

It may be objected that the cost of all this would be excessive. It is true that engineers would have to be employed, and a few instructors skilled in farming; yet it may easily be shown that the cost will be less than paying an equal number of men for the occupation of the country, and that every penny of outlay would be eventually returned to the Government; that a large profit as well may be expected, and that it will have been a good investment of money.

To show this, let us take as an example the principal regiment now maintained by the Cape Colony, the Cape Mounted Rifles—a corps which is always on active service and has no time for other work. Although the conditions of a corps of military settlers would be somewhat different, it may be assumed that they would require to be mounted, as otherwise they would not be of much use; the comparison therefore with a mounted corps will give some indication of the expense of maintaining them; and whether they are supplied by Government with all they require, or whether they are paid a sum of money and required to find everything themselves, will not materially alter the total expense.

In the *Rules and Regulations of the Cape Mounted Riflemen* the pay of each rank is given, and a paragraph states that with certain small exceptions, evidently introduced for the sake of uniformity, 'out of the pay and allowances aforesaid the members of the regiment will be required to supply themselves with everything they need.' If we lump the pay of the different ranks together, and strike an average without aiming at absolute accuracy, it will probably be near the mark to say that each man, including officers, costs from 100*l*. to 110*l*. a year.

Assuming that a corps of Reservists or colonial soldiers engaged for military purposes in the newly settled countries would cost about the same amount, it will be seen that the average sum does actually pay all the costs of raising a long list of produce of farms. For example, it pays the cost of breeding and rearing horses till they are five years old, and over and above that a profit to the farmer who bred them. It is sufficient also to pay all the expense of producing meat, butter, milk, cheese, wheat, oats—which by no means finishes the long list of articles required, of which they may be taken as only examples; and this expense includes labour, irrigation, interest on capital, the charges for transport and import duty for the proportion that comes over-sea, and finally a profit to the farmer, in whatever part of the world he may be, which constitutes his livelihood. In the same way the money allotted for the pay of the regiment provides all the labour, expense, and profit connected with such articles as wagons, boots, clothes, harness, saddles, and many other things which are made by other men who must make a profit on them.

If therefore the money allotted as the pay of a regiment provides all these various rents, taxes, costs of labour, and profits to so many men outside the corps, how much more would it pay for all these things if the men who wanted them made them for themselves; and this is just what a regiment of soldier settlers should do.

This scheme of irrigated farms therefore proposes a constant market for the produce. If it did no more than supply the wants of the regiment, it would be a gain, since everything would be supplied at a reduced cost and many middlemen's profits eliminated; but it will in reality do much more than this. The raising of cattle where winter-feeding can be supplied should be a most profitable business, for the war must have killed off these animals almost as badly as the rinderpest of a few years ago. Sheep also are always profitable where they can be raised without fear of drought; and it is probable that horse-sickness would lose its power to some extent amongst horses brought up on good feeding and not subject to periodical starvation.

The farm should also be able to compete on favourable terms with the trade in imported wheat and dairy produce, which pay such heavy charges besides the cost of production; and for these things it would be reasonable to suppose that the mining centres, with their large populations, would always be a good market.

The Government have therefore opportunities denied to individuals. The labour is there, also the market, and they have besides the immense force of military organisation under which the preliminary work can be done with a precision not otherwise obtainable. The labour should all be done by the soldiers, if only to dignify the labour of white men; and they should look forward, when they were free, to occupy the houses and use the water provided by their own hands.

There would be room in the community for many trades besides farming, or combined with farming: tailors, shoemakers, saddlers, carpenters, and other tradesmen would all be wanted.

As has been shown, the capital which the Government would sink in the enterprise would be practically the pay of the men while they were retained on the active list: if engaged for one year, about 100*l.*; if for two years, double that amount: and when the men were free, each settled on the spot originally chosen, a rent which would pay the Government 4 or 5 per cent. on the outlay, and which might be arranged to make them eventually freeholders, would be easily borne by the settlers.

At the end of their short service they would be practical farmers; in a much better position than if they had been obliged to spend a year or more in looking about and then endeavouring to settle with a capital many times as large, which in the end might be all wasted.

The dams which supplied the water to the settlement would

probably be made defensible posts, but the houses might stretch over a good deal of country, and certain obvious rules should govern the sale of these holdings, which would ensure that a newcomer would be liable for service if required, and bound to keep his horse and arms fit for service. It is not probable that these men would ever be called out; their presence in the Colony would be a guarantee of peace, and they could count on pursuing their avocations with little chance of disturbance.

New recruits would be employed in extending irrigation works, which would be for their benefit when they were released from active service.

After the war great numbers of cattle, horses, mules, waggons, and traction-engines will be sold by the Government for prices only a fraction of what they cost; it would be better to reserve as many as were wanted for these settlements, and let the settlers pay for them, or keep them up by monthly deductions. It is found in the Cape Mounted Rifles that an insurance fund of 2*s.* 6*d.* a month is sufficient to supply losses in horses and to keep the regiment properly mounted.

When the farm was complete and the men free from active service, probably the best and most economical way to run it would be as a co-operative company; but in the absence of enforced obligations, such as are possible under military law, this might not work. In any case, however, co-operation could be largely used for the supply of ploughs and other instruments of agriculture.

It might perhaps be better that the waterworks should belong to Government, and the water supplied on payment; in fact, the whole rent might be collected in this way. But details such as these, unsuited to a short article, can easily be worked out if the general principle is sound; and it is thought to be so by practical men who know South Africa.

For a question of so great national importance, the Government, if they adopted such a scheme, would probably take powers to compulsorily purchase land suitable for these farms, as they now do for railways and other works required for the benefit of the public. In a country so large and so thinly populated there need be no necessity for dispossessing an owner, who could easily, if he so wished, retain his homestead and be incorporated in the settlement.

Half a dozen places suitable for such irrigation, and favourably situated from a strategical point of view, could be pointed out at once. The success of a few such farms would be an object-lesson to show that the country was worth something, if gold and diamonds did not exist; and that when these had ceased to be the main sources of wealth, which must happen in a limited number of years, it would still be worth while for men to labour there for a living. There are few new countries now left in which white men are not heavily

handicapped by the climate, and to show that these countries can be made to afford a safe and comfortable existence, and even a prospect of wealth, is a work which will be more and more appreciated as the pressure of population increases.

The wealth of a new country is a large resident population, and it has long been recognised that no large population can be expected in South African territories until the fertilising water is prevented from running to waste—a result which no man, without some commencement of this kind, can look forward to during his lifetime.

If these farms succeeded they would become schools of irrigation and practical farming, and it is reasonable to suppose that land companies would take the hint and irrigate their hitherto unsaleable tracts of country in the hope of attracting settlers by giving them some security that their lives would not be wasted in the constant struggle against drought. It is perhaps reasonable to suppose also that companies would be formed to irrigate for private farmers who have not the capital, and to recover payment by rent, so that the system would spread through the country.

Should this result be brought about by the example of military farms the benefit to the country might be very great; and it should be remembered that this is not a case in which the Government would find itself in the position of trying an experiment in the hope of future problematical success. It is the judicious expenditure of money which must in any case be spent, but which may be spent merely in the form of pay to soldiers, from which there would be no return either now or in the future.

J. G. B. STOPFORD.

THE HOME GENERALS AND THEIR WORK IN THE COMING AUTUMN

We are now entering on that period of the military year hitherto devoted to the advanced portion of military training. This year, owing to the large number of troops to be trained, the training is somewhat in arrear, and the musketry instruction of all the troops at Aldershot and Salisbury will not have been completed until the middle of August. Still, a very large number will before that time be ready to take up the further course of instruction. I do not know whether the high military authorities in Pall Mall, overworked as they already are, have had time to fully consider the training to be carried out during the next three months; but the Memoranda they have issued already, as to the general nature and character of the training, conclusively show that they intend it to be thoroughly practical, the ceremonial and bright button business being relegated to the background. But, in any case, it is almost entirely with the General Officers Commanding Districts, and with the Generals and Brigadiers called to command the recently raised levies, that rests the practical value of this year's training.

Here, therefore, a few words about our Home Generals and their duties. To soldiers, a General, wherever he is met, is a General, and that means a good deal, but it is doubtful that to the non-military portion of our population, in localities other than military stations, a General in command at home is a specially impressive figure. He lives outside their world; what he does they do not exactly know, for it does not seem to concern them, except when he appears with bemedalled breast to present prizes for shooting at targets, or to receive some illustrious personage at a railway station. They may perhaps connect his name with some military achievements thousands of miles away, but here his soldiering is somewhat in the background; and whilst they admit, when they behold him, that he is ornamental, they do not see that he is particularly useful, so far as they are concerned. To military men the case has, of course, appeared to be somewhat different, but at the same time we also knew that to be a General in command at home did not carry with

it any specially arduous work, or involve the fortunate possessor of the office in any specially heavy responsibilities. To-day all is changed; and I hope that to every non-military reader who chances to read this article will be brought home the realisation of the position in which these Generals stand to-day with regard to the present and the immediate future safety of the country; the closeness of the relations now between the home army and the country; how much depends on the officers who hold these commands; whether if, which God forbid, a storm bursts over us, it may be harmless; and, further, the need for the most strenuous and hearty support being given by the country to any measures considered necessary to enable these Generals to carry out successfully the work before them this year. This work is that of 'Defence not Defiance;' it is the manufacture of locks, bolts, and bars for the doors of our homes, not only to keep out possible intruders, but also to convince them of the hopelessness of even attempting to break in; it is this work, the real preparation of our home army for real home defence, that is now being, and to be carried out this year, by means of the training entrusted to the Generals at home. Perhaps non-military people will think somewhat highly of the position of a Home General this year, at all events.

That this work, which is in no single degree inferior in importance to that of leading our troops to fight our battles abroad, should have come into the hands of these individual officers is a very striking instance of the impossibility of framing the horoscope of a soldier; and of the truth of the old consolatory saying that 'whilst there is life there is hope.' These officers, one and all, may be classed as disappointed soldiers. It is almost certain that when the South African war broke out every one of them tendered his services, and sought for employment in the expedition; but they did not draw lucky numbers, or they found others preferred. They were justified in believing their military career closed. Then suddenly the war assumed a character totally unanticipated, with the present result that in their hands is placed the preparation of an army for the defence of the country; and should the defence have to become active, they will be the leaders of the army.

What a turn in the wheel of Fortune! Now they have the opportunity for showing the metal of which they are made, the breadth of their minds, their knowledge of modern war, and how to prepare troops for it; the drawing distinctions between the important and the unimportant, the shaking themselves free from past ideas and practices inapplicable and unsuitable to-day. And how different is their present work as generals from the days when, as company officers, they were under the generals! Then there was plenty of time for training; and, frequently, the real object kept in view as the purpose of the training was only to attain that particular

standard of efficiency which would commend itself either to some easily satisfied inspecting general, or an inspecting general with a weakness for some one soldierly virtue over all others. Smart drill with a rigid 'march past' was worked up to for one general; well-kept accounts and regimental documents were the *pièce de résistance* for another; symmetrically arranged kits, laid out in scrupulously clean and tidy barrack rooms, were sure to elicit the highest encomiums from a third; while efficiency for field service was rarely suited to secure approbation at all. And now, without a word of warning or of time for preparation for their work, these officers are called on to arrange and conduct a system of training under which are to be forced up during a very limited period of time to the standard of efficiency almost unknown to the generals of their younger days, that of real efficiency for real war in the field, a great number of officers and men who are sublimely innocent of military knowledge. The general of their time was not an overworked man: he spent the morning hours in his office transacting office business; he occasionally paid a visit to barracks for an inspection or some other special matter; he commanded at the few field days; the afternoons were usually devoted to social functions and social duties. But the hands of his successors of to-day are more than full with military duties and military work, and among these is this one, which is all-important and which cannot be left without their personal supervision—the training of a raw army for the defence of the country. And this year the training must necessarily be conducted on new lines as regards its execution. I purpose, therefore, in this article to explain, somewhat in detail, the nature of the training of 1900, to show incidentally how it must necessarily differ much from trainings of past years, and how heavy are the demands it makes on all concerned in it.

In ordinary times, it is desirable that subordinate commanders, when training their men, should be left to themselves to carry out the work, the eventual result of the training being taken as a test of how the work has been done. But we are now not in ordinary, but in very extra-ordinary times. We cannot afford to accept bad results from the training; we must ensure so far as we can that they shall be satisfactory. That there are in our home army some battalion, regimental, company, squadron, and battery commanders fully capable of training their respective units successfully, no one will deny; but among the rightful trainers, there are no small number who have had so little experience of the work, and know so little of what they have to teach, that if they are left to themselves their pupils will learn nothing. Battalion, company, and similar elementary training will, if left solely to the proper teachers this year, be in many cases a farce, with, in it, the potentialities of a tragedy in the field of war. A brother officer has told me that lately he saw

at a great military station four companies of Militia which had been told off for company training, the making gabions being the special item in it to be carried out; but, unfortunately, none of the officers supposed to be teaching their men knew how to give the lesson, for the art of making gabions was unknown to the teachers.

I myself have seen an eager battalion of the auxiliary forces lose a whole morning by carrying out a particular exercise in a manner which was totally wrong, and which if adopted in war would have ensured its annihilation; and this time was lost because the leader had not had sufficient experience in training under special difficulties. In quiet times no harm will arise from a preliminary lesson how '*not* to do it.' This year not an hour available but must be employed in at once teaching our troops the 'right way to do it.' Whether as regards map-reading, learning country, placing outposts, arranging small schemes, writing reports and framing orders, carrying out tactical exercises, there cannot be too many experienced teachers now. To some stations the War Office have sent one or two officers to aid specially in this work; in some units are officers capable of undertaking it; generals and their staff officers have much other work to do. Every general should, therefore, beat up for teachers among the officers under his command. I am told that at one important station the assistance of outsiders offered by the War Office was declined, the generals saying that they would do the work themselves. This is a very excellent idea, but under existing conditions it remains an idea only, and its conversion into practice is impracticable.

No general must, moreover, be content to-day with paper returns that his troops are going through some particular part of the training: he will have to personally assure himself that the training is real, and if it is not, he will have to take steps to make it a reality, and from every available source he must obtain assistance.

The task before our Home Generals is threefold, and is great enough to satisfy the most ardent soldier among them. They have to study and deal with a subject, new to them from its practical side—the leading and working troops of all arms in combination in close and cultivated England; to ascertain what are the new experiences of war already gained from the South African campaign, and which of them have any bearing on the defence of this same close and cultivated England; lastly, the troops they have to prepare for this work being mainly, on the one hand, old soldiers of the pre-magazine rifle period, and on the other, material of the raw kind, to make these officers and men understand and adopt the new and modified tactical system best suited for the great object, this same defence; a system, moreover, necessitating in all probability a complete break with systems in vogue in past years at Aldershot, Salisbury, and our other large training centres.

That these senior commanders will successfully accomplish their

task, we have no reason to doubt, *provided* that they one and all realise the altered conditions of this year's training, and that they recognise practically the object in view this year as contrasted with that of previous years; and the same remark applies to the commanders of lower degree, and in fact to every one under command. Let all realise the situation, and let all resolve to co-operate to the common end, and the ultimate product of the combined effort may be 'rough,' but it will be 'ready.' An armed Britisher who is only 'rough' does not count for much in war, but one who is 'ready' as well as 'rough' not even a Von Moltke could afford not to take most seriously into account. If we want to avert war, as we all must, we must act up to the truth that the way to avert the catastrophe is to be prepared for it. Such I believe to be the national need now; and if all concerned and taking part in this year's training act up to this belief there will not be any catastrophe at all.

But this new form and kind of training, this dealing with very poorly prepared officers and men, demands altogether new methods, and the exercise of great ingenuity in devising these methods. There is one infallible test by which the senior trainers may satisfy themselves whether they are on the wrong track. If their work on any one day of their command is precisely similar to that of their command last year, the probability is that something is wrong. This year every minute of their time is occupied mostly with new things for thought and practice, seldom with old things. And this year it is the Generals who must lead the way; on them nearly all depends; they cannot hide their light under bushels, for so many people are waiting for guidance from it to find their way about—but not altogether in unreasoning credulity, simply because some one who is in command exhibits the light.

No doubt there are under the Generals a certain number of officers who are quite content to follow a lead without reflecting on the wisdom or unwisdom of the lead. To them what is, is. But, on the other hand, there are many officers and men who, being deeply impressed with the seriousness of the situation, desire keenly light and leading which shall really fit them for service in the field. Not a few of these are in the Volunteer force; but even in the ranks of the private soldiers of the regulars are met men who have very strong ideas on the unsuitability of much of their old training to the needs of to-day; and this feeling is intensified just now by the accounts, perhaps sometimes exaggerated, of the experiences of South African battles given by comrades who have come back home from the battlefields. Take one little instance, that of volley firing by sections or companies—a practice which even during this current training at home is strictly adhered to in accordance with the existing regulations. 'Cannot be done' is the universal testimony. 'I could not hear the word of command in the roar

of the battle, and I was ordered to fire a fixed number of rounds independently.'

Only the other day, when I was watching the progress of an attack being carried out at Bisley by an excellent battalion of Volunteers, I mildly hinted to the commanding officer that his men delivering their fire, when in a kneeling position and about 400 yards from me, appeared to me to be far better targets than they would have been if prone on their stomachs. 'Quite agree with you, but over there' (pointing to the ranges) 'they won't let us fire in any other position.' So here the practical question demands full consideration by the Generals. It is not, however, merely what the Generals will teach, but the spirit they display as trainers intent on thorough and good training, that is so important this year. Enthusiasm and zeal in the upper ranks is highly infectious in the lower ranks; apathy or taking things easy in the higher ranks effectually damps all ardour in the lower ranks. Given the ground on which to work, train, and teach, and it is in this matter that civilians can help; and then it will not be with the War Office or the Horse Guards, or the great luminaries in the highest sphere of the military hierarchy, but with each personally of the Generals and Brigadiers in command of troops, that will rest the responsibility for allowing any falling short of the maximum efficiency attainable by the troops which have been under their command. This maximum efficiency can only be obtained by keeping the training continuously going on. The degree the training attains is not to be measured merely by the number of field days or tactical exercises; the standard attained will eventually depend on the number of individuals who will have acquired efficiency in the work which in war will fall to each, high or low, from the commander of the battalion to the private on sentry at the outposts, each in his own sphere of duty. The Generals and their staffs have, of course, to master their own work, the higher leading, but for this they must wait until the manœuvre period, when the ground suited to the purpose has been provided for them. Meanwhile, in the intervening period, they will have to busy themselves in ensuring that the lower leading of companies, squadrons, batteries, &c. is being steadily and persistently carried on, and that the minor details, most important in themselves, are being mastered by those who have to learn them.

But what a vista of preparation for the company officers and the rank and file opens out when we contemplate the eventual actual working of the lesser units in such country as ours! It is not on the higher leading of an army that alone depends success; the influence that the smallest details of the work which falls to the lower ranks have on the course of a campaign is very great, but is apt to be underrated. Take, for instance, the following four incidents from a real war. An officer is told to place his piquet north-west of a certain

village, and to extend his line of vedettes up to a named road; but maps are scarce, the country is difficult, night is coming on; he wanders about, and eventually, in the dark, comes back near to his starting point and leaves the road unwatched; a non-commissioned officer reports that he has seen no signs of the enemy in the neighbourhood of two villages he names in his report, but which he has mistaken for others; some subordinate puts, on an envelope containing most important information, a totally wrong address, so that the contents reach the intended recipient only after all is over; someone leading a column asks the inhabitants of a village the best road to another village; the inhabitants indicate a particular road, the column starts along it, and then discovers that it is marching in a direction away from, not towards, the goal, and by a long roundabout road; it is the *best* road, not the shortest and direct road; it is getting dark, the men are exhausted, so the march is abandoned for the night. All these mistakes are illustrative of the difficulties which attend the performance of the simple duty of identifying places in difficult country and of finding the right way about it; and they were all committed within the short period of thirty-six hours by the highly trained German soldiers in September 1870; and it was to a great extent the commission of these mistakes that enabled General Vinoy to lead safely from Mézières to Paris 10,000 men and 70 guns past 22 battalions, 55 squadrons and 102 guns of the enemy, and to form at the capital the nucleus for the formation of the army of defence which held the Germans at bay there for months. Yet one instance of a piece of carelessness during this same thirty-six hours: a German cavalry regiment was in touch with the retreating French who had come for a time to a standstill; the colonel determined, late in the afternoon, to take his regiment back to a village three or four miles south for the night, leaving a squadron to watch. The weather has become very bad and there will be shelter there. On arriving at the village he suddenly remembers something in his pocket; it is a sealed envelope; it was delivered to him by an orderly at a moment when, whilst watching the French, he was engaged in a lively discussion with another officer, and he now remembers putting it in his pocket without opening it. He breaks the seal, and finds that its contents is a most important order from his general that the regiment is to hang on to the enemy, that the general and the other troops are no longer south of him but have marched off west, and that the colonel must keep in touch with him. Result of the carelessness: there is insufficient watching, and the general finds himself without any cavalry, and the regiment is for the time lost to him. Very 'stupid' of the colonel, no doubt, but I think that he retained command of the regiment during the rest of the war. That constant feature in human nature, carelessness, which no uniform of any sort will expunge from any of us,

shows itself in war and peace alike despite of training. At Aldershot at the tactical exercise on the 12th of June, Major-General Oliphant, who was simulating the general of an invading force, was sitting on his horse at the north-east corner of the Fox Hills watching the gallant defenders of the country disappear into the woods in the low ground beyond, and was meditating as to the probable direction of the retreat, with a view to taking further measures for following them up. Some three hundred yards behind him I had just picked up on a road a sheet of foolscap giving the detailed orders for the previous occupation of the position gained and of the lines of retreat each section of the defenders was to follow. A not over-careful commander on the defenders' side had dropped it out of his pocket. As a conscientious neutral I did not reveal the precious secret, but I thought a good deal as to what this little bit of carelessness might have led to in real war here in England.

As regards the task of leading and working troops in close country, the Generals may, however, think out the subject till their heads ache, but the labour will be in vain unless they are allowed the use of ground of this character for practice in carrying out their ideas: their ideas, moreover, may be quite sound, but if the units the Generals have to work with have had no practice on this ground, the best conceived projects cannot but fail in execution. It is desirable that our legislators should understand this, so that, before they depart to their homes when Parliament adjourns, Parliament may have done something effectual for the practice of the defence of those homes. Much may, however, be done for the preparation of the troops beforehand, as will presently be pointed out.

But at once arises the question, Has the South African war furnished any experiences which have any bearing on the defence of close and cultivated England, and on the training for that defence? Now when there occurs a campaign apparently marking a fresh development of the art of war, much caution has to be used in drawing from it deductions for future guidance; for there is always a tendency to seize on one or more salient phenomena which have obviously contributed in a marked degree to the successes being gained, and to treat them as fetishes, and as sure and certain guides to victory in the future. A later and closer study of these phenomena shows, however, that to certain what may be called 'contributory circumstances' much of the success was due; these contributory circumstances are at first either unknown or disregarded. In the years succeeding the Franco-German War the number of isolated phenomena to which was attributed the success achieved by the Germans was very great: organisation, the initiative, massing of artillery, bold cavalry scouting, company training and other individual influences had their worshippers as the deciding influences in the war. And what has always appeared to be insuffi-

many things have gone from it which I regret; other things have come into it which I much dislike. It has become more emotional and sensational, and apt to go into hysterics. It did so over 'Jumbo,' Mr. Gladstone, and the Dreyfus case. On the other hand, the spirit in which the whole Empire has faced the Transvaal War, and the manner in which our soldiers have fought and died, show that we have not yet lost our manhood. On the whole, I am inclined to think that the condition of the country has improved; that the people are better off and more intelligent; and that as a body they are still in a vigorous middle age, showing no serious signs of senile decay.

CHARLES A. ROE.

THE NEWSPAPERS

Saturday, the 27th of October.—London has had to put up with a great disappointment to-day. The failure of the *Aurania* to keep its time at Southampton means the postponement of the arrival of the City Imperial Volunteers until Monday, and only those who have been witnesses of the preparations that London has made for welcoming her citizen soldiers can realise what this involves. Every arrangement had been made for the public reception of the gallant corps to-day, and all over the metropolitan area it had been decided, as by common consent, that business should be brought to a standstill at the hour when the Volunteers were timed to reach Paddington. Patriotic decorations were already to be seen on all the houses along the route; the police regulations had been published, and the very dinner with which the home-coming troops were to be entertained had been cooked. Countless thousands of dwellers in the suburbs were already on their way to the metropolis, and the crowds were beginning to gather in the streets, when the official announcement was made that there could be no reception of the C.I.V. to-day. It is an almost unprecedented incident in the history of popular demonstrations. But the winds and waves, which heard unheeding the commands of Canute the King, could hardly be expected to yield to the wishes of a Lord Mayor and his fellow-citizens. The pity is that the demonstration, since it must be postponed, has not been fixed for to-morrow. There would have been nothing unchristian in the reception of our citizen soldiers on their return from the war on a Sunday instead of a Monday afternoon, whilst a great dislocation of the business arrangements of London would have been avoided.

The first attempt to invest the election of our newly formed London Town Councils with a dignity suited to their importance was made last night, when Lord Rosebery addressed a crowded meeting at the Holborn Town Hall upon the question of London's needs. Lord Rosebery is always happy in his handling of London topics, and he was not less happy than usual yesterday. But the feature of the meeting last night which seemed most significant was the extraordinary quickness of the audience in recognising and acclaiming any allusion to the general political situation. It was clear that nine-

tenths of the persons present would have been supremely delighted if Lord Rosebery, instead of discussing the state of the dwellings of the poor in London; had delivered himself of a purely party speech on the politics of the day. Yet there are still people who affirm that the Liberal party does not desire to see its former leader restored to his old position at its head!

Monday, the 29th of October.—We have had Mafeking Day over again with a difference. London has given itself up to an outburst of patriotic emotion that has equalled in intensity that which hailed the raising of the siege of Mafeking; but on this occasion the demonstration has been concentrated on the reception of the City Volunteers. Never have I seen such crowds as those which lined the entire route by which the war-worn soldiers marched from the railway station to St. Paul's Cathedral, and on to their place of dismissal. Never have I heard such cheering as that which rose and fell as regularly as the roar of the sea during the whole time that the troops were passing. The crowd was far greater, far more dense, than that which filled the streets on Jubilee Day three years ago; the feeling displayed was almost startling in its depth and earnestness. Never before have soldiers returning from the wars been received with such heartfelt full-throated enthusiasm. It seemed as though the crowds would never grow tired of cheering the heroes of the hour. As for the Volunteers themselves, they had the appearance of seasoned veterans, and looked wonderfully changed by their nine months' experience of actual warfare. No troops in the world could have looked more 'fit' from the soldier's point of view. They had the air and bearing of men who had not only faced death, but had passed through hardships and dangers which had brought out all the inherent manliness of their natures. London had very good reason to be proud of them.

But it was the crowd, the wonderful crowd, that after all formed the great feature in the spectacle of to-day. It was not only so vast in its proportions, but so emotional in its demeanour that it astonished the cool observer. All the passion and enthusiasm displayed on that never-to-be-forgotten Mafeking Day were seen anew this afternoon. True the demonstration, being limited to the shouts of welcome which received the troops, was to that extent narrower than the unrestrained and confused rejoicings over Mafeking. But the spirit displayed by the people was the same. It is a new spirit in our history, and no one can be surprised that it does not please our foreign critics. If all this shouting and cheering and waving of flags meant that we were no longer fitted to do the fighting that may be required of us, others besides foreigners would feel displeased. But there is really no reason to assume that this is the case. It is better to incline to the belief that we have somehow or other broken through our national proneness to stolidity of bearing without parting with the substantial virtues with which that stolidity has hitherto been associated. But the

change is a startling one in any case, and its reality, its far-sweeping extent, are undeniable. The comment of a friend, who watched with me this afternoon as the multitude poured along Pall Mall in a broad river of cheering humanity, was simple and to the point: 'How could we Liberals possibly hope to win at the General Election in face of the fact that the Government had enlisted this feeling in its favour? The wonder is that we did so well as we did.' Certainly the nation has the bit between its teeth so far as the war and all that appertains to it are concerned.

The death of Max Müller, whose latest work appeared in the pages of this Review, is only not to be considered as a grave loss to the world, because as a matter of fact his life's work had already been accomplished. There will be wide and deep regret, however, for the loss of that brilliant intellect and that profound and almost omniscient learning. Let it be set on record that Max Müller was one of those men of foreign birth who have identified themselves thoroughly with the ways of life and thought of the people with whom they have been united by adoption. Without ceasing to love his native land, Max Müller had become an ardent lover of England, and not long ago he used his pen and the influence he possessed in Germany in the attempt to effect some improvement in the relations of the two nations. Both countries have reason to mourn his death.

Tuesday, the 30th of October.—London was startled and greatly shocked this morning by the announcement that Prince Christian Victor of Schleswig-Holstein had died of enteric fever at Pretoria. Although it was known that he was ill, nothing serious was anticipated, and this sad bereavement of the Royal Family has evoked universal sympathy. The young prince was a thorough soldier, and popular with all with whom he came in contact. His death is a real loss, not only to his own relatives, but to a wide circle of private and professional friends. The news of the sad event reached England yesterday just before the arrival of the C.I.V. in London, but it was purposely withheld until after the reception of the Volunteers, so that nothing might mar the welcome given to them by the City.

To-day people are talking not so much of the wonderful enthusiasm displayed yesterday, and the enormous crowds which gathered to receive the returning soldiers, as of the lamentable breakdown of the arrangements for keeping the route, and the disgraceful scenes of rowdyism that were witnessed in the evening. That the authorities had altogether miscalculated the requirements of the day, and had consequently made no adequate preparation for keeping the route of the troops clear, is evident. The Volunteers to whom the duty of lining the streets was assigned did not in some cases reach their stations until a few minutes before the head of the column arrived. It was then, of course, far too late for them to act efficiently. As for the police, they had made none of the preparations

which proved so effective on the occasion of the Jubilee in 1897. No barriers were erected, and nothing done to prevent pressure at points where the route was intersected by great thoroughfares. The consequence was great and dangerous overcrowding. The latter part of the march of the C.I.V. was conducted in Indian file, and the men had to struggle as best they could through the immense multitude of enthusiastic well-wishers. It was an unfortunate occurrence, and one that reflected little credit upon those responsible for the arrangements.

But it was the scene at night that has made the worst impression upon the public mind, and it is certainly time to speak out on the subject of the sudden growth of the worst kind of rowdyism in the streets of London. The evil began at the date of the relief of Mafeking, when a large proportion of the people of London were absolutely intoxicated with patriotic joy. Their antics were even at that time objectionable, though much could be forgiven, considering the cause of the demonstration. It is intolerable, however, that outbreaks of vulgar and violent rowdyism should have become periodical, and it is time that stern measures were taken to put an end to a state of things that discredits us as a people. When the newspapers can talk of the "kissing carnival" that was held in our leading thoroughfares last night, and from which no woman who fell into the hands of the mob could escape, it is surely time that strong measures were taken to ensure the maintenance of public decency, even at times of popular rejoicing. There is no doubt that the finger of scorn will again be pointed at us in connection with the orgies of last night.

Wednesday, the 31*st of October.* At last we have an announcement, apparently authoritative, with regard to the reconstruction of the Ministry. It is not what had been expected. Lord Salisbury, we are told, has resigned the office of Foreign Secretary, whilst retaining the Premiership, and his successor at the Foreign Office is to be Lord Lansdowne. No one can be surprised at the step taken by Lord Salisbury. He laid upon himself an impossible burden when he returned to office in 1895, and both he and the country have suffered in consequence. But many men in both political Parties will regret that the office he has seen fit to resign should be that of Foreign Secretary rather than the Premiership. Lord Lansdowne's appointment as his successor is a surprise. No one expected the Secretary for War to retain his post in the new Parliament, but few contemplated the possibility of his receiving this promotion. He is an admirable linguist, however, and thus has one qualification, at least, for the Foreign Secretaryship. Whether he will prove strong enough to direct the foreign policy of this country in the critical times through which we are passing is a point upon which it would be premature to express an opinion. To-day the feeling in political

circles is certainly not favourable to this change in the distribution of offices, but men are waiting to see what further steps are to be taken in the reconstruction of the Ministry before passing judgment upon the new departure.

Thursday, the 1*st of November.*—Judging by the comments in the Tory press this morning, Lord Salisbury has certainly not been successful in conciliating his own party by the appointment of Lord Lansdowne as Foreign Secretary. Perhaps the best answer to the roar of indignation with which the appointment has been received by the Conservative organs is to be found in the simple question: Where could a better man be found in the ranks of the Ministry? Lord Lansdowne, we are now told, will only be the subordinate of the Prime Minister, and the policy of the Foreign Office will still be Lord Salisbury's. No doubt this is true; but the public proclamation of the fact is hardly likely to strengthen the new Foreign Secretary in his dealings with foreign countries.

Friday, the 2*nd of November.*—The work of reconstructing the Ministry goes on apace, and the changes announced to-day are both numerous and important. The retirement of Sir Matthew White Ridley from the Home Office was not unexpected; but it is none the less a loss to the public service. If Sir Matthew lacked the reforming zeal and administrative genius of his predecessor, he was at least one of those happy men who preside even at the Home Office without exciting violent animosities on the part of sections of the public. It is well known that the pressure of his official work was irksome to him, and he now retires with the gratifying sense of having left behind him a good record in an office in which success has so often eluded men of the highest ability. His successor Mr. Ritchie is a capable man of business, though no one had thought of him in connection with the post to which he has now been appointed. Mr. St. John Brodrick's promotion to the War Office is somewhat coldly received in the press and by the army reformers. But it may yet be justified. Mr. Brodrick has the advantage both of youth and of a previous experience of the War Office. He ought at least to have made himself acquainted with those deficiencies in the Pall Mall system the existence of which it was his business as an Under Secretary to deny so strenuously. The most startling of the new appointments is that of the Earl of Selborne to the Admiralty. In this case, although the outside public seems to acquiesce without murmuring in the new arrangement, there is unquestionably a very hostile feeling among politicians. At the present moment, when the condition of our Navy is recognised as critical, the post of First Lord ought to have been conferred upon some one of tried ability and ripe experience as an administrator. It is impossible to pretend that Lord Selborne fulfils these requirements. Possibly, like Mr. Brodrick, he may hereafter justify

his promotion; but in recording the opinion of the day—not the gossip of the streets, but the opinion of political and administrative experts—I am bound to say that the feeling with regard to Lord Selborne's appointment is distinctly unfavourable.

Lord Wolseley's speech at Sheffield had, at least, the merit of absolute candour. Those who find fault with it, as an exhibition of peevishness on the part of an official whose term of office is on the point of closing, should remember that Lord Wolseley's predecessor, the Duke of Cambridge, not infrequently expressed himself in similar terms on the subject of the Treasury and Ministerial control of the military authorities. The question is a big one, and it will have to be threshed out in the course of the coming controversy on Army reform. On the whole it is not a bad thing for the cause of reform that Lord Wolseley should have taken up his present attitude.

Monday, the 5th of November.—It cannot be said that the public, or that section of it which still takes an interest in the news from South Africa, is altogether satisfied with the condition of things at the seat of war. The revival of activity on the part of the Boers still in the field has had a disquieting effect, and even optimists now talk of next spring as the probable limit of hostilities. At the same time it is recognised that all these 'affairs of outposts' and raids upon railway lines, annoying and even costly though they are, do not materially affect the situation. The approaching departure of Lord Roberts from Africa, and the consequent promotion of Lord Kitchener to the supreme command, point to a new phase in the contest. It is not supposed that Lord Kitchener will be moved by any special compassion for the weakness of the enemy against whom he has to contend, and a sharp and ruthless struggle is anticipated as the result of his assumption of the chief authority. One may be permitted to hope that this phase of the struggle will at least be brief. After it will still remain the problem of pacifying and reconciling the two races in South Africa—not a problem to be lightly faced. If any other nation than our own, at the end of twelve months of fighting like that through which we have just passed, were in the position in which we now stand, there would be good reason to hesitate before pronouncing any decided opinion as to the ultimate issue of the struggle. But the wonderful tenacity of our race will come into play now, as it has done in many a previous crisis in our history, and we shall 'worry through' to the desired end. Nevertheless the continued and infinitely vexatious opposition we are encountering from a beaten foe makes not a few men on both sides in politics come to the conclusion that the Government are on the whole fortunate in not having put off the General Election.

It is curious to note how shy the average Englishman has been

of expressing any opinion as to the great struggle which comes to an end in the United States to-morrow. The main reason for the unwonted reticence which is maintained, both in the press and by public men on this side of the Atlantic, is not one that it is difficult to ascertain. We have learned by bitter experience that the people of the States resent, in an almost childish fashion, any interference on the part of Englishmen in their domestic conflicts. Few of us can have forgotten the episode which brought Mr. Sackville West's career as English Minister at Washington to an abrupt conclusion, and we have no desire to give American Presidents or statesmen an excuse for any repetition of the unpleasant exhibition which was then made of himself by Mr. Cleveland. In consequence we leave the people of the United States to discuss our own politics, both domestic and foreign, as freely as they please, whilst we rigidly abstain from any comments upon theirs. This is the chief reason for the comparative silence preserved by Englishmen with regard to a struggle which has an interest for the whole civilised world. But though we are silent on the subject of the great election the fact does not imply that we are not interested in it, and no mischief can be done now by the statement that the sympathies of the overwhelming majority of Englishmen are with Mr. McKinley, and that his re-election will be hailed with satisfaction by members of all parties in this country. Some day, perhaps, our kinsmen over the seas will have acquired something of our own thickness of skin, and it will be possible for Englishmen to express their sympathies in a great political struggle in the States without necessarily injuring the cause with which they sympathise. But that time has not yet been reached.

Wednesday, the 7th of November.—The special interest which the organs of the Ministry manifest in the state of the Opposition may not be altogether disinterested, but it is, nevertheless, worthy of attention. The *Times* of yesterday published a letter regarding Lord Rosebery and the possibility of his return to the leadership of his own party which, I imagine, represented not unfaithfully the feeling of a good many of Lord Rosebery's friends. It indicated, in language not dissimilar to that which I have used more than once in these pages, that if he is to return to the position from which he retired in 1896, he will have to be asked to do so. No one who remembers the emphatic speech delivered by the ex-Premier in Edinburgh at that period can believe it possible for him to come back to his old place without an invitation. He retired in the hope of securing unity in the ranks of a Party in which the dissensions that had long been smouldering, even under the premiership of Mr. Gladstone, had at last broken out openly. Unfortunately, his self-sacrifice was not rewarded by the attainment of the object at which he aimed, and the internal feuds which rent the Opposition became even fiercer after his retirement than they had

been before. I know that the theory is professed by certain persons that these feuds are the result of what they call 'Rosebery intrigues.' There is only one word that can be applied to this theory. It is the word which Squire Burchell used when listening to the conversation of certain pretentious females. Such 'intrigues' only exist in the heated imaginations of certain furious antagonists of Lord Rosebery in the Press and the House of Commons. It is the simple truth to say that ever since his retirement from the leadership of his party, so far from countenancing any intrigue in his own favour, he has been chiefly anxious to keep altogether aloof from the strife of parties. During the last four years it is his personal enemies who, by their persistent abuse and misrepresentation of a man who has never stooped to defend himself, have done more than any other persons to keep his name and his reputation prominently before the public eye.

Now, however, matters seem to be entering upon a new phase. Ever since the Khaki Dissolution was announced there have been loud demands from Liberals in all parts of the country for Lord Rosebery's return to the leadership. It is acknowledged even by those who are not in absolute agreement with him that there is no one in the Liberal Party so well fitted to lead that party, whether in Opposition or in office. The years of his retirement from party warfare have added to his influence in the country, and by common consent he now occupies a position in our public life so commanding as to be almost unique. It is not wonderful that the great majority of Liberals should wish to see the personal force represented by the ex-Premier once more enlisted on their side in the great and never-ceasing political battle. The demand made by the correspondent of the *Times*, and echoed to-day in many quarters, is that he should be formally asked to resume his leadership. It will be interesting to see how this demand is received by the party-lieutenants to whom it is addressed. In the meantime, the *Times* points out another way in which he may, if he please, return to active political life as the leader of a party, if not of the Liberal Party. He has given open utterance to his views upon questions of foreign and Imperial policy, and he may come forward with the simple invitation to those who agree with his views to rally to his leadership. But this suggestion leaves out of sight one important side of Lord Rosebery's character. I mean his devotion to social reform, and to the old Liberal ideas on subjects of domestic policy. The problem, it will be seen, is a complicated one, but there is a steadily growing belief that the future of Liberalism is in the hands of Lord Rosebery, and that his resumption of his old position of authority in the political world cannot be long delayed.

Friday, the 9th of November.—Here is London once more in the hands of the mob. For the third time within a fortnight, many

of the great business houses in the City find their premises as effectually blockaded, and their business operations as completely stopped, as though London were in a state of siege, with the enemy hammering at the gate. It is the annual mummery of the Lord Mayor's Show which is responsible for the paralysis of traffic to-day. Serious as a disturbance of this kind necessarily is, the Londoner forces himself to bear it with equanimity when it happens only once a year. But now that we have handed over the duty of expressing public opinion to the man in the street, our master is becoming too exacting. To have Ludgate Hill blocked three times in a fortnight is a little too much even for those who still believe in those somewhat battered divinities, Gog and Magog.

The process of completing the Ministry is not being carried on without a certain amount of friction. The inordinate number of relatives whom Lord Salisbury has felt it to be his duty to introduce into the Government has aroused jealousy and resentment in one quarter. The favour shown to the Liberal Unionists has caused even greater anger in another. Even the sedate *Times*, which is by no means given to listening at club keyholes, is constrained to speak of the resentment which prevails at the Carlton Club over some recent appointments. Lord Lansdowne's accession to the Foreign Office, like Lord Selborne's promotion to the Admiralty, is regarded by Messrs. Tadpole and Taper as a distinct slight to the legitimate branch of the Unionist Party; and now comes the additional insult of Mr. Arnold-Forster's promotion to the important office of Secretary to the Admiralty. What does it matter in the eyes of the Carlton Club that Mr. Arnold-Forster has for years devoted himself to a serious study of the naval and military defences of this country, and that he may, in consequence, be regarded as an expert in all matters concerning our fleet? The disappointed grumblers do not regard that fact as a sufficient justification for the promotion of a Liberal Unionist. On the other hand, Mr. Powell Williams and Mr. T. W. Russell, both Liberal Unionists, have dropped out of the ranks of the Ministry altogether. Why Mr. Powell Williams should have gone we are not told, but the retirement of Mr. Russell is avowedly the result of a difference of opinion with Lord Salisbury on the important subject of Irish land-purchase.

Saturday, the 10th of November.—The shadow of the war seemed to hang over the proceedings in the Guildhall last night. Not for many years past has the general public felt less curiosity with regard to the utterances at the Ministerial banquet. The excitement of the general election is at an end, and, so far as the war is concerned, we seem to have reached the stage when people are thinking more of the bill than of the banquet. Lord Salisbury spoke in a minor key, and his references to the question of military reform cannot be said to have excited much enthusiasm. He still pointed to the dangers

which surround us, and to the need that exists for guarding against them; but he did not satisfy ardent reformers by his defence of the War Office, and by his curious declaration that, whilst soldiers are at liberty to speak in their own vindication, silence is imposed upon the politician who may be unfairly attacked. Affairs in China are hardly less complicated and critical than before, but the Prime Minister's allusion to them was vague and perfunctory. He certainly said nothing to allay the apprehensions which prevail in some quarters as to the possible results of the Anglo-German agreement.

Sir Redvers Buller's home-coming yesterday was characteristic of the man. Whatever the newspaper critics may have had to say of him, Sir Redvers, by the sincere simplicity of his character and his unfailing pluck and resolution, has completely outlived the voice of detraction, and he returns home to receive the greeting he has earned so well. But he receives it in his usual fashion, with as little as possible of outward demonstration, and an evident desire to cut all ceremonial proceedings as short as possible. To him has fallen the hardest work of the war, and it is no slight thing to be able to say that he returns to enjoy the undiminished respect and confidence of all who know him. To-day Lord Roberts shares with Sir Redvers Buller the special sympathies of his fellow-countrymen. The news that the illness of his daughter has taken a serious turn has saddened every heart, and there is a universal prayer that the sacrifices which the gallant veteran has already made on the altar of his country may not be added to by any fresh bereavement. In the meantime, people are taking courage from the news of De Wet's defeat and the loss of his artillery, and are indulging once more in the hope that the close of the war is at hand. The cruel calumnies upon our troops which have been published in some quarters are not calculated to serve the purpose of their authors. Nobody claims perfection for our soldiers, but the highest authorities and the most impartial judges are unanimous in their testimony to the general good conduct and humanity of the English Army, and it seems a pity that wild and uncorroborated charges against our men should be permitted to revive the embers of race-hatred between Britons and Boers.

Monday, the 12th of November.—Mr. Frederic Harrison's deliverance on the subject of the degeneration of our race is eloquent and striking; but it suggests the possibility that the orator has allowed his feelings to override his judgment. When he tells us that 'on international questions Christianity has become an influence for evil,' he can hardly expect to carry with him the approval of even a fraction of his fellow-countrymen. That the war has reached a painful stage in which there is much suffering and little glory everybody will admit. It is impossible to think of the desolation which has been carried through the two States at war with us without feeling a strong

sense of pity and horror. But it is equally impossible to shut our eyes to the fact that the misery and ruin which everybody deplores are the natural and inevitable results of a struggle like that in which we are now engaged. The pretence that England is acting with any special cruelty towards its conquered foe is not one that can be maintained in the light of history. The sword once drawn, the struggle must be maintained to the end, or all the sufferings that have been endured and the sacrifices that have been made will have been in vain. If the opponents of the war would only recognise this fact they would have a much better chance of influencing their fellow-countrymen than that which their present attitude affords them. After all, we are not naturally a brutal race, and it is only under the pressure of stern necessity that our soldiers are taking those steps which Mr. Frederic Harrison and his sympathisers regard as wantonly cruel and wicked.

To-day's Council at Windsor—not a Cabinet Council as some of the newspaper writers suppose—is regarded with much interest by the public. It marks the completion of the most important stage in the reconstruction of the Ministry. Rumours have been circling about during the last day or two as to the possibility of Parliament being summoned to meet next month instead of in February. To-day's Council will probably prove decisive as to the truth of these rumours. That more money is needed for the operations in South Africa is doubtless true. If, however, we are to have a December session, other questions besides those of finance will have to be dealt with. The Little England section of the Opposition look forward to such a session eagerly, in the hope that it will enable them to repeat the famous Wednesday afternoon performance of last summer. Their desire is not to heal, but to accentuate the differences in the Opposition.

Wednesday, the 14th of November.—Yesterday's papers confirmed the rumours of an early meeting of Parliament, and there was in consequence no little excitement in the political clubs. Men ask, not unnaturally, why Parliament should be thus summoned immediately after a general election which has given Lord Salisbury an overwhelming majority. But the truth is that money is imperatively needed for the further conduct of that war which the electors were told was virtually ended before the Dissolution in September. The speech of Sir Michael Hicks-Beach last night shows that the general election has had one wholesome effect at all events. It has given the Chancellor of the Exchequer courage to tell the country that it is not to be permitted to lay the financial burden of the South African War upon posterity. We may look, therefore, not for a remission, but for a very considerable increase in taxation—a prospect more healthy than agreeable.

The reconstruction of the Ministry is now practically complete.

It has been much more extensive than was anticipated, and the final result is to give the country a Cabinet of twenty members. Such a body is far too unwieldy to be able to discharge the duties which have hitherto belonged to the Cabinet. The Ministerial papers, indeed, declare that the real business of the country will be transacted by an inner Cabinet. So another innovation in constitutional usage is now to be credited to a Conservative statesman. A few months ago everybody was complaining that the House of Commons had ceased to possess its old importance in the councils of the nation. Now, that very ark of the covenant, the Cabinet itself, is dispossessed, and authority is centred in a committee within the Cabinet whose proceedings are not even conducted in the dim light which is shed upon the larger body. One begins to wonder how much of the Constitution will be left when the present *régime* comes to an end. I am reminded of the old story of the peer who, in the days when Mr. Disraeli was laying his successive Reform Bills before Parliament, in a fit of absence of mind turned into the Reform Club in mistake for the Carlton. 'Beg pardon, my lord,' said the hall-porter, who recognised the trespasser, 'I think your lordship has turned into the wrong house. This is the Reform Club.' 'By G—, so it is,' said the peer, awakening from his trance. 'I thought it was the Revolution Club!' and away he went to the Carlton.

It is good news that the Powers have agreed as to the terms to be imposed upon China. Severe they undoubtedly are, yet they are not too severe for the offence, and now that the Chinese know that they cannot profit by differences among the nations there is a chance that they may yield.

Friday, the 16th of November.—The news of the serious illness of the Czar, published in the papers yesterday morning, has had a very disquieting effect upon politicians both at home and abroad. It would hardly, indeed, be possible to imagine a greater calamity at this moment than the loss of the young Emperor. His love of peace is sincere, and it was never more necessary than it is just now that the man who rules Russia should be a man of peace. The dangers of the situation in China are still very great, and there are other complications nearer home which statesmen cannot contemplate without uneasiness. If Lord Salisbury had foreseen the illness of the Czar when he spoke at the Guildhall last Friday his utterances would have been even more gloomy than they were.

Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman's speech at Dundee yesterday has met with a curious reception from the press. Some newspapers —and notably the *Daily News*—regard it as an attempt to ostracise the Liberal Imperialists, and to stamp the Liberal Imperial policy with official condemnation. Others look upon it as a direct invitation to Lord Rosebery to resume the leadership of the party. It is unfortunate that a speech of so much importance should cause so

much diversity of opinion. Both the interpretations of it that I have named are clearly exaggerated. Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, it is true, did invite Lord Rosebery to return to the Liberal Party, but it can hardly be said that the terms of the invitation were as unreserved as they might have been. They had the appearance, indeed, of being used under some external pressure. It is to be feared that a speech which was clearly meant to conciliate everybody—except the members of the Liberal Imperial Council—will have a directly opposite effect. In any case we do not seem as yet to have arrived at the end of Liberal divisions of opinion.

Saturday, the 17th of November.—The address of Lord Rosebery as Lord Rector of Glasgow University occupies the chief place in the papers to-day. It seems to meet with universal approval, and it furnishes the best possible answer to those who imagine that a man who takes the Imperial view of our position must necessarily be an aggressive Jingo. That this fine address, dealing with the greatest of all the problems by which as a people we are now confronted, will have any direct effect upon Lord Rosebery's own position is a point that cannot be hastily decided. It is noticeable that even those newspapers which have been most bitterly opposed to his resumption of the Liberal leadership speak with evident admiration and appreciation of his statesmanlike survey of our situation as an Imperial Power, whilst his clear warnings as to the future are recognised by all but a few hardened optimists as being truths that the nation cannot safely disregard.

In the meantime the dispute over Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman's speech goes on briskly. Lord Brassey, not unnaturally, has taken up the cudgels on behalf of the Liberal Imperial Council, who bitterly resent the unpremeditated reference to them in Sir Henry's speech as being hardly distinguishable from Liberal Unionists. Mr. H. W. Massingham, on the other hand, again takes up his parable and seeks to prove that Lord Rosebery is divided not upon one but upon many different points from the Liberal Party, and the *Manchester Guardian*, whilst endorsing Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman's invitation to the lost leader to return to the fold, graciously intimates that he can only do so if he sheds the mantle of Imperialism. Ordinary people feel more than ever that the solution of the problem rests with Lord Rosebery himself, and that he can if he pleases return to the leadership of the party on his own terms and in his own fashion.

Sunday, the 18th of November.—A good deal of attention is being called just now to the latest attempt to familiarise us with the less pleasant features of American journalism. This has been the introduction into certain of our halfpenny newspapers of the system of 'trial by newspaper' in the case of a man accused of the crime of murder. The unfortunate wretch is not even as yet committed for

trial, and the case against him is wholly based upon what is called circumstantial evidence. But these newspapers have been hunting up all the information obtainable, and have published it in a fashion that is clearly prejudicial to the accused. A more flagrant contempt of court and disregard for justice I have never known; and what surprises me is that no notice should have been taken by the authorities of a scandalous departure from the traditions and usages of the English Press. There are other departures, not scandalous, but hardly to be regarded as edifying, which have become increasingly common of late. Lord Rosebery referred to one of these in his amusing speech at Edinburgh yesterday. The American method of advertising has been applied to the *Encyclopædia Britannica* with remarkable success, and the edition of that work which had led a humdrum and placid existence for many years has suddenly become the topic of the hour, all owing to the manner in which it has been boomed by the *Times* and other newspapers. One wonders what the last generation of newspaper editors and proprietors would have thought of this kind of enterprise in journalism.

Monday, the 19th of November.—The distresses of the Opposition are still manifold, and Liberal members continue to discuss eagerly the 'true inwardness' of Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman's invitation to Lord Rosebery to return to the party fold. That it was not sufficiently explicit, and that it was marred by the vehemence of the rebuke administered to the Liberal Imperial Council, seem to be the points upon which the majority of people are agreed. Sir Henry was no doubt absolutely sincere in his wish for Lord Rosebery's return to the counsels of the party; but his love of peace led him to do his utmost to conciliate the section of the Opposition which is bitterly opposed to the ex-Premier, and he seems to have thought that the best way to achieve this end was by trouncing the Liberal Imperialists, on the strength of the indiscreet resolutions adopted by the members of their Council a few weeks ago. The result is that, whilst he has given bitter offence to one extreme wing of the party, he has not conciliated the extremists at the opposite pole. To-day the *Times* gives Lord Rosebery plentiful advice, which might be of value but for the fact that the majority of Liberals not unnaturally distrust a journal which has distinguished itself by the vehemence of its hatred of Mr. Gladstone and everything that savours of Gladstonianism. On one point, however, Liberals admit that even the *Times* may be right. This is in its interpretation of the masterly address of Lord Rosebery at Glasgow. The spirit of that address was the spirit of sane Imperialism: an Imperialism based upon the true principles of Liberalism, and recognising fully the changed political conditions with which our statesmen must henceforth deal if they are to put their powers to any practical use in the service of the nation. That which is most remarkable in the position to-day is that politicians of

both parties seem to take so much keener an interest in the future of the Opposition than in the possible policy of the present Government. A more striking commentary upon the hollowness of the recent general election as a test of the real feeling of the country could hardly be imagined. For this Ministers must bear the responsibility. They insisted upon fighting the election upon the single question of the war; and whilst this policy gained for them, as was foreseen from the first, an easy and overwhelming victory, it settled nothing beyond the question of the war. All the manifold problems lying outside the range of the South African campaign were left untouched, and already those neglected questions are beginning to assert themselves. Nothing is more unprofitable than the attempt to prophesy with regard to the future course of politics. 'You might as well attempt to predict what the weather will be this day twelve months,' was the reply of a well-known statesman when he was once asked to play the part of a prophet with regard to the course of political affairs. Yet there are not a few who have plucked up sufficient courage to predict that the present state of feeling in the country does not augur well for the stability or long life of the reconstructed Administration. One recalls Dean Stanley's declaration at Lord Palmerston's funeral, that those around the grave were standing on the watershed of two epochs. How abundantly that prophecy was fulfilled is known to all of us. We seem to be in a not dissimilar position to-day. Administrative reform, and the work of putting the Empire on a business footing, are apparently the task to the accomplishment of which many men of both parties are now girding their loins, and they are looking eagerly for the man who will lead them in their great enterprise. Unless Ministers show forthwith that they are in earnest in their determination to set their house in order, they may have a sudden and a rude awakening.

Thursday, the 22nd of November.—Mr. Kruger's reception at Marseilles ought not to disturb the equanimity of anybody in this country. Indeed, there are far too many comic incidents connected with the ex-President's landing on the soil of France to permit of a tragic view being taken of that event. But undoubtedly Mr. Kruger has done his best to let the world see something of the temper in which he is prepared to treat the political questions at issue between himself and the English Government. His speech on landing can but injure his own cause and reputation. It must at the same time add to the embarrassment of the French Government, which can stay cries against England in the streets but can hardly muzzle the guest of the country on the platform. To criticise the utterances of the defeated leader would under the circumstances be ungenerous; but it is impossible to ignore the moral that they teach.

Sir Henry Fowler's speech at Wolverhampton emphasises a point upon which there is much uneasiness just now in both political

parties. That is the possibility that Ministers may adopt the suggestion of Lord Salisbury at the Guildhall, and 'let bygones be bygones,' by neglecting to carry out the reforms in our military system which the war has shown to be imperatively needed. Lord Salisbury's speech has been a bitter disappointment to the friends of reform in both parties, and Ministers will find that even their swollen majority will not suffice to protect them if they deliberately turn aside from the path of thoroughgoing administrative reconstruction to which they are invited both by their supporters and their opponents. On one topic of the hour—the position of Lord Rosebery—Sir Henry Fowler spoke with a clearness which must prevent any misunderstanding of his meaning. So far as one can gather, the invitation to Lord Rosebery to resume his old place in the Liberal counsels is re-echoed by everybody in the party save the section which takes its inspiration from *Truth* and the *Manchester Guardian*.

The sentence passed upon the proprietor of *Sporting Luck* was not a very heavy one, but it is sufficient to condemn the vile practice which has grown up in the Press of attracting readers, or rather purchasers, by means of competitions which are more or less in the nature of gambling transactions. It is not in the sporting papers only that this system has secured a footing, and it is much to be hoped that the Law Officers of the Crown will direct their attention to an evil which is not only degrading to the Press, but a distinct breach of the law of the land.

Saturday, the 24th of November.—Mr. Kruger's progress through France is undoubtedly a personal triumph of no ordinary kind. But so long as public opinion in this country remains calm and we are content to watch the demonstrations in honour of the ex-President as uninterested spectators, no harm can come of a movement which is clearly meant to gratify Anglophobists more than pro-Boers. It is in France itself that the real danger lies. But as the Government of that country would be the first to suffer if the demonstrations aimed at this country were to exceed the bounds of safety, we may rely upon their being restrained by the hand of authority.

To-day gossip in London is concerned with the rumour of serious differences at the War Office which are likely to lead to Lord Wolseley's immediate retirement from his post, and even to further changes of a still more sensational kind. We must wait for the confirmation of these rumours before accepting them as accurate; but they all serve to indicate the point at which the first struggle between the Government and public opinion is likely to take place.

WEMYSS REID.

THE USAGES OF WAR IN SOUTH AFRICA

Some words of preface and caution are needful. The questions here discussed are legal; the answers or suggestions submitted are legal; the questions and answers belong to International Law. Most of the controversies now debated with heat and acrimony are not here touched. With the multitude of charges made against individual combatants on either side of violating the usages of war, and, in particular, disregarding the white flag, I do not meddle, for many reasons, among others the fact that rarely is anything worthy of the name of evidence accessible; that statements to the discredit or dishonour of men in South Africa ought not, it seems to me, to be made more lightly than if they were living in England; and that no opinion worth much on most of the controverted incidents could be formed without laborious investigation on the spot, hearing both sides, examining and cross-examining the witnesses of misdeeds, and sifting the truth from the legends which grow up at a certain stage in every war. I would only diffidently state an impression formed after reading most of the charges, that there is a want of sense of proportion in them; comparing them with those made during the later stages of the American Civil and Franco-German Wars, I am inclined to think that no modern war has (subject to important reservations to be named) on both sides been prosecuted, on the whole, with greater humanity and stricter observance of the laws of war than that which is being waged. That is not saying much. 'War is cruelty, and you cannot refine it,' said a soldier whose practice agreed with his maxim. 'War is hellish work,' is Napier's description of it. Such refinements as have recently been introduced are not valueless; probably the ameliorations since the St. Petersburg Declaration and the Geneva Convention are greater than any effected since the time of Grotius. But the latest *temperamenta belli* leave the essence of it much as it was before. What is apt also to be forgotten by all who do not read recent stories of 'treachery,' 'atrocities,' 'barbarities,' &c., in the light of past experience is that the atmosphere of a battlefield or campaign is unfavourable to accurate, impartial observation; that falsehoods are as much an incident of certain phases of warfare as blows and wounds; that calumnies are honestly circulated, misunderstanding created

without intention to deceive.[1] Then, too, each new war comes as a greater shock than the last to the conscience of mankind; suffering is no longer dumb; a standard of growing strictness is applied to the conduct of belligerents; and that which is really part and parcel of warfare is denounced as an excrescence and an abuse. Perhaps it is expressing a futile wish to say that, instead of accumulating charges which generally on examination crumble away, it would be better to collect and give prominence to the examples of kindliness and help, neither few nor trivial, almost daily extended from foe to foe. Such an anthology, collected at the close of every war, might be in the long run as useful as military measures of pacification. After every war comes sooner or later a day of reconciliation, when those who have fallen on either side are remembered with like reverence, and even in a little time the graves at Gettysburg and Gravelotte are honoured without thought of the cause for which men died. What a pity that time cannot be hastened by recalling those acts while still fresh! What a pity that war breeds, especially, I am inclined to think, among those who take no part therein, animosity against justice,

[1] For examples of the charges circulated at the close of the Franco-German war, see Jules Lermina, *La France Martyre* (1887), intended to show 'à quel degré de sauvagerie redescend la Bête humaine.' See also M. Chaudordy's circular to the diplomatic agents of France, of the 29th of November, 1870. Most of the charges turned out, it is now generally admitted, to be untrue or exaggerated. Of late even men of eminence have been too prone to circulate the loosest accusations. Here is an extract from a circular issued by a well known Dutch statesman and jurist: 'Presque journellement des nouvelles de violations graves des lois de la guerre nous parviennent. Des témoins oculaires sont venus nous dire qu'à Elantslaagte on a percé aux lances des hommes inoffensifs, qui avaient jeté bas les armes et levé les mains en signe de se rendre, et qu'on a dépouillé les pauvres blessés qui gisaient sur les champs de bataille de leurs montres, de leurs bourses et même de leurs habits, comme c'est arrivé entre autres avec le général Kock; que l'on à laissé massacrer les habitants du pays ennemi par les Linchive-Caffres à Derdepoort; qu'on a assujetti les prisonniers aux jeux monstrueux de "picksticking" et de "lemon-cutting," comme l'a déclaré sous serment un prisonnier évadé, nommé Kannemeyer; que l'on a tué raide des prisonniers qui s'indignaient de la manière inhumaine avec laquelle on trainait vers Boshof, après le combat dans lequel le brave colonel de Villebois-Mareuil fut tué, des prisonniers français et autres, quoique grièvement blessés, liés aux chevaux, pendant des heures jusqu'à qu'ils s'affaissaient.' It is to be feared that the military operations in China have been conducted with brutality. The famous phrase 'no quarter' has borne fruits. Letters which have been published from soldiers belonging to all the nationalities in the expedition to Pekin are explicit in stating that quarter was refused, and that a general massacre more than once took place. In face of the denial by the Imperial Chancellor of the accusations by Herr Bebel as to the conduct of the German soldiers, it is right to suspend judgment. Unfortunately, there is no certainty of a full and fair inquiry. It is one of the anomalies of modern warfare that, while the military lessons of every campaign are being noted by experts, and are the subject of careful reports, the interests of humanity are imperfectly watched. A distinguished member of the Institut de Droit International has suggested the establishment of an international commission, permanent or temporary, to note how far the laws of war are observed. This may be impracticable; but, if this be so, it only shows how imperfectly organised are the interests of humanity as compared with those of war.

angry impatience with moderation and calls for evidence, and discourages generosity until it is too late to be useful.

The questions here considered depend, for the most part, on facts not in dispute; not on doubtful statements as to isolated incidents, but on measures which are admitted, and which have been criticised as violations of the usages of war. No doubt in these days the test of such usages is the code adopted at The Hague; for most practical purposes the usages of war mean those recognised at the Conference in 1899. Even the States which were not parties to the Convention rightly appeal to the articles then adopted as expressing the opinion of the civilised world. Only it is to be noted that this code is silent as to many points. It signally fails to provide for the circumstances and emergencies of a war such as that now going on. And the Convention is prefaced by reservations which are not always present to the minds of critics of operations in South Africa. 'These provisions,' says the preface, 'the wording of which has been inspired by the desire to diminish the evils of war, *so far as military necessities permit*, are destined to serve as general rules of conduct for belligerents in their relations with each other and with populations. It has not, however, been possible to agree forthwith on provisions embracing all the circumstances which may occur in practice.' The code is avowedly incomplete; it expressly excepts military necessities; and it contemplates additions to meet unforeseen contingencies.

In communicating with his Government, Sir John Ardagh explained the incompleteness of the rules: 'The British military delegate is of opinion that, subject to the reservation, "saving the necessities of war," they all may be accepted. This reservation, he desires to point out, must be implicitly applied to any one and to every code or compact by which it may be attempted to regulate the infinite variety of circumstances and conditions which arise in war, and it is in a great measure provided for in the preamble. To insist upon it too prominently would, in his opinion, tend to unduly weaken the efficacy of even the most perfect rules, and to relegate the relations of belligerents to each other, and to the populations of the theatre of war, to undefined and contentious principles and their arbitrary interpretation by interested parties. The rules provide for the ordinary and constantly recurring incidents of war, and regulate them in conformity with usage, expediency, justice and humanity. Unforeseen cases must still be left for decision when they occur.'

Certain fruitful causes of recrimination and misunderstandings in other wars were partly cleared up by the Conference. In the course of the occupation or conquest of a country there may arise the following state of things: (*a*) The defeat and break-up of a regular army and the appearance of an irregular force as a supplement thereto—the position in France in 1870–71, when *francs-tireurs* were enrolled, and

at a certain stage of the American Civil War when partisans and 'bushwhackers' were employed by the Confederates; (*b*) the existence of a national army with regular organisation, uniforms, etc., the Swiss army for example; (*c*) a *levée en masse*—the whole able-bodied population capable of bearing arms, either in the field or armed; (*d*) the overthrow of a regular army, but the existence of powerful bands still unsubdued and moving freely about—the situation in parts of South Africa. In past times the professional soldier has been jealous of the intrusion of the armed peasant. The great military States have been often disposed to treat the guerillist as little better than a bandit. Until lately, the writers on international law took no adequate account of the *levée en masse*. Not to go back to Napoleonic practices,[2] the Germans in 1870-71 often gave but short shrift to the *francs-tireurs*. There has been a great change as to this. The angry discussions which took place in the Franco-German War as to the rights of partisans or guerillists, and the copious literature on the subject, have become obsolete. The pres-

[2] The Napoleonic methods of dealing with guerillists and outbreaks in a partially conquered country were sharp and swift. These citations, which I owe to my friend Mr. J. B. Rye, are from letters to Joseph, King of Naples, in 1806: 'Placez-vous entre Naples et la Calabre: réunissez vos forces et envoyez des expéditions pour brûler les villages insurgés.' 'Faites piller deux ou trois gros bourgs, de ceux qui se sont le plus mal conduits; cela fera des exemples et rendra aux soldats de la gaieté et le désir d'agir' (30th July, 1806). 'Vous êtes trop bon, surtout pour le pays où vous êtes. Il faut désarmer, faire juger et déporter.' 'Souvenez-vous bien de ce que je vous dis: le destin de votre règne dépend de votre conduite à votre retour dans la Calabre. Ne pardonnez pas. Faites passer par les armes au moins 600 des révoltés. Ils m'ont égorgé un plus grand nombre de soldats. Faites brûler les maisons de trente des principaux des chefs de villages, et distribuez leurs propriétés à l'armée. Désarmez tous les habitants et faites piller cinq ou six gros villages de ceux qui se sont le plus mal comportés. Recommandez aux soldats de bien traiter les villes qui sont restées fidèles. Privez de leurs biens communaux les villages révoltés, et donnez ces biens à l'armée. Surtout désarmez avec rigueur.' 'Si vous vous conduisez avec rigueur et énergie, les Calabrais ni autres ne bougeront de trente ans.' 'Puisque la Calabre s'est révoltée, pourquoi ne prendriez-vous pas la moitié des propriétés de ce pays pour distribuer à l'armée? . . . On ne change et réforme pas les États avec une conduite molle; il faut des mesures extraordinaires et de la rigueur. Comme les Calabrais ont assassiné mes soldats je prendrai moi-même le décret par lequel je confisquerai, au profit de mes troupes, la moitié des revenus de la province, particuliers et publics.' 'Il ne faut point perdre de vue que la force et une justice sévère sont la bonté des rois. Vous confondez trop la bonté des rois avec la bonté des particuliers. J'attends de savoir la quantité de biens que vous avez confisqués en Calabre, le nombre de révoltés dont vous avez fait bonne justice. Faites fusiller trois personnes par village, des chefs des rebelles. N'ayez pas plus d'égards pour les prêtres que pour les autres' (5th August, 1806). 'J'ai vu la Vendée qu'on croyait ne devoir pas tinir; j'ai vu les Bédouins inquiéter et harceler mon armée en Égypte: quelques grands échecs ont mis fin à tout. Mais ceux qui vous entourent n'ont point de connaissance des hommes. Vous n'écoutez pas un homme qui a beaucoup fait, qui a beaucoup vu, qui a beaucoup médité' (5th August, 1806). 'Je désirerais bien que la canaille de Naples se révoltât. Tant que vous n'en aurez pas fait un exemple vous n'en serez pas maître. A tout peuple conquis il faut une révolte, et je regarderai une révolte à Naples comme un père de famille voit une petite vérole à ses enfants, pourvu qu'elle n'affaiblisse pas trop le malade. C'est une crise salutaire' (17th August, 1806).

sure of the smaller States represented at the Brussels and Hague Conferences elicited statements which ought to render impossible a repetition of some of the bitter disputes of the Franco-German War. The countries dependent in case of invasion on a *levée en masse* may be sure that objections once common will not again be taken to recognition of the rights in war of the armed peasant. Clausewitz, in his chapter on 'Arming the Nation' in his classical book on *War*, describing that 'phenomenon of the nineteenth century' 'a people's war,' pronounces the following conditions to be essential to making such a war effective: (1) That the war is carried on in the heart of the country; (2) that it cannot be decided by a single catastrophe; (3) that the theatre of war embraces a considerable extent of country; (4) that the national character is favourable to the measure; (5) that the country is of a broken and difficult nature, either from being mountainous or by reason of woods and marshes, or from the peculiar mode of cultivation in use.

In most essentials that description applies to South Africa; it applies as closely to none of the instances which Clausewitz, writing in the beginning of this century, had in mind. It is some satisfaction that in circumstances similar to those which in the past gave rise to many bitter recriminations and controversies as to who were entitled to the rights of war few such have arisen in South Africa.

Another fruitful source of dissension and recrimination in past wars has been confusion as to the nature of military occupation; the rights and duties of an invading army; the relations of invader to the occupied territory; the status of armies or armed bands which keep the field after an invasion. Until modern times these matters were obscure and uncertain, the invaders generally acting after a few victories as if conquest was complete; the invaded people claiming to be treated as still subject to their old allegiance; the jurists of each country obsequiously supplying their Government with the apologetic formula which they wanted; one group assuming occupation to have ripened into conquest, another treating it as a mere act of force. Many parts of the subject are still obscure, particularly as to the application of personal law to such a state of things. Some principles, however, are tolerably well settled; for in our day there has been a reclamation of a large part of this ground from the region of brute force and arbitrary action. There may be occupation in the following senses: occupation of a highly organised country in the sense that the capital and chief towns are seized, and no effective resistance is offered at any point; occupation in the sense that the enemy's forces are practically excluded from large parts of the country, though here and there they still make headway; or again, there may be an unstable, fluctuating condition of things, parts of the country held and then for a time lost, victories and reverses alternating. The military delegates at The Hague, after a

very imperfect discussion of the legal problems involved, adopted this definition of occupation:[3] Article 42. 'Territory is considered occupied when it is actually placed under the authority of the hostile army. The occupation applies only to the territory where such authority is established.' Modern theory, as this formula shows, looks to facts: it does not avail to say that a country is occupied or conquered when it is not; to declare that on and after such a date all persons in the field will be held to be public enemies or brigands and refused the rights of prisoners of war, if there be in truth no cessation of the war. To be sure there comes a time when, the war over, he who was a soldier becomes an 'insurgent' or 'rebel' or 'brigand.' That change, however, depends not on the terms of any proclamation of annexation, but on the reality of the conquest. So long as there is an army, however feeble, in the field, so long as large parts of the invaded territory are alternately gained, lost, and regained, there is no talking of conquest or of rebels. 'If this doctrine were not firmly held, there would be no security for the subjects of a State which had a considerable part of its territory invaded. Paris would have been rebel in 1870;'[4] an illustration which, though not perfectly apt, sets in relief the contrast between military occupation and complete conquest.

At the Hague Conference were adopted certain rules for the most part based on the instructions prepared by Dr. Lieber for the American Government in 1861 as to the conduct of the military authorities in occupied territory. For example, plunder, about the lawfulness of which there were even in modern days two opinions, was prohibited. Requisitions were to be levied only in prescribed, regular ways. Of course there have been complaints under this head during the present war, but, on the whole, they have been remarkably few. Requisitions, so far as they have been imposed, seem to have been levied fairly; articles taken for the use of the troops have been, as a rule, paid for liberally. Whenever markets have been set up, good prices have been given. A charge very rife in the Franco-German War has been, though not unknown, comparatively rare in South Africa. The German troops were accused—often, it is now known, without the slightest foundation for the charge—of carrying away, on a very large scale and in a systematic manner,

[3] There was an interesting discussion among the military representatives at The Hague as to this point. Colonel Gilinsky, the Russian representative, expressed the military view thus: 'Une armée considère un territoire comme occupé lorsqu'elle s'y trouve soit avec le gros de ses troupes, soit avec des détachements, et que les lignes de communications sont assurées. Sur ce territoire l'armée occupante laisse des troupes pour protéger ses communications en arrière. Ces troupes sont souvent peu nombreuses, de sorte qu'une émeute devient possible, mais le fait qu'une telle émeute éclate ne peut empêcher l'occupation d'être considérée comme existant de fait.'

[4] *International Law in South Africa*, by T. Baty, p. 93.

valuable 'souvenirs' from the private houses which they occupied; in many cases, it was alleged, there was pillage open and sanctioned; according to one estimate. furniture and other articles to a value of some million pounds were seized without being requisitioned. The rarity of such charges in this war is to be marked. It is also to be noted that the Geneva Convention, though not technically binding on the belligerents, seems, on the whole, to have been observed with as much strictness as in other wars.

We come to more doubtful matters; to certain alleged violations of the Convention of The Hague, and in particular of the following articles.

Article 23. It is prohibited, &c. . . . (*g*) to destroy or seize the enemy's property unless such destruction or seizure be imperatively demanded by the necessities of war.

Article 44. Any compulsion of the population of occupied territory to take part in military operations against its own country is prohibited.

Article 45. Any pressure on the population of occupied territory to take the oath to the hostile power is prohibited.

Article 50. No general penalty, pecuniary or otherwise, can be inflicted on the population on account of the acts of individuals for which it cannot be regarded as collectively responsible.

All these articles are alleged to have been broken by a series of proclamations and military measures sanctioned by British commanders. Non-combatants have been compelled, it is said, to take part indirectly in military operations. So called 'hostages' have been compelled to travel on locomotives when it was feared that military trains might be injured. To this measure the Germans resorted in 1870–1; they are sometimes said to have first set the example of this device. If the practice was then new, the peril guarded against, it is said, was new also. The practice has found few apologists. Hall, referring in a well known passage to an order of this kind, condemns it: 'The order was justly and universally reprobated on the ground that it violated the principle which denies to a belligerent any further power than that of keeping his hostages in confinement; and it is for governments to consider whether it is worth while to retain a right which can only be made effective by means of an illegal brutality which existing opinion refuses to condone.' Hall adds that these acts were 'clearly in excess of belligerents' rights' (p. 494). The above passage probably expresses the general opinion of jurists. In such measures as those here referred to we have the compulsion of which Article 44 speaks. It is hard to see an essential difference between such action and placing combatants in front of an exposed position, leaving the enemy no choice but to injure his own countrymen or spare his foe. Dr. Lueder excuses the practice on the ground that the circumstances which

gave rise to it in 1870–71 were novel. But in many wars troops have passed through dangerous defiles, or have had their communications by road or bridge exposed, or have otherwise been placed in positions in which the above dilemma would have been to their profit. Such a practice seems contrary to the principle underlying modern warfare, that peaceful inhabitants should, so far as possible, be not forced to have part or lot in the perils of the combatants. The only excuse, if any, is the 'necessity of war.' Another charge is based on the widespread destruction of farmhouses and devastation involving suffering to women and children turned out on the veldt; suffering which must be terrible, even if they are provided with shelter at the nearest patrol shed. It will not be questioned that such measures are justifiable, according to the code of war, if they are punishment or reprisals for complicity in attacks against the foe; he who allows his house to be used as a *place d'armes*, a fortress from which to fire upon the enemy, must, according to military usage, expect to have his house burned. So it has always been. The measures protested against in the note by the South African Republic of the 18th of August, and now vehemently denounced, are the orders for the destruction in certain areas of houses for acts of hostility not committed, it may be, by any of the owners of the houses destroyed. True, such measures of vicarious punishment by fire and sword are in the Napoleonic spirit. 'Etranger au pays, le conquérant n'entre dans aucune discussion et rend responsable la masse des citoyens de ce qui se passe chez eux.' It is also true that modern warfare supplies precedents of such measures. Here is a letter from General Sherman, written from his headquarters at Vicksburg to his Adjutant-General in January 1864:

All houses left vacant by an inimical people are clearly our right, or such as are needed as storehouses, hospitals and quarters. But a question arises as to dwellings used by women and children and non-combatants. So long as the non-combatants remain in their houses and keep to their accustomed business, their opinions and prejudices can in no wise influence the war and therefore should not be noticed. But if any one comes out into the public streets and creates disorder, he or she should be punished, restrained or banished, either to the rear or front, as the officer in command adjudges. If the people or any of them keep up correspondence with parties in hostility, *they are spies*, and can be punished with death or minor punishment.

Here is an order by the same general:

To camp commanders alone is entrusted the power to destroy mills, houses, cotton-gins, &c.; and for them this general principle is laid down. In districts and neighbourhoods where the army is unmolested, no destruction of property should be permitted; but should guerillas or bushwhackers molest our march, or should the inhabitants burn bridges, obstruct roads, or otherwise manifest local hostility, the army commanders should order and enforce demolitions more or less relentless according to the measure of such hostility.—(9th of November 1864.) [5]

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[5] Tenney's *Military and Naval History of the Rebellion*. 'La guerra autorizza i belligeranti a distruggere ogni specie di proprietà sempre che essi lo credano

There are many such precedents in the past; but they belong, it is urged, to a somewhat different age from ours, and they are contrary to Article 50 above quoted. Then, too, an oath of neutrality has been exacted from inhabitants of the occupied districts. There is authority for this practice, but its use is not quite clear. 'The inhabitants are bound to remain quiet without the necessity of any oath.'[6]

All these are exceptional measures; the most that can be said for them is that military necessity justifies them.[7] And here we come to a question which conferences and writers on International Law are apt to slur over; a question as to whether there must be more precision if certain parts in International Law are to be placed on a sound basis. All the rules adopted at The Hague are prefaced by the qualification, *autant que les nécessités militaires le permettent.* And that is only what has always been understood. Lieber, who did more than any one since Grotius to mitigate the wanton cruelties of war, thus comprehensively describes military necessity: 'It admits of all direct destruction of life or limb of armed enemies and of other persons whose destruction is incidentally unavoidable in the armed contests of war. It allows of the capturing of every armed enemy, and every enemy of importance to the hostile government or of peculiar danger to the captor. It allows of all destruction of property, and obstructions of the ways and channels of traffic, travel or communication, and of all withholding of sustenance or means of life from the enemy, of the appropriation of whatever an enemy's country affords necessary for the subsistence and safety of the army, and of such deception as does not involve breaking of good faith, either positively pledged regarding agreements entered into during war, or supposed by the modern law of war to exist.'

All this is implied in every code of usages of war. What then profits it to have usages or rules of war if they are thus overridden by 'the tyrant's plea,' necessity?[8] That is a question to which no answer altogether satisfactory is forthcoming, if the teaching of certain military writers be correct. In the opinion of some exponents of 'military realism,' the operations of war are so varied and un-

necessario per raggiungere con sicurezza il fine della guerra.'—Fiore, 3, 163. See Sheridan's defence of the ravaging of the Shenandoah Valley, *Memoirs*, i. 487. 'If the war is to last another year, we want the Shenandoah Valley to remain a barren waste.'—General Grant, 26th of August, 1864.

[6] Dana's edition of *Wheaton*, p. 436 (1866); and *International Law in South Africa*, p. 91, *n*

[7] See General von Hartmann's *Militärische Nothwendigkeit und Humanität.*

[8] Here is Tolstoi's criticism of the value of laws of war: 'Let no prisoners be taken,' pursued Prince Andrei; 'that alone would change all war, and would make it less cruel. But, as it is, we play at making war. That's the wretchedness of it; we are magnanimous and all that sort of thing. . . . They prate to us about the laws of warfare, chivalry, flags of truce, humanity to the wounded and the like; it's all nonsense. I saw what chivalry, what our "Parliamentarism" was in 1805; they hocus-pocussed us, we hocus-pocussed them.'

expected, it is so much a chameleon, to quote Clausewitz's expression, that there is no putting limits to the commander's discretion in the field. In the presence of unforeseen perils he does what he thinks best, and 'shrugs his shoulders' at the precepts of law books. In the teaching of some modern military writers I note something not to be found in older books; a certain ecstatic glorification of war, a kind of lyrical language in speaking of the exercise of force, an exaltation of the right of might soaring above anything in Carlyle or Nietzsche; not merely proneness to dwell on Napoleon's maxim, 'You must be master before being kind,' but contempt for and impatience at humane or clement measures. With these doctrines and this spirit there is no reconciling the existence of rules of war. But for the majority of commanders, who are as humane as other people, such rules have their use. They define what is normal; they warn the commander when his orders are exceptional; they appeal to his conscience to justify them. Even in municipal law we are familiar with the notion of necessity, or State emergency, suspending ordinary rules; for example, acts done by the State to one who is not a subject of it, for which there may be no remedy; and some systems have much to say (though our criminal law has little) about homicide by necessity. Such exceptions do not make municipal law useless; nor will rules of war count for nothing if they are administered by men of honour and understanding who know how transitory may be successes obtained by harsh military measures.

To sum up some of the points here glanced at: there is no clear *via media* between peace and war; the Convention of The Hague notwithstanding, when the dogs of war are let loose, the cry is havoc.

The present operations have been marked by some good features, little noted, chiefly because a stricter standard of conduct is applied; they have other features of an exceptional nature, to be justified, if at all, by the exceptional nature of the struggle. 'I want peace,' said Sherman, in answer to a protest from the mayor and citizens of Atlanta against an order for the removal of the entire civilian population. The policy of Sherman and Sheridan succeeded. 'I want peace' was Napoleon's plea for the measures which he sanctioned in Calabria and Spain; and they failed. We must know the latter end of the contest before judging with confidence the operations in South Africa.[9]

[9] It would appear that early in this year a proclamation was issued in these terms: 'All burghers *who have not taken a prominent part in the policy which has led to the war*, or commanded any forces of the Republic, or commandeered or used violence to any British subject, or who are willing to lay down their arms at once and to bind themselves by an oath to abstain from further participation in the war, will be given passes to allow them to return to their homes and will not be made prisoners of war, nor will their property be taken from them.' It seems difficult to justify this proclamation, if the above is the correct text, on military grounds.

The rules formulated at The Hague are incomplete and need revision in the light of recent experience, especially as to the conditions of warfare when every male inhabitant is, or may be, a combatant, and as to the use of the white flag.

One word as to those who are mere spectators of such a struggle. International Law does not define their obligations. But surely upon them falls not only the duty of patriotic feeling, but the duty to honour heroism on both sides, to believe no charge to the discredit of either except on good evidence, and to seek for themselves that lost virtue, moderation in speech and judgment.

JOHN MACDONELL.

ARE WE REALLY A NATION OF AMATEURS?

In the October number of this Review Mr. George Brodrick has brought charges against his fellow countrymen in general, and members of various professions in particular, so unsparing yet so vague, so serious if well-founded, so misleading and unfair if otherwise, that they deserve careful examination.

His complaint is briefly this, that into whatsoever profession Englishmen enter, except the Royal Navy and the craft of gardening, they discharge their duty as amateurs, to the detriment alike of public business and private enterprise. Of course it would be useless to discuss the views propounded without a clear understanding of what is meant by the term 'amateur.' The censor has not shirked the difficult task of definition. In his opinion we take rank as a nation of amateurs inasmuch as the professions are manned by those 'who are not braced up to a high standard of effort and proficiency by a knowledge that failure may mean ruin, who seldom fully realise the difficulties of success against trained competitors, and who therefore rebel against the drudgery of professional drill and methodical instruction.' Now, having regard to the position among other nations which the alleged 'amateur' system has secured for Great Britain, by land, by sea, in the arts and industries of peace and the science of war, some people might pronounce that it had worked very well and ask Mr. Brodrick what more he would have. It might seem that, if Mr. Brodrick's charges apply as much to past generations as to the present one (and it is not easy to perceive how they can be separated), the British Empire neither could have been built up nor have withstood the shocks which it has weathered already. It is in no such spirit of complacency that I propose to examine some of Mr. Brodrick's allegations. In whatever degree they may be well- or ill-founded, he has done handsome service in explaining the aspect of affairs as it presents itself to a thoughtful observer of no ordinary intelligence; self-examination is always salutary; the history of nations has been written in vain if we relax vigilance against the perils of enormous wealth. The one vital preliminary to discarding

a system which has produced satisfactory results is to be reasonably sure that something better can be put in its place.

Although there are no explicit limitations to the present time in Mr. Brodrick's article, it conveys the impression that, except as regards lawyers and farmers, he is dealing with a change which has lately affected the spirit and habits of professional men; that amateurism is a modern vice which we must shake off, just as we have rid ourselves of swearing, hard drinking and duelling—practices which, in an amiable Hibernicism, Mr. Brodrick describes as 'inveterate.'

I will take the professions in the order they are dealt with in the article. And first of all the Army, because, albeit Mr. Brodrick protests that 'few civilians are competent to criticise the defects of our military system, and I have certainly no claim to be one of them,' he puts the profession of arms in the forefront of his paper, and bestows upon officers of all ranks criticism which cannot be said to err on the side either of leniency or of diffidence. It would be difficult to frame a more scathing condemnation of the whole South African campaign than he has pronounced in his opening paragraph. It is true that Lord Roberts is credited with 'excellent strategy' and General Baden-Powell with 'heroic obstinacy;' but for all the rest, a traveller landing from Polar regions and receiving from this synopsis of the war the first intimation of its occurrence, would gather therefrom the impression that it had been disastrous to Great Britain, although 'brilliant incidents have gone far to redeem our military prestige from the sinister effect of all the "regrettable incidents" recorded in despatches,' and, let me add, exaggerated by Mr. Brodrick: exaggerated, that is, in importance compared to the results achieved. Numerous and unsparing enough, Heaven knows, have been and are our critics in the Continental press; no doubt they have created a large body of opinion unfavourable to our military renown; but is that opinion anything more serious than amateur? Have foreigners of military experience formed a higher or lower estimate of the military power of Great Britain during the last eighteen months? Are we to believe that French and German officers have no inkling of the magnitude of what has actually been accomplished: of the enormous difficulties overcome—first, in carrying 200,000 men across 6,000 miles of ocean; second, in maintaining them upon lines of communication of a length unparalleled for any force of similar proportions, except in Napoleon's invasion of Russia, which was not quite so successful; and third, in overcoming within fifteen months the resistance of two well-armed nations defending a country of extraordinary physical difficulty? This is no mean accomplishment, and I am bold enough to feel no solicitude about our military prestige in the judgment of those foreign critics who understand the true problems of a campaign under such conditions. Newspaper

readers found their opinion of a general's capacity upon the issue of conflicts with the enemy: a single reverse outweighs the merits of a series of successful operations; yet it is the fact that a campaign would be a simple affair if feeding the army were of no more than equal importance to bringing it into action, instead of being of infinitely greater and more incessant urgency.

It is extremely difficult [wrote Sir E. Hamley in his *Operations of War*] to persuade even intelligent auditors that two armies are not like two fencers in an arena, who may shift their ground to all points of the compass: but rather resemble two swordsmen on a narrow plank which overhangs an abyss, where each has to think, not only of giving and parrying thrusts, but of keeping his footing under penalty of destruction. . . . While distant spectators imagine a general in the field to be intent only on striking or parrying a blow, he probably directs a hundred glances, a hundred anxious thoughts, to the communications in his rear, for one that he bestows on his adversary's front.

If this be sound doctrine, it follows that Mr. Brodrick, in his sweeping disparagement of those whom he calls 'amateur commanders,' and who he suggests obtained their commands by 'favouritism,' ought to have based his charges upon the conduct of the stupendous task of carrying supplies through hundreds of miles of the enemy's country rather than upon such unsuccessful actions as Colenso, Magersfontein and Spion Kop. But upon this crucial matter he does not say a word.

As for the 'regrettable incidents,' they were grave enough, no doubt. We should be a nation, not of amateurs, but of boobies, if due importance were refused them and their lesson not laid to heart; but surely it is forcing the interpretation to construe them as signs of an army suffering under a recent access of amateurism. Can a single campaign between two civilised powers be cited in which similar incidents have not occurred? The Peninsular War lasted for six years and left behind it a long train of lustre reflected from British sabres and bayonets. Those were days when the press was not so agile, the public not so sensitive, as they are now; yet Wellington was constrained to beg Lord Liverpool to receive duplicate despatches —one copy for the Cabinet, the other for publication, lest the enemy should learn, the public know, too much. Was the touch-and-go of Talavera a blunder of Arthur Wellesley the amateur? If so, one would have expected that three more seasons in the field would have imparted professional experience. There has been nothing in the course of the war in South Africa approaching in disaster to what happened then—the bloody repulse from the walls of Burgos with a loss of 2,000 killed and wounded out of 31,000 men, and the subsequent retreat and evacuation of Spanish territory with a further loss of 7,000. Yet, during the whole of that war, the British army operated among a population uniformly friendly to them and actively —mortally—hostile to their enemy, and Wellington was seldom

more than two hundred, and never more than four hundred, miles from his base and the fleet.

Fas est ab hoste doceri. Take an instance from the other side. Napoleon can scarcely be classed among military amateurs, yet he was the direct cause of not a few 'regrettable incidents' like those cited by Mr. Brodrick as the outcome of the amateur spirit. It is not necessary to drag in such a prodigious catastrophe as the Moscow campaign, although the experiment of launching half a million of men through a hostile country upon fifteen hundred miles of communication resulted in the appalling horrors of the Beresina. Let us rather take an episode nearer in scale to one of those unsuccessful attacks which, viewed through the distorted lenses of Lord Rosslyn and Mr. Hales, furnish the text for this chapter of Mr. Brodrick's Book of Lamentations.

On the 29th of November, 1808, Napoleon, marching upon Madrid, arrived at Boceguillas, and found himself confronted by the Spaniards strongly posted upon Sommo-Sierra. The Comte de Ségur, one of the Emperor's aides-de-camp, has described graphically what ensued on the morrow.

> It was a blessed, almost sacred position, and believed to be invincible. The summit was crowned by a redoubt with sixteen guns, defended by 12,000 Spaniards who were in position in two lines between the rocks. A cloud of their skirmishers was extended to the front on the spurs to right and left, whence they directed their fire down into the defile.

Victor's advanced guard, supported by the Imperial Guard, entered the defile, and were stopped by a murderous fire from the heights. The Emperor ordered the 9th Light Infantry to scale the spur on the right, the 24th that on the left, while the 96th were sent forward to attack in front. This movement required some time to execute.

> Either contemptuous of these insurgents, or annoyed at having so uselessly exposed himself, and the fog hiding the obstacle from him, in his growing irritation he ordered his escort squadron to advance, charge and carry the position without waiting any longer. . . . The Emperor was informed that the charge of his escort squadron had been suddenly checked; that it had come across an insurmountable obstacle which it would be impossible to carry from the front. It could indeed only be overcome by a flank movement and by infantry only. . . . From a military point of view their charge, ill-timed at the moment, was impossible. But on hearing this word the Emperor, in a fever of impatience, became furious. Violently striking the pommel of his saddle he exclaimed: 'How, impossible? I do not know the word! There should not be anything impossible for my Poles. . . . What! my guards stopped by peasants?'

He would listen to no remonstrance. In vain General Walther urged him to wait until the infantry had turned the flanks. He sent de Ségur to order the Poles to charge immediately.

'It is impossible,' replied Piré.

'The Emperor has been told that,' said de Ségur, 'and he will not hear of it.'

'Very well,' answered Piré, 'come and see for yourself. The devil in person, pretty well used to fire as he must be, could hardly stand that.'

He led de Ségur to an angle in the defile whence he could see a natural glacis swept by the converging fire of sixteen guns and of twenty battalions.

Nevertheless the Emperor had spoken. That splendid squadron was doomed—sacrificed to Napoleon's impatience and ignorance of the ground.

They reached the fire-crowned rocks, physically insurmountable by cavalry; only twenty men of them survived unwounded.

Imagine what copy this sacrifice of the flower of the French cavalry would have supplied to a smart modern correspondent; but it is only one—the first that comes to mind—of scores of similar mistakes. Murat himself, a professional soldier if ever there was one—Murat, of whom Napoleon wrote regretfully, '*A Waterloo Murat nous eût valu peut-être la victoire*'—had a fancy for lodgings suitable to the dignity of the King of Naples, and each night during the advance upon Moscow he ordered the capture of some castle or country house for his accommodation. *La guerre du château*, as this service came to be called by the soldiers, was a costly duty; twelve hundred men was the price paid for a single night's occupation of the château of Tominskoë, which appeared to Murat more desirable than the apartments secured for him in a comfortable farm house.

I am far from quoting such incidents as these as any justification for whatever counterpart they may have had in the recent campaign; but I submit them as having been altogether apart from the fortune of war, and brought about in the conduct of war by men who have not hitherto been considered amateurs.

I am compelled to regard Mr. Brodrick's imputation upon the character of junior officers as equally ill founded as those he makes upon the superior ranks, and even more discouraging, inasmuch as although one might hesitate to attach much weight to criticism by a civilian, however highly distinguished, upon the conduct of a campaign, he has doubtless had opportunities of estimating the professional zeal of young officers. But can this be accepted as discerning portraiture?

The British officer is made out of the best materials to be found in all Christendom. . . . But, at all events in the earlier stages of his career, he seldom takes his profession seriously, and is hardly encouraged to do so. There is little enough 'shop' talked in mess-rooms, and little real enthusiasm except for sporting and social amusements; military duties are not evaded, but they are regarded by most as a bore; the young officer is impatient to put off his uniform, and leave occupies a much larger space in his mind than opportunities of smart and active service.

Does it? I think that anybody who is credited, rightly or wrongly, with the power of putting in a word at the Military Secretary's office could testify to the countless supplications made by young officers for employment in Egypt, in Africa (before the war with the Transvaal)—anywhere, so that active, responsible service may be had. And when they get it, have we any cause to blush for the way they fulfil it? Are they not the sahibs who, as Mr. Winston Churchill said the other day, have modelled the Ghoorkas and Sikhs into splendid regiments, and led them as their own princes and nobles never did? Do the fierce Afridis entertain no respect for the young 'English tigers,' as they called them, who conquered them? Is there no term but amateur for the patient, earnest labour which has wrought the down-trodden fellaheen of Lower Egypt into the victors of Assouan?

While I write these lines comes a letter from a young fellow—a good typical specimen of the British subaltern—who implored me to assist him in getting special employment in West Africa. He was appointed to a company of Houssas, and had the good luck to take part in the expedition to Kumassi. Here is how this hedonist describes his present environment at Prahsu:

> This is a most extraordinary climate, raining every day; your very bones seem to be coated with mildew, like your boots, which every morning are a mass of green fur . . . I had fever on me all the way up to Kumassi, and on the day of the last fight my temperature was 103°. I shall always remember the march to the relief; it sometimes comes back to me now as a hideous nightmare.

This is written by one of the class whom Mr. Brodrick complains of as having 'little real enthusiasm except for sporting and social amusements.' He probably deplores the culpable levity of those four officers of whom Dr. Conan Doyle has told us, lying together in a tent stricken with fever, each of them throwing half-a-crown into a basin, the grim pool to be taken by him whose temperature was highest when the doctor came his rounds!

It is to be feared that it will never be Mr. Brodrick's fortune to hear enough 'shop' talked in the mess-room to satisfy him that young soldiers are in earnest about their business; not, at least, so long as officers are of that class and breeding of which the unwritten code forbids professional and technical discussion being inflicted upon civilian guests. As for the fashion of doffing uniform on all occasions when off duty, I agree with him in regretting that it is so imperative, but I am afraid the Duke of Wellington must be held responsible to a large extent. Down to the beginning of the present century officers habitually wore uniform in London, and very frequently when on leave in the country. But the Iron Duke's personal distaste for display led him to set the fashion of 'mufti.' In 1814, when Louis the Eighteenth visited the Odéon Theatre with the royal princes and a suite blazing with bullion and orders, the

Duke sat in the box opposite the royal one—the only officer in the building in plain clothes. His experience from Assaye to Toulouse can have left little of the amateur in his composition. In our anxiety to impart a more professional spirit to young officers it ought not to be overlooked that there are graver defects than a frank enjoyment of leave. Dugald Dalgetty was always ready to talk 'shop' to the most unsympathetic audience; he was a soldier *jusqu'au bout des ongles*, but he never took his eye off the main chance, 'calling in contributions, requisitions and caduacs, and not failing to lick my fingers, as became a good cook.' Napoleon's marshals were trained, not only to 'make war support war,' but to render it the means of enriching themselves. Pitt's 'heaven-born general,' Robert Clive, accepted 160,000*l*. and a life annuity of 27,000*l*. for placing Meer Jaffeer upon the throne of Bengal. Professional enough, in a soldier of fortune; but a different note was struck when the Rajah of Kittoor employed a British officer to convey to Colonel Arthur Wellesley a certain proposal, unexceptionable in itself, but coupled with an offer of 10,000 pagodas to Wellesley and 4,000 to the go-between. 'In respect to the bribe offered to you and myself, I am surprised that any man in the character of a British officer should not have given the Rajah to understand that the offer would be considered an insult.' Is there a subaltern in the Service at this day who would not feel it and treat it as an insult? The fact is, in his estimate of the character of regimental officers Mr. Brodrick has completely overlooked the all-compelling obligation of honour, and has grievously underrated the sense of duty. I am convinced that a greater degree of intimacy with the regimental family would have enabled him to discern, beneath the externals which offend him, the force and effect of these powerful agents.

The comparison drawn between the officers of the sister Services is very unfavourable to those of the Army. The advantage to those of the Royal Navy of early training I do not for a moment dispute; but even if Army officers were to be debarred from the advantage of passing through the higher forms in public schools and of university culture in order to undergo more rigid technical instruction, would there not always remain the inherent physical difference of land and sea force? Be it peace or war, the sailor is face to face with actuality the moment his ship puts to sea; the lives of his shipmates depend upon vigilance in duty. Even in naval manœuvres there is a minimum of make-believe. It is straining after the unattainable to require soldiers in time of peace to maintain a similar mental attitude. The British army is normally a sentry-go service all over the world. Duties may be discharged with all imaginable zeal and proficiency, yet the bulk of them inevitably come under the head of routine. The admiral of a fleet or the captain of a ship at sea is an autocrat, with a free hand to take what course he judges best. But what

latitude has a general manœuvring in times of peace in a densely populated country like ours? He dare not put a spade in the ground or diverge from beaten tracks, except in a few limited wastes about Aldershot and Salisbury Plain—of which every wrinkle and gradient has become as familiar as the Green Park and Trafalgar Square. He must watch the sky, indeed, lest the sun come out and tumble over some of his men—an inevitable, but wholly artificial, distinction between sham fights and the real thing, and one which could not be taken into consideration at sea.

There is, of a verity, one particular in which the amateur spirit has exerted a dire effect upon our land forces compared with our sailors, and upon which, although not referred to by Mr. Brodrick, civilians such as he and I are competent to hold very strong opinions. The Prince Regent, it is recorded, used to be sewn into his coats; every wrinkle was cut out and the cloth fine-drawn. True to the vicious tradition thus established, we have learnt to regard every fold in the soldier's tunic as a blemish; we have pinched and snipped at the wretched affair till the unhappy wearer is brought as near breathlessness and helplessness as is consistent with anything short of suffocation. It is on record that even the martinet Robert Craufurd allowed his famous Light Division to throw off their high leathern stocks before he led them, in the last hour of his life, to the storm of Ciudad Rodrigo. Forty-two years later the British army landed in the Crimea wearing the same useless, barbarous instrument of torment. Now that it has dawned upon us that freedom of limb and play of lung are indispensable to any except toy soldiers, let us hope that it will not be two-and-forty years more before our soldiers are dressed as sensibly and picturesquely as the Fire Brigade.

With the next three professions passed in review by Mr. Brodrick —the Bar, the Church, and the Educational profession—I willingly grant that his acquaintance is more intimate than mine, nor dare I express any opinion upon 'the flagrantly unscientific character of the English law,' for which amateurism is assigned as the cause; but I may be permitted to ask with all diffidence whether there is any country in the world where the people repose more absolute confidence in the judges who administer that law. It is impossible to conceive in these days such pollution of justice as it suffered at the hands of Lord Chancellor Verulam—'wisest, brightest, meanest of mankind.'

Reverting for a moment to Mr. Brodrick's definition of amateurs as 'men who are not braced up to a high standard of effort and proficiency by a knowledge that failure may mean ruin, etc.,' and applying it by a shameless digression to a curious example in the legal profession, one finds an instance of what the nation might lose under a more rigid enforcement of specialism. Walter Scott was reared in an Edinburgh 'writer's' office; his technical training began at fourteen, when, to quote the expression in his autobiography, 'I

entered upon the dry and barren wilderness of forms and conveyances,' and five years later 'my studies were directed with great ardour and perseverance to the bar' for four years.' In 1792 he 'assumed the gown with all its duties and honours.' In 1799 he was appointed Sheriff-Deputy of Selkirkshire with a salary of 300*l.* a year. In 1805 he declared in the introduction to the *Lay of the Last Minstrel* that literature should be his staff, but not his crutch; and in 1806 he was appointed Clerk of Session, the salary for which was fixed in 1812 at 1,300*l.* a year. From the latter of these offices he retired in 1830 with a pension of 800*l.* a year: the former he held till his death. When the scale and profits of his extra-official work—his 'staff'—is taken into account, surely here is a flagrant case of amateurism. Yet can it be alleged that the administration of justice suffered, or that our country would have profited had this cobbler stuck more exclusively to his last?

With regard to the Clergy, the assertion that 'the clerical profession is still more evidently the profession of amateurs' is, to say the least, an unexpected one. To the ordinary lay observer, 'the cloth' at the end of the nineteenth century offers a very different appearance in habits, in zeal, and in everything that marks a sense of professional dignity, from that which it presented at the end of the eighteenth. Mr. Brodrick's strictures upon the Clergy are too serious to be made in the vague, general way in which he has expressed them—too vague to admit of categorical reply, even had I enough knowledge of the subject to attempt it. In no part of his paper does it appear to me that Mr. Brodrick more clearly manifests the defects of the amateur critic.

Coming to Agriculture, I am on more familiar ground, and I would ask Mr. Brodrick in all seriousness whether he was writing from personal and practical knowledge, or merely repeating threadbare hearsay, in the following sentence:

> The British farmer has been more or less an amateur from time immemorial, disdainful of agricultural education, obstinately addicted to old-fashioned practices, and seldom looking upon his business as one in which he may possibly make his fortune.

As to the last words, opportunities of making a fortune in British agriculture are so rare that he would be a singularly sanguine young man who should embark his capital therein in that expectation. What a farmer reasonably expects is to make a fair living, to earn moderate interest upon capital invested, and in good years and with favourable markets to accumulate something to meet the losses of bad years. 'Disdainful of agricultural education, obstinately addicted to old-fashioned practices'—is this consistent with the careful science which has rendered our agricultural stock—horses, cattle, sheep, pigs—the most valuable in the world—the strains from which every other country in the world has drawn and is drawing to enable them to compete, only too successfully, with the British producer? Is it

consistent with the revolution in the dairy industry, involving the establishment of creameries and butter-factories in most parts of the land, the necessary capital for these having been often found by farmers only? In the dairy districts of the North and over great parts of Ireland the old rough-and-ready system of butter and cheese making has been totally swept away; the industry is either conducted on a large scale by farmers with from 80 to 300 cows, or by creameries and factories to which the small men carry their produce. Of course there are slow farmers, more so in certain districts than others—slow to combine, slow to risk scanty capital in costly experiments— but to pour upon the whole class of agriculturists the stale charge of immobility is to be blind to the great changes already wrought in the industry. The change in arable culture is not so much on the surface, yet even here five-and-twenty years have not prevailed to break the patient courage of good farmers. Only last week I came across a remarkable illustration of the scale upon which the industry is carried on in certain districts. It was that of a farmer holding one thousand acres of land in East Lothian at a rent of 5*l.* an acre, and satisfied with his bargain. Such a man would not easily fit into the class of amateurs.

After pouring ridicule upon the methods of the British farmer, Mr. Brodrick is ready with the cheap advice of which the real amateur always has an abundant stock. In this instance it is even more preposterous than usual. Gardeners, we are told, are true professionals, and farmers have *only* to 'imitate the energy and ingenuity which have enriched our public and private gardens,' and we should hear less of agricultural depression. Where is the analogy between the two classes? Mr. Brodrick is not talking of market-gardeners, but of those who invest the capital of their employers in flower-beds and live on fixed wages. If it were a mere question of decorative effect, perhaps the old and disappearing agriculture would be preferable to modern high-farming.

The next profession dealt with is British Commerce. Like all honourable men, Mr. Brodrick has been profoundly shocked by the Hooley revelations. If that were a fair example of British commercial transactions or of the integrity of directors, we might chuck up the sponge at once. 'Can it be,' he asks, 'that our City men are in their hearts amateurs also?' They would be very soon found out if they were, and a Bank of England note, instead of being accepted for as good as gold in any civilised country, would find its proper level. To dwell on a notorious and exceptional scandal and to pass without comment, except unfavourable, the conduct of an import trade of 500,000,000*l.* and an export trade of 300,000,000*l.* per annum is not a very convincing mode of argument.

Business is business all the world over [wrote the late G. W. Steevens in *The Land of the Dollar*], but it is more emphatically business in the United States than anywhere else. In Eng and business is business, and there's an end of it;

here business is everything, and there is no end or boundary to it. . . . The class which pursues politics day by day and week by week is a small one and neither very respectable nor very respected. The Church, literature, art, the services—they may be all very respectable things in their way if anybody has the curious fancy to make a life of them. But they are hardly regarded as serious careers. The leading men, go where you will—the show citizens that your hospitable entertainer gives you introductions to—are not any of these: they are the first men of business. The first men of business are the first men outright.

If this be encomium, it is such as English merchants and bankers cannot hope to earn; but the system upon which it is bestowed has not proved proof against scandals analogous to the Hooley affair, and, on the whole, it appears as if results as good, if not so dazzling, are obtained from that pursued in this country.

The lash is laid next upon the Civil Service, and, however distressing may be the conditions in commercial circles, 'no one would think of comparing the standard and atmosphere of work in a merchant's office with the languor prevailing among most junior clerks in public offices.' This result is attributed to a want of encouragement to the best men to attempt tasks requiring the higher order of intelligence. But it is difficult to discern how the work of a department is to be got through if clerks are to be allowed to pick and choose the most attractive kind of work. There is some likelihood of an increase of the amateur spirit under such novel conditions. The late Mr. Herman Merivale is quoted as having remarked significantly upon the greater prevalence of sick leave among Civil Service clerks, whose pay was not suspended during illness, compared with the Bar, where if a barrister went off duty he forfeited his fees. But Mr. Brodrick has already pointed out, first, that the Bar is amateur to the core (p. 528), and, second, that barristers without interest or conspicuous ability never get into practice at all. Mr. Merivale's comparison, therefore, was made between the whole body of Civil Service clerks, including a vast number of youths, and a select survival of practising barristers, men of mature age. The system cannot be radically at fault which wrings from Mr. Brodrick the admission that most of the heads of departments in the Civil Service 'are no amateurs, either in training or spirit.' Where was the training acquired? Under the very system which is so severely condemned. These 'heads' have passed slowly through the various grades in this atmosphere of languor, and yet prove admirable administrators in the end. It seems to amount to no more than this—that the brains and habits of threescore cannot be engrafted upon shoulders of three-and-twenty.

Coming now to Parliament, the complaint is made that nearly all our legislators and statesmen are 'essentially amateurs,' and that if there existed in London, as in Paris, an *Ecole libre des sciences politiques*, it would attract few students. I do not know

how far budding French legislators take advantage of that institution, nor how far it is responsible for their subsequent demeanour in the Chamber. I have witnessed some stormy and even discreditable scenes in the House of Commons, but, on the whole, I think it will compare not unfavourably with other popular assemblies. There was a time in this country when young men of family could make sure of a safe seat, and might prepare themselves for the work of legislation with every confidence that their labour would not be thrown away. But the Reform Act of 1832, and the abolition of pocket boroughs, reduced such young men, always a very select number, to an infinitesimal proportion. It has been the boast of our Constitution ever since it was rendered a liberal one that the highest functions of citizenship were open to any man who could secure the confidence of a sufficient number of his fellows; its strength consists in the readiness—the ambition—of so many men of ability to sacrifice their time, their labour, their health, in the unpaid service of the community. If this is to be altered, if volunteer is to be interpreted as synonymous with amateur, and therefore judged objectionable, the clear corollary is payment of members. Objection to this may be founded, not necessarily upon such vital grounds as were given in Sir William Harcourt's aphorism: 'Once pay a member for his votes collectively, and he will very soon make a market for his individual votes.' It may be taken on the plain, common-sense argument spoken by Mr. Gladstone in debate:

> I contend that the public enjoys the fortunate advantage of having plenty of persons who are ready to serve it for nothing, and that the public is entitled to the benefit. When there are numbers of well-qualified men ready to give their labour without being paid, why should we get out of our way and insist upon adding to the taxation of the country for the purpose of giving them a payment?

In *The American Commonwealth* Mr. Bryce has given a shrewd warning of the danger arising from making politics a close profession. Payment of members, he says, 'contributes to keep up a class of professional politicians; for the salary, though small compared with the incomes earned by successful merchants or lawyers, is a prize to men of the class whence professional politicians usually come.'

Now, in traversing some of Mr. Brodrick's arguments, I must not be supposed to deny that there is a great deal in his paper worthy of earnest consideration. The subject is one which we can never afford to neglect; whatever we do, we must do it with our might, or we cannot retain the position we have acquired. My object has been to show that many of the charges brought against different professions are so ill-founded that they weaken confidence in the advocate of amendment. If it be granted that our Army, in spite of what it has accomplished, is not good value for our money

by reason of an amateur spirit pervading it, it does not strengthen the conviction to read that the Church, the Bar, the Educational Profession, Agriculture, the Civil and Diplomatic Services, the Fine Arts—everything, in short, in which a career may be sought by a young Englishman, except the Royal Navy and gardening—are equally tainted with the same benumbing influence. People can't be got to believe *that*, especially on evidence which, in regard to some of these fields for energy, is manifestly and essentially that of an amateur critic. Still more is the moralist's argument weakened by his admission that the leading men in all these professions (except Agriculture) are those of whom the nation may be justly proud. Every institution is known by its fruits; if these are sound there is not much to complain of in the trunk. Not the less ought we to take heed to Mr. Brodrick's warning, and see that decay is dealt with as soon as it can be detected. My contention is that there are no signs of decay—no abatement of zeal—no withering of fidelity—in the public services, and that it is an ungracious and discouraging deed to undermine the repute of those who are spending their lives in maintaining the national honour.

HERBERT MAXWELL.

LORD ROSEBERY ON THE DANGERS TO BRITISH TRADE

Are we worthy of our prodigious inheritance? Is the race which holds it capable of maintaining and developing it? Are we like the Romans, not merely a brave, but also a persistent, businesslike, alert, governing people? And if we can answer this affirmatively, as I hope we can, we have these further questions to ask ourselves. Are we going the right way about our work, and are our methods abreast of our times? . . .

Do we work hard enough? or rather, as I would put it, are we thorough enough? a great word . . . which should thrill through all mankind from the age of reason to the shadow of death. . . .

Commerce comes fairly within my limits as a bond of Empire. . . . Here there is, at any rate, ample opportunity for taking stock and considering methods. I cannot enter into the discussion whether there is cause for alarm as to the future of our trade; there is no time for that, nor is this the place, but it may fairly be alleged that there are disquieting symptoms. Whether these symptoms be truthful indications or not, they are at any rate worthy of careful, incisive investigation. (Lord Rosebery's Rectorial Address at Glasgow.)

I HAVE been asked to make a small contribution to the discussion which Lord Rosebery invited, but very naturally did not himself pursue, in his Rectorial Address, with regard to the dangers which threaten the future of British trade. I believe those dangers to be very real, and although I have no desire to exaggerate them, and certainly no inclination to consider them in a pessimistic spirit, yet I feel sure the more clearly they are recognised the less formidable they are likely to prove. Those of us who are actively engaged in business and brought face to face with the practical treatment of industrial and economic problems are, perhaps, a little too much inclined to remain silent when such questions are discussed, and especially when our capacity, our enterprise, our business methods, are called in question and compared, greatly to our disadvantage, with those of rival peoples. Business men as a rule are not endowed with literary gifts. They are a somewhat inarticulate class. They are more anxious to exercise their methods than to explain or defend them. They have a dogged unexpressed belief that the race which built up the great fabric of British trade without continual self-questioning and analysis is capable of maintaining and extending it by the same silent methods. They are convinced that the past had its problems as well as the present, and that so far each generation has met and overcome its difficulties with the same quiet courage. It is true that their problems were not our problems; but who shall say it was easier to be the first

to call into existence the vast organisation of production than it will be to face a world-wide competition in distribution? I do not suggest that business men of to-day are without misgivings as to the future. On the contrary, they are in a better position than others to perceive the altered conditions of trade, the enormous growth of competition, both in production and distribution, in every progressive country in the world, the growing confusion between political and economic aims, and, not least, the rapid changes in the relative industrial value and capacity of the citizens of different competing States. Confronted by a situation which they know to be difficult, and perhaps perilous, they welcome criticism and advice, and are grateful for such plain words as Lord Rosebery spoke at Glasgow.

We know that Lord Rosebery has many of the gifts of the poet and of the artist as well as of the statesman. He not only has a clear perception and a sure judgment of the essential points of a situation, but he possesses a grace of imagination and a charm of style which enable him to make even hard sayings palatable. And, above all, his is one of the few voices people are willing to hear. Even if the lesson he has to teach is not a new lesson, his words have always this peculiar value, that the country listens to them. So that when Lord Rosebery proclaims to his fellow-countrymen clearly and boldly, as he did at Glasgow, a great national need and a great national duty, the need for rigid self-examination and the duty of thoroughness, one may feel confident that his words will not fall upon deaf ears.

What, then, are the dangers that lie in the path of British trade under the changed conditions of the world? I believe they come rather from within than from without, that they lie mainly, where our strength also lies, in our national character. We have lately had, in the South African campaign, so remarkable an exhibition of the qualities and defects of the national character, that for the moment both are unusually present to all our minds. The spectacle we have offered to the world in our military operations in South Africa, in their weak points and their strong points, has, I am convinced, an exact parallel in the spectacle we offer in our industrial war with our trade rivals all over the world, only the latter is obscured by the magnitude of the field of our operations. One can take the admitted defects in our military operations one by one and cap each with a similar defect in our commercial system. Is it the absence of scouting? We have in business the absence of knowledge of foreign languages and of efficient travellers, who are as much the eyes and ears of commerce as scouts are of an army. Is it the absence of maps and of acquaintance with the enemy's country? We have the lack of knowledge of commercial geography and of the peculiar wants and tastes of particular markets. Is it want of ready adaptability to new and unexpected conditions in a campaign? We have the obstinate adherence

to old methods and standard makes in markets which require special and individual treatment. But the similarity goes far deeper than this. In both war and commerce you have the same want of calculated foresight, of preparation in advance against all possible contingencies: the same sanguine conviction that it is no use looking too far ahead, that it will be time enough to deal with difficulties when they arise. And, most serious of all, you have in both the same absence of—may we not say prejudice against?—systematic professional training. The present Bishop of London once said that the British boy not only disliked knowledge, but despised it. I believe the British man—be he soldier or civilian—despises professional training. He prefers to trust to natural gifts and natural predispositions. Technical education in England at the present time is an absolutely artificial growth. Apart from the great towns, such as Leeds and Manchester, or certain admirable institutions in London, it has no real root. It is offered without conviction by those who have to administer the funds accidentally set aside by Parliament for the purpose, and it is received with a sort of sullen acquiescence by those for whom it is intended. And yet in the complete reorganisation of our system of education lies the main hope of our commercial future. If it is true that our national security depends upon the reorganisation of our military system, it is at least as true that the maintenance of our commercial position in the world depends upon the reorganisation of our educational system.

A careful comparison of the circumstances and conditions which are favourable and unfavourable to the maintenance of our commercial position reveals the fact that it is mainly in preliminary training, and in the intellectual and moral qualities that result from such training, that we are inferior to our most formidable rivals. All the advantages of an earlier start, of longer experience, of the habit of large business and acquaintance with great affairs, are ours. Our population is as well endowed—its manual dexterity is as great, its industry as well proved—as any other people. The boldness and enterprise of our capitalists can hardly be surpassed. So long as we had to compete with people who depended, like ourselves, upon natural gifts and rule-of-thumb experience, we had a marked advantage in the industrial struggle. It is only since other countries have begun to educate and train their people upon carefully-thought-out scientific principles that their rivalry has begun to turn to our disadvantage. Just as undisciplined courage proves in the long run of no avail against disciplined forces in the field, so in industrial warfare, I fear, untutored natural gifts must eventually succumb to the superiority of careful professional training. Education is becoming, indeed, for us a question of vital and imperial importance. And really it is not so much a question of elaborating a new system of primary, secondary, and technical education. What

is wanted is to bring home to the minds of our people the meaning and importance of education in the vitally critical struggle of the new century. How shall we breathe into them the spirit which has made the North Germans the best-educated people in Europe, with the result that they are turning their country into one of the most prosperous workshops in the world?

To bring about any great effort, to start any great movement, you must tap the springs of emotion that lie below the surface of our national character. We have lately seen how easily the courage the enthusiasm, and the patriotism of our people can be fanned into flame and our system of imperial defence strengthened almost indefinitely. Thousands were found willing to come forward at a moment's notice in defence of the Empire. But can the most imaginative of us conceive a wave of enthusiasm for education passing over this country, and carrying thousands into the schools, because the trade of the Empire was threatened? Yet of the two great heritages which have come down to us from the past—our Empire and our Trade—the one is as vital to our existence as the other, and education has become as necessary to the maintenance of trade as physical strength and high courage and skilled organisation are to the maintenance of Empire.

It was my privilege during the autumn to visit Germany in company with several of my co-directors of the Imperial Continental Gas Association. The object of our journey was to inspect the gas and electric stations of the Association in Vienna, Prague, Berlin, Hanover, Frankfort, Aachen, Brussels and Antwerp. For this purpose we had to traverse and retraverse Germany both in its length and breadth—so that practically the greater part of that country passed before us as in a moving diorama. What struck one at first sight was the amazing material development of Germany even during the last few years. The stately splendour of Vienna—a city which always looks too spacious for its population; the tasteless magnificence of Berlin—that paradise of good municipal government; the solid wealth of Frankfort, all bear witness to the progress of the German people. But it is along the lines of railway that one sees the most remarkable signs of change. In every town we passed, and even in the villages, immense factories and workshops had been erected or were in process of erection. The whole country seemed to be humming with business activity. Small towns were becoming large towns, villages towns. Every one appeared to be animated with boundless hope and intense confidence. There were signs everywhere of the universal belief that the industrial future of Germany has no limits. And yet it was evident that all this development and growth was carefully following the lines of prudence and foresight. All the works we saw were admirably planned, and were supplied with the newest and best machinery. It was clear that in many cases great extensions were

being made—not to meet an actual increase of trade, but in anticipation of markets which have yet to be secured: just as, in the extension of their towns, the new streets do not follow the new houses, but the houses follow the lines of carefully planned streets.

And here I venture to sound a note of warning. Just because Germany has so enormously increased her means of production, and is yearly drawing an increasing proportion of her population into industrial life, she will feel the next period of commercial depression far more keenly than she has felt any before. She will begin to taste the bitters of temporary over-production, and will have sooner or later to deal with the sorrowful problem of the unemployed. All the demons that dog the footsteps of a highly organised industrial people will be at her heels, and I doubt if all her gifts of calculation and foresight will avail to exorcise them.

We inspected forty-two of our own establishments of one kind or another in the various cities I have mentioned. In almost all cases these are works employing only native workmen, but under the charge and control of an English chief-engineer. Many of these works are of considerable size and importance. On the outskirts of Berlin, upon an open heath of a hundred acres, the Association is building one of the finest gasworks on the continent of Europe. We had, therefore, an exceptional opportunity of seeing the general character and condition of a large number of German and Belgian working men, from the unskilled yardman to the highly skilled mechanic in a meter factory. I have no desire to compare them with our own working men to the disadvantage of the latter. It would be neither fair nor true. Both English and North Germans have their own great individual merits. It was impossible, however, not to admire the appearance and manners of the German workmen. As we passed through the retort-houses down the long lines of furnaces the men stood to attention and saluted their seldom seen foreign employers with military civility. Indeed, one saw everywhere evidences of the salutary discipline of military service in the manners and physique of the men, as well as in the line of shower-baths, where nightly, before going to their homes, the stokers are made to strip and wash off the dirt of their grimy calling.

In Belgium, where military service is less strict, the bearing and manners of the men showed a great falling-off from the standard of Germany. But there too the signs of industrial enterprise and immense material development were extremely remarkable.

Such a journey brought home to one's mind, as nothing else could, the character of the rivals we shall have to contend with in the coming fierce struggle for the trade of the world: their energy, their industry, their foresight, their marvellous equipment—and, most impressive of all, the disciplined and educated population from which their workers are drawn. The last is of absolutely paramount importance. I doubt, indeed, if anything else matters, because, apart

from it, we have so many points in our favour. I was discussing this very question with a prominent and experienced banker in Berlin, and he immediately put his finger upon our weak place. 'You are,' he said, 'the first people in the world, with your great empire and your great trade, your wonderful administrative gifts and your inexhaustible enterprise, but your danger lies in the want of education of your people. If you can overcome that, in my opinion you have nothing to fear.'

We left Germany sobered by what we had seen and the reflections it suggested to our minds; and yet not without pride in the thought that our own great undertaking, typical of hundreds of similar undertakings all over the world, was the result of British enterprise and British capital; that in Vienna, Berlin, Frankfort and Aachen—the four ancient and modern capitals of Imperial Germany—were British industrial establishments, which under the stimulus of their alien surroundings were not only equal to any such establishments in Germany, but, thanks to their English engineers, showed a perfection of orderliness, a finish, almost a daintiness which is still purely and characteristically English.

I believe, then, that the most threatening danger to British trade lies partly in the inadequate and antiquated educational provision which we make for our people, rich and poor, but most of all in the absence of the spirit which alone makes education of any value. You may take a horse to the water, but blows will not make him drink. You may provide by legislation the finest system of education in the world, but unless you can convince your people of the advantages, and indeed the grim necessity, of educational training, your labour is in vain. Our continued prosperity blinds us a little to the risks we are running. Probably British enterprise was never more active, more far-reaching, more daring than it is to-day, but is it possible that much of it is the activity of finance rather than of industry? I make no assertion. I merely sound a note of warning. The true business of an industrial people is production, and not finance. Money-finding is a sign of prosperity, but it may also be a sign of decadence. In any case, the best equipment of producers is technical training in its widest and not merely its limited sense, and to that we come again as a great national, nay, a great imperial need. I am aware that education is an unpopular subject, and that no bore is quite so appalling as the educational bore. It is sadly true, and it adds to the difficulty of overcoming the great *vis inertiæ* which bars the way to any sanguine hope of immediate change. Military reforms in all countries have been brought about by military breakdowns, or by actual disasters in the field. Educational reform can have no such stern driving force behind it, because industrial defeat shows itself by slow dispersal, and not by visible rout.

The new century opens with two pressing problems which should engage the attention of the Government: the reorganisation of imperial defence, the organisation of national education. The two

problems are curiously alike and curiously different. Will the Government have the courage to grapple with either or both? Who can say? To whichever problem they apply themselves, one can only hope they will give heed to Lord Rosebery's eloquent appeal for rigid self-examination and absolute thoroughness.

HENRY BIRCHENOUGH.

NOTE

A PAPAL INDULGENCE

A statement appeared in the last issue of this Review on the subject of an alleged Papal Indulgence granted to Josef Mayer of Oberammergau and his children, the accuracy of which has been warmly challenged by Cardinal Vaughan and many other Catholics.

The Editor has requested the writer of the article to furnish him with precise evidence in justification of that statement, and the writer has undertaken to procure from Oberammergau an exact reproduction and translation of the document in question, but is unable to do so in time for publication this month.

Further reference to the matter must therefore stand over until the January number of this Review, when it is hoped that the general subject of Indulgences may also be treated by a competent Catholic authority.

EDITOR, NINETEENTH CENTURY.

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